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September, 1906

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# The Muhlenberg

*"Literae sine ingenio vanae."*

VOL. XXIV. ALLENTOWN, PA., September, 1906.

No. 1.

## Opening Address.

*Rev. T. W. Kretschman, Ph. D., of Philadelphia.*

**M**UHLENBERG COLLEGE is an educational institution. It is an educational centre of the Lutheran Church in this country. The equipments of this institution are for purposes of education. The professors and instructors are here in order to educate, to promote education; and the students gather together from year to year within these halls of learning to be educated, to get an education. The community looks up to Muhlenberg College as to "a city that is set on a hill," as to a light on a high stand. You occupy here the eminence of education. Whatever else you may have to say or do, whether to raise funds, or secure students, or advertise the college, in the eyes of the people of the city and of the church you represent the business of education. You have a distinct mission to fulfill. And all the powers and all the facilities should bend to the achievement of your pur-

pose. The ship is ready to set sail. And whilst you may have days of calm, you look for stiff breezes. In fact in this day there is no need to wait for a favorable breeze, but progress is made in spite of the weather. Even so dependent upon God and with resolute hearts you enter upon the achievement of your mission, the business of education. May we pause a moment to consider the significance of education? You are surrounded by institutions of a similar character, universities, colleges, seminaries, all of which presumably have the same mission. I ask you to pause and reflect upon these institutions as a factor in the making of this country, in determining its destinies, and in shaping the policies of the whole civilized world. The mind is the eye of the body; the spiritual is guide to the corporeal. The temporal interests of man are directed by the higher faculties of his soul. Thought makes

the nation. The higher the thought the more enduring the nation. The nobler its ideals, its objects, its interests, the more permanent its influence, the more universal its scope. The germs of to-day are the developments of to-morrow. The eye of faith sees beneath the surface, beyond the horizon, and realizes that the achievements of the future are dependent upon the preparations of the present. If Napoleon felt the necessity of arriving on the field of battle some time before the battle was scheduled to begin, we may well learn the lesson for the achievements of nations. To-day we must be in training for to-morrow. The State needs statesmen who are in training with ideals loftier by a generation than the low aims of the common masses struggling for places to-day; and the church has its future work and responsibilities. Its principles are eternal. Its truth is unchanging. It rests upon the eternal rock of God. But it has a growth, a work, a mission, a future. The generation of to-day must be in training for that future. Can we overestimate then the business of these institutions of thought and ideals in the interests of the Church and State? Can too much emphasis be laid upon the purpose of these institutions, the character of the work which is to be done by them, the responsibility resting upon them? "Life is real! Life is earnest;" that is

the poet's version of "The Strenuous Life." It is the life through which we are to pass in the making of the Church and the State. Such has been the life of those who have done most in both departments of human activity. The idler, the trifler, the vain man, the scoffer, such persons can accomplish but little. The building of the nation and the building of the church are in other hands. Would you have part in this building? Now is your golden opportunity. Give yourself to the work of education as the present business of your earnest life. If we are right in our conception of the position occupied by these institutions in our land, then it is extremely important that we have a right conception of the significance of education; it is right to raise the question. Where may this education be gotten? It is important that we know how to secure the benefits of this education, and that right motives govern us as we seek to be educated.

What is Education? Inductively we may arrive at an answer to our question by a careful investigation of these educational institutions, of the life and labors of public educators, of the productions of recognized education.

What are these institutions actually doing? And what is fundamental and apparently essential in all of them? That must be education. Some colleges are famous for their wealth of

endowments, others for the large attendance of students, some even for a champion football team, baseball nine or cricket eleven. There is no depreciation of these distinctions, but these things are adiaphora. They are on the circumference of college life. They are not essential to an educational institution, though they may have a place in the process of education. The danger of our day is that these externals should be so magnified as to pervert the right ideas of students, instructors, promoters and communities. Beneath the surface what is the business in hand? It is not physical culture, and it is not essentially and distinctively religious culture, and not even directly moral training, though there may be chapel service, Y. M. C. A. operations, special religious meetings, a special course of religious studies, and a religious atmosphere pervading the institution. We do not minimize the importance of these matters, nor do we divorce them from the work of education. But where it is desired to pursue these matters as objects of attainment in themselves and for special purposes there are special schools of training and theological seminaries. These special schools fill an important role in the culture of a nation. They emphasize both education and the specialty for which they are established, and they rest upon the education received in preparatory educa-

tional institutions as preliminary to a great variety of specialties. In the latter preparatory institutions we find more purely the general idea of education as underlying all advancement in the various practical spheres of activity. They constitute more specifically educational institutions, the public and private schools, the High School, the Academy, the Seminary, the College, the University. Here we find the great educators; hence proceed the great forces of education. Educated men and women are developed here. The teachers of the future are pedagogically reared here. They receive the principles of education in their most approved and highly purified form, which to a large extent will control the work of education in the succeeding generation. These schools are of different grade, and they will be characterized in a marked degree by the governing and teaching forces, they will deal with materials very divergent in constitution and aim, they will have a great variety of outward manifestations and will present a different attitude to these things, but with all of them the fundamental business for which they exist as an educational institution will be the culture of the individual soul. This object may be lost to view in many instances; there may be mercenary ideas and conditions of drudgery which will obscure it; there will be many students who will seek an

education with little appreciation of what is sought, but the fact remains that the business of education is the culture of the individual soul. Man is composed of body and soul. The soul is immortal. It is the distinguishing part of man. Whatever may have been the form of Socrates' body, it is his soul that interests us and that affects the thought and the activity of man. The work of the Apostle Paul was wrought out by his well-trained soul, even though "his bodily presence was weak, his speech of no account." And we think of Him concerning whom it was said, "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." That soul is to be discovered as a hidden jewel. It is to be liberated by a liberal education. It is to be informed, enlightened, directed, stimulated. It is to be trained to be the intelligent guide, to be the eye to the body. It must learn to know itself, its source, its destiny, its possibilities, its environment. It must learn to use the forces at its command, the senses, perception, imagination, thought, reason. This culture will characterize the life of the soul, its attainments, aspirations and possibilities. Whether therefore a student chooses a course in arts, in science, in pedagogy according to his prospect in life, one thing is a necessity for all, that the individual soul be train-

ed whether by classics, philosophy and logic, or by modern languages, mathematics and biology. The well educated man is the man of culture, the man with a well-trained soul. Education recognizes the existence of the soul with its faculties and possibilities together with the necessity of its culture. Neither the body nor the soul can make its right progress without care, training, culture. The soul is the caretaker of the body. The culture of the soul will likewise include all necessary provision for the body. This in its highest application has been so well stated by the Master. "Seek ye first His kingdom, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Millions of the inhabitants of the earth invert this order. It is a fatal error. Education should restore and maintain good order and prevent a return to chaos. The emphasis is therefore to be laid on this side of man's being. It is the more important, the more inclusive, it is the immortal, yea the eternal side. Mr. Emerson in his essay on intellect has forcibly stated this principle as applicable to the whole scope of education: "If we consider what persons have stimulated and profited us, we shall perceive the superiority of the spontaneous or intuitive principle over the arithmetical or logical. The first always contains the second, but virtual and latent . . . . All our progress

is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit . . . . This instinctive action never ceases in a healthy mind, but becomes richer and more frequent in its informations through all states of culture. At last comes the era of reflection, when we not only observe, but take pains to observe; when we of set purpose sit down to consider an abstract truth; when we keep the mind's eye open whilst we converse, whilst we read, whilst we act, intent to learn the secret law of some class of facts." Life itself gives us the opportunity of observation; education teaches us, trains us to *take pains to observe*.

Now it is true that the soul has vital force within itself. But life on the earth must be nourished or it retrogrades to death. All other things being equal, the one of two souls which is trained makes a progress in its life, advancing stage by stage into a fuller and richer life; the untrained soul lives on for a while in a fashion until the stream of its life stagnates and breeds and spreads death. Education brings out the life of the soul, promotes the welfare of the body, of the State and of all human society. It is a necessity of the soul and of our present state.

The speaker then proceeded to discuss the question deduc-

tively, pointing back to the reformation of the sixteenth century and the writings of Melanchthon and Luther, and finding the fundamental principles of education in the Bible. He criticized Matthew Arnold's view of culture as the "fulness of intellectual life," and President Butler's, of Columbia University, as "the building of character." He then discussed the question, "Where to get an Education?" This question is to be answered according to the ideals of culture which are maintained. He then discussed the question, "How secure the benefits of Education," in which he emphasized the necessity of the student possessing a distinguishing personality, being on the alert, showing wisdom of selection, having ideals and being in the best sense religious.

He closed with an appeal in behalf of the highest form of education to promote the welfare of the soul and of all the highest interests of man on the earth. Concluding, he said: "I am glad that you occupy here this exalted position with such a broad expanse of the horizon about you. Let it be a picture to you of the immensity of the educational world. Young men, dig deep, stretch out, and reach up to the highest heavens, and then fall down at the feet of Jesus Christ, the Master, the Teacher, the divine Redeemer."

## Report of the Northfield Conference.

*Herbert A. Weaver, '08.*

**ON** the banks of the Connecticut River, at Northfield, Mass., the home of the ladies seminary founded by Dwight L. Moody, there meets in the early Summer of every year a large number of young men from many of the schools and colleges of the United States and Canada. The purpose of this conference is the promoting of foreign mission work and Christian living among men who are soon to enter active life.

This year for the first time in her history Muhlenberg has had a delegation representing her at this gathering. The conference opened on Friday evening, June 22d. The address of the evening was made by Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, who in a very impressive way stated the purpose of the conference and what it hoped to accomplish. One of the prominent features was to be religious thinking and making an effort to discover ourselves, not holding to the opinions of others or what we may formerly have had of ourselves but getting down deep into our lives and seeing what is there. Several courses of study, under the two heads of mission study classes and Bible study groups, were open to the delegates. In these courses it was expected that

each delegate take two hours daily. All classes were in charge of very able leaders, many of whom were reputable authorities on mission work and in the manner of conducting Bible classes. Various methods, during recitation, were discussed and examples given of how to deal with certain subjects. An opportunity was also given of asking advice on any problems which may have given trouble to any one carrying on this work in their own institution. One always felt on leaving these classes that he had learned something of worth, which was going to be of advantage to him in his future work.

At eleven o'clock every morning and at eight o'clock every evening all the delegates met in the large auditorium of the seminary and listened to strong and inspiring addresses by men whose whole lives are devoted to the work of foreign missions and other Christian activities. Dr. Zwemer, of Arabia, presented the problems meeting the missionaries in the Moslem world, the great opportunity of doing effective work there in the present day, and the need of more workers in that field.

Right Rev. C. P. Anderson, D. D., of Chicago, made a powerful

plea for more men to enter the Christian ministry, emphasizing the fact that there is something within us, which from our early youth points Godward. Other speakers were no less pleasing to listen to. All spoke from the heart and showed by their every word and action that the one great ambition of their lives was the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth. As the conference advanced the spiritual atmosphere grew more intense. Questions were arising in the minds of many which demanded solution and indeed no better place could be found for quiet meditation over matters which reached far into the future, than in the beautiful retreats about Northfield.

Toward the latter part of the conference there appeared one whose coming was anxiously looked for by all, Mr. Robert E. Speer. No one was disappointed in his expectations of him. One feels while listening to him that the same energy which made him foremost in his studies at college and foremost on the gridiron is with him on the platform and is counting for the cause of Christ. He does not excite or place one under a spell which demands blind obedience but on the contrary speaks in logical arguments which can not fail to have their effect if one wishes to be honest with himself. Five times Mr. Speer addressed the delegates and it only left the

desire to hear him again. Many sought private interviews with him, which always were a source of comfort and encouragement.

One of the pleasant parts of the conference was the daily sunset meetings held on Round Top, which is the highest part of the seminary grounds. From that point the scene at sunset is an alluring sight. Above you is the blue sky which changes to shades of pink and then to gold as it nears the horizon. Off in the distance the mountains rather hazily rise in a broken chain. Nearer, they become more distinct and the dark green is dotted with white, the bark of the white birch. Gradually the land slopes to the cliff, which has the appearance of a large sieve, with its thousands of mud houses of the cliff swallows. Then descending it meets the waters of the broad Connecticut sweeping proudly on. From the nearest banks the land rises in gentle undulations and joins with the well kept campus, resembling a costly carpet of soft green. From the nearby fields the pleasant odor of new mown hay sweetens the air. No wonder Mr. Moody wished to be on that hill on Resurrection Day. Few places can be found more beautiful. Imagine, listening to pleasant sermons in a temple like this or singing that appropriate song, "The Day is Dying in the West." In such a place the words of truth sink deeper and the love of God seems greater. Summing it all

up in a few words the feeling was as one person expressed it, "I never dreamed of getting so near heaven on earth."

The afternoons were given up to athletic sports. The institutions having large delegations played a series of baseball games against each other, and the smaller delegations combined. Great interest was taken in the tennis tournaments for the playing of which good courts were available. On Wednesday afternoon the field day sports took place and were entered into with much enthusiasm. Wednesday evening was set apart as a particular time for celebration. All the delegations dressed in their college colors gathered in different portions of the grounds and marched lockstep to the auditorium singing or giving their college yells. The auditorium was decorated with the banners and pennants of the various institutions. The walls were covered with all the colors of the rainbow and presented a beautiful appearance. When all were in, the walls shook with three cheers for President Roosevelt and King Edward. A patriotic address was given after which each institution represented by a delegation of four or over was allowed a special place on the program to give its college yell, and those having over eight were allowed to give their college song. After this was over the audience went out on the campus and watched

a large bonfire as its flames shot high into the air.

The men attending the conference are all of the best element of college men. There is a sincere inviting air about all and many lasting friendships are formed. One meets with missionaries just returned from the field, who glow with enthusiasm as they tell of their experiences, and whose great desire is to again return to their work. They make one feel that there is something more in the life of a missionary than only hardship and privation. Others who are about to leave for the field are no less enthusiastic and from the joy pictured on their faces one would imagine they were going on some grand pleasure trip instead of a place where the greater part of the comforts of an American home are unknown and where in many cases even their lives are in danger. They argue however that if so many thousands are willing to risk their lives and undergo hardships for their country's sake when she is in danger, how much more willing should they be to devote their lives to a far greater cause and of more lasting effect.

As the time draws near for departure it brings with it many regrets. We would rather stay at a place which approaches so near to the ideal and drink in more of that inspiration and desire to make our lives count for something in this world. That inspiration and desire which we

have gotten not by emotional spurts and temporary revivals, but gradually by serious contemplation on the commands of a Divine Master. The idea comes to us, if we have not had it before, that our religion is a real living thing worth talking about and in which the best people in our land are interested. We also

learn what other institutions are doing along these lines and may Muhlenberg as she grows in strength also increase in missionary zeal and some day have her own foreign mission station, supported by her own students and manned by her own graduates as many of the larger institutions are now having.

## The Development of the English Novel.

*H. N. K. '07.*

**I**N order to see most clearly the development of the English novel, it seems best to call to mind the names of men identified with its growth, and note the most conspicuous characteristics of each individual novelist or of each group of novelists.

In its development, the novel has passed through three most prominent phases, namely, the picaresque, the romantic, and finally the realistic—a natural evolution from the lower to the higher.

We may trace the beginnings of the modern novel in two works which, on the surface, appear to have very little in common with this form of literature. They are, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and DeFoe's "Robinson Crusoe." "Pilgrim's Progress" is an allegory; for the names of types and abstract ideas, "Christian," "Faith," "Hope" and so on, substitute names of individuals,

and Bunyan's great work will very much resemble a novel. It is narrative, and to a certain degree, portrays emotions and the action of events on character. On analysis, "Robinson Crusoe," although generally regarded as an elementary novel, has less to justify its classification as such than the "Pilgrim's Progress." As has just been said, the latter has some character portrayal, but DeFoe's work is pure narrative, unadorned. His force and popularity rest on his close attention to detail. In these beginnings, then, we have interesting and lively narrative, and in one, at least, rudimentary character portrayal in the form of an allegory.

The next step brings us to a group of more or less picaresque novelists. These are the writers who build their stories on the actions of very devil and very saint, as regards one another or separately. In this class come

Samuel Richardson, Henry Fielding—less picaresque than any of the others—Tobias Smollett, and Lawrence Sterne. Richardson makes use of the "correspondence" method in weaving his plots. Consequently his novels are edious; and yet they are ingenious in invention and have constant action. He shows a close and somewhat realistic study of details. "Pamela" is his standard work, and exhibits most clearly his peculiarities. Fielding's works contain much humor, coarse, yet genuine. In "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," and "Amelia," the main characters are real and alive, and yet we simply see their objective side, and have no conception of what is going on in their minds. Smollett is very picaresque, and traces of French rather than English influence are evident in his work.

In Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" and "Sentimental Journey" the character sketching is good, but an artificial and pedantic air pervades them both.

The novels of this class are all more or less of an indecent character. They can in no sense be said to be analysis of human nature, human passions, human emotions.

Marking the advent of a new period, comes a delightful novel, a work that is really a novel, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield,"—an epoch-making novel. Here we see true psychic portrayal;

and though the work is technically very faulty, it is superior to all its predecessors that can be called novels in that in its pages, there is not a jot of indecency or brutality. The "Vicar of Wakefield," opened a new field in novel writing and was the pioneer of the romantic, and finally of the realistic novel.

The end of the eighteenth century brought with it what is known as the "romantic movement." The works of the early part of this period are characterized by the most exaggerated and extravagant imaginations and fancies. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" represents the rise, and Anne Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" the culmination of the extravagance of this movement."

When the romantic had subsided to possible,—yet sometimes scarcely probable,—romance, Sir Walter Scott represents this period in England, and his contemporary James Fenimore Cooper in America. These, especially Scott, are preeminently writers of action and incident, neither could describe sentiment. We may say that they are writers of the high-level romance.

In Scott's friend, Miss Austen we see the first marks of the maturity of the novel; not that the novel was already mature, but the marks of approaching ripeness can be seen. Scott said of her that she had to a marvellous degree the power of rendering

ordinary commonplaces interesting by her truth of description, and of portraying sentiment. "Sense and Sensibility," and "Pride and Prejudice" are truly lesser psychic studies.

Lord Lytton is much less a novelist of mental actions than Jane Austen, and, though of a later day, belongs rather to the romantic school of Scott. "The Last Days of Pompeii," has in it much the same narrative power as nearly all of Scott's have.

The three English novelists, Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot are the greatest that the English language has ever produced. Our American Hawthorne, and the English Bronte and Kingsley are of the same school, and rank only as seconds. This is the realistic school. The most minutely

psychic of them all is George Eliot. For psychological study of human nature, she is unsurpassed. It is in this study of the mind that the realistic differs from the romantic most. And this deliniation of real life is what makes the realistic the highest type of novel.

There is no need to try to enumerate any of the numberless "late novels." Those which aim at permanency are all aiming to be realistic, and none have yet approached the best novels of the past century.

Clearly, from the beginning, novelists have been tending, if blindly, toward the true deliniation of human nature, and the highest perfection yet attained is the highest type of the novel realistic.

## The Development of the English Drama.

*L. T. W., '07.*

THE DRAMA is one of the most splendid and, as some think, the most intensely national department of English Literature. Its origin therefore should be of the greatest interest to any one seeking to be acquainted with, and proficient in the English language and literature. It is possible to trace the origin of the drama back to a very remote period, to a period in fact not very far removed from the Norman conquest. The custom of

representing, in dramatic form, legends of the lives of saints, and incidents of Bible History seems to have come from France. This practice was resorted to by the clergy, who at that time were alone the educated class, as a means of imparting the simple, elementary religious truths to the rude and uncultured populace. There exists a record of one of these religious spectacles as having been represented in the Convent of Dunstable in 1119.

It was called the *Play of St. Catherine*, being in all probability a representation of the miracles and martyrdom of that saint, and is known to have been performed in French, which fact proves that the custom of these dramatic reproductions was of French origin. Other plays of like nature abound, and all of them are called Mysteries or Miracle-plays, because of the sacred nature of their subject and personages.

These Miracle-plays, or Mysteries soon outgrew in their scope and elaboration, the limitation of church and ecclesiastic; consequently their presentation was intrusted to great guilds or trades companies; and cycles, or groups of plays, were arranged for the stage. These groups would often include numerous important events of scripture narrative. Each guild was assigned to its particular scenes, which it presented on a movable stage, called a pageant, which was taken from place to place by horses. These pageants were so arranged as to follow each other in presentation, so when one pageant was moving out of a town, another was entering, thus continuing the play. In this manner four or five days were often required to render one play.

The prestige of the Miracle-plays was not destined to last. Their popularity, which extended from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, was lost gradually by the introduction of lay influ-

ences. This was really the beginning of that species of entertainments known as Moralities, where the subjects were not purely religious, but moral. Thus instead of impersonations of the Deity and his angels, the Saints, the Patriarchs, and various characters of the Old and New Testament, as in the Miracle plays, the *dramatis personæ* were representations of Every-Man, Lusty Juventus, Counsel, Repentance, Gluttony, Pride, etc. The Devil was still retained as an important personage, because of the mirth and laughter which he was made to furnish to the people. In the presentation of these Moralities, professional actors were employed. Their exhibitions were given in the halls of the nobility, at banquets, and on holidays in the open squares of towns. At an early period various noblemen maintained companies of players at their own expense. Because these compositions were frequently used at elaborate entertainments and at feasts, the plays were frequently called interludes. Of the interludes, most of which were written by John Heywood, *The Four P's* is the best, the characters entering into the play being the Palmer, the Pardoner, the Poticary, and the Peddler. In all these plays, the farcical element was freely mingled with the serious.

A significant fact in the development of the drama is the gradual change from a purely

religious to a profane character. This change became still more marked with the appearance of tragedy and comedy, the two great divisions of dramatic composition. One of the earliest attempts at English tragedy is *Gorboduc*, written by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, and played in 1562. While bearing resemblance to the works of Æschylus and Sophocles, it is modeled very largely after Seneca. Like all the early tragedies, it is full of bloody and dolorous events, of murders, treasons, rebellions, etc. There is very little attempt at delineation of character, and the tragic events of the play are really only described instead of being actually enacted upon the scene. One noticeable feature of this work is that it is written in blank verse, a feature which has been kept by nearly all subsequent dramatists and has always been recognized as being peculiarly appropriate to this kind of composition.

The first production in English comedy was *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall, a short time after the beginning of tragedy. It contains a large amount of the grotesque, the odd, and the laughable which, contrary to what might be expected, have held a place in the drama of all times quite as prominent as the tragic and the sublime. Though the first work of its kind, it possesses excellent merit; it also bears

evidence of the fact that the author was familiar with the ancient classic comedies.

Moreover, while the store of dramatic works was increasing, material for the same was being gathered from various sources. The most prolific source of such material, however, lay in the chronicles and history of England. Such works which served as store-houses of material for use in dramas, were the *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, written by Raphael Holinshed, and Edward Hall's *The Union of the Two Noble Families of Lancaster and York*. An interesting illustration of this resort to history is the pageant of *King John* by Bishop John Bale. It contains historical characters, but besides these, also allegorical personages such as England, Treason, Nobility, etc. There were numerous other plays of a slightly later date, which were very similar in character, and which were in reality the precursors of the great historical dramas of the master dramatist, William Shakespeare.

Like all features of human life and activity, the English Drama underwent a process of evolution, and, though we have now traced its development from its beginning to a state of comparative perfection, we have as yet not by any means reached the top-notch of dramatic excellence. The Elizabethan Age was preeminently the age of the drama. In the early part of this period we find

numerous writers, many of no mean ability, who, while having been unable to retain first rank because of the splendor of a brighter light, however, rendered invaluable services in bringing the drama to its perfection. In point of time John Lyly came first. His fame rests upon his romances and pastoral comedies. His principal work is *Euphues*. The most striking characteristic is the elaborate style, the vocabulary is unusual and bombastic. So peculiar was the style and withal so fascinating to the Elizabethan ear, that it was cultivated by many subsequent writers and was given the name *euphuistic*. Of Lyly's other works, many are known to have had considerable influence on Shakespeare as is seen in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *As You Like It*.

Other early contemporaries of Shakespeare—for Lyly lived at the same time as Shakespeare—were Peele, Kyd, Greene, Nash, and Lodge. Each contributed something to the development of the Drama. Greene's influence was perhaps the strongest; his writings were mostly romances and in *Pandosto*, he supplied material for *The Winter's Tale*. Lodge is famous as having been the author of *Rosalynde*, the prototype of Shakespeare's heroine.

By far the most powerful genius in the group of dramatists pre-

ceding Shakespeare was Christopher Marlowe. Little is known of his life, but that it came to a premature end because of his debauchery and dissipation—sins common to the stage of that day. He received a university training at Cambridge, and soon after leaving the university wrote *Tamburlaine*, his first play. His best work is the drama of *Faustus*. The closing scene of this play is exceptionally strong and is even claimed not to be inferior to any passage of Goethe's treatment of the same legend, so far as depicting of terror, remorse, and despair are concerned. His tragedy, *The Jew of Malta*, possesses considerable merit, and is chiefly noted as having furnished Shakespeare with a model for his creation of Shylock. Owing to the short period of activity of Marlowe, and owing to the still greater power of Shakespeare, this author must ever remain a comparatively insignificant writer, though he must be ranked closely with the great dramatist.

We are now on the eve of the period of superb dramatic composition; the great arch-genius of dramatic art now appears. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564. His parents were of good standing, though neither was able to write, and their general education was very limited. At Stratford there was a "free grammar school" which William attended and where he derived such educa-

tional training as it was possible for him to get. About 1585, three years after his marriage, he left for London where he was engaged in theatrical work from 1586 to 1611. A great part of his time was devoted to acting on the stage and to the rewriting of old plays. This kind of work prepared him to produce the great works of his later years. Shakespeare was a very prolific writer both in the field of comedy and that of tragedy. Some of his best comedies are *The Merchant of Venice*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*, and his best tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lea r*, and *Macbeth*. Works like these place the author far above all his fellows. In his comprehension of nature and in his delineation of character, he far transcends all other dramatists. His characters are true to life, and though most of them are drawn to bring out one characteristic in particular, yet on close analysis, they reveal a remarkable complexity of thought, feeling, purpose, and action, such as is compatible with actual human life. So thoroughly acquainted was he with human nature that his characters even show the peculiarities due to different chimes, ages, and nationalities. Thus Ophelia is a fine illustration of the Northern temperament, and Juliet of the Southern. So skillful was the dramatist that when he had made use of a character

once, he never employed the same character again. Though he might wish to present again some phase of character, he brought it out in a new creation so different in its make-up in general, that it practically bore no resemblance to the one preceding.

Shakespeare was beyond a doubt a remarkable genius. In his writing, he displays "such stores of knowledge, such resources of wit, such pathos, such exhaustlessness of language, and such scope of imagination as can be found in no other English poet." His writings and the King James Version of the Bible have, more than all other influences, been the conservators of English speech. Indeed, "an examination of the vocabulary of Shakespeare will show that out of the 15,000 words which compose it, not more than five or six hundred have gone out of currency, or changed their meaning."

As there is a great difference between the works of dramatists who wrote previous to and during Shakespeare's time, and those of Shakespeare, so there is a great difference between subsequent writers of the drama and this great author. However, Ben Jonson, who wrote most of his plays shortly after Shakespeare's death, deserves second place in the world of English dramatic composition. He possessed excellent culture, and in point of scholarship alone far surpassed Shakespeare. It was this fact

which, no doubt, brought forth his remark concerning Shakespeare that "he knew little Latin and less Greek." In real dramatic skill, however, he is far inferior to Shakespeare. David Hume was right when he said, "Jonson possessed all the learning that was wanting to Shakespeare, and wanted all the genius which the other possessed." He wrote several tragedies and comedies, most of which are characterized by an abundance of classical learning. *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, two of his tragedies, possess this characteristic ; they are cold

and heavy and the characters lack that spirit of reality which is so typical of Shakespeare's characters. His best comedy, *The Alchemist*, which is also his masterpiece, is likewise a good example of his learning. After Jonson, came a number of dramatists who, though possessing power, were far inferior to Shakespeare and Jonson. The era of dramatic composition was now nearing its close; in fact, since Jonson's time nothing very remarkable has been done in the English drama.

### On Shakespeare.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones  
The labor of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,  
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

—Milton.

# The Muhlenberg.

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## Editorial.

IT seems but yesterday that we left our friendly Muhlenberg with all its mural splendor daily smiled upon by nature's fair magnificence to spend the gentle Summer days either in other fields of labor or in quiet and refreshing rest. "Th' unwearied sun" has hastened in his daily visits till now we find ourselves again at duty's old and familiar post. The change of life during the short Summer months has beyond a doubt greatly benefitted all of us so that we are now enabled to launch upon the work of another year with renewed strength, brightened hopes and

enlivened ambition. Our hearts leap lightly and our faces beam brightly at the prospect of passing another year in delightful toil and friendly association. Let us then strive to labor together in harmony and sincerity that we may make this year the happiest and the most successful of all.

THIS is the first issue of the MUHLENBERG put forth by the new staff. It is somewhat late in its appearing, but this has been due to the irregularities incident to the opening of the term rather than to any negligence on the part of the editors. We promise to

be as punctual in the future as is possible and hope therefore that the delay will be pardoned.

PERMIT us to say a word about our ADVERTISEMENTS. This is an old and trite subject, but we feel as did the minister who preached the same sermon every Sunday and, on being asked why he did so foolish a thing, replied that he would preach a new sermon as soon as his congregation obeyed the precepts in the old. This is a matter that has been touched upon every year, but with little avail. It is needless to say that it would be utterly impossible to publish this journal without the financial support of the business people of the vicinity. Therefore bear in mind to reciprocate their kindness whenever opportunity offers. Whenever you wish to buy some article, never patronize any body or any concern whose advertisement does not appear in the MUHLENBERG, or in any other college publication. By so doing you are only doing your moral duty and giving our journal the proper support.

THE Allentown Fair is past and Greek and Latin and Philosophy and Astronomy, *et cetera* reign supreme.

It is hoped that future Sophomore classes will have cultivated sufficient reverence not to deface college property whose very exist-

ence rests on donations made in the spirit of religion.

THE Bowl Fight proved to be a genuine rough-and-tumble tussle.

WE are glad to see that work has been begun on the tennis courts and hope they will be ready for use ere long.

THE fortieth collegiate year opened on Thursday, September 13th, under most auspicious circumstances. There were several hundred people in the chapel for the exercises. Rev. Dr. J. E. Whitteker, of Trinity Church, Lancaster, read the scriptures and offered prayer, while the chapel services were conducted by President Haas. The address, which was interesting and instructive, was delivered by Rev. Dr. T. W. Kretschmann, of Philadelphia. Forty new students registered for the term. Their names and the places they hail from are as follows: Josiah A. Werner, Emaus; Fred W. Zuck, Marietta; C. S. Gernert, Bath; Jonathan F. Zane, Jr., Lansdale; Austin S. H. Ernst, Easton; Jno. M. Aberly, Geary E. Everett, Asher F. Shupp, Roy F. Shupp, Ralph S. Funk, Brodheads-ville; Karl P. Ressler, Millers-ville; Agnew Tryon, Rehrersburg; H. R. Snell, Lebanon; Paul Putra, Lansford; Wm. B. Shelly, Quak-ertown; John G. Schumacher, Breinigsville; Paul Hayett, Wernersville; E. B. Ulrich, Jones-

town; Ober Morning, Elizabeth-town; Elbert E. Landes, Perkaspie; Nathan Yerger, Oley; Curtis A. Miller, Gratz; John Hassler, Womelsdorf; S. Frank Raup, Catawissa; Earle D. Laros, Easton; Austin J. Canning, South Bethlehem; Walter A. Hauser, Port Clinton; Paul M. Reed, A.

Fasig, Reading; Warren Beidler, Laury's; H. Tanaka, Japan; John A. Reid, Hokendauqua; H. D. Whitteker, Lancaster; Leon Werley, Breinigsville; Clarence A. Snyder, Fullerton; Martin Kleckner, Henry Potts, Howard E. Ruhe, Robert K. Schantz, Allentown; J. Trexler, Trexlertown.

## Athletic Notes.

THE first subject of interest that occupied the minds of all on the return from their Summer vacation was football. What new men are available? Who will make the team? What are the prospects of a successful season? Knots of men gathered on the campus and in the rooms discussing these questions, the new football rules, the coach and everything relating to football. That is the spirit we want to see for there is nothing that can put more life into a football squad than to see that everyone is interested in them and is watching what they are doing.

MUHLENBERG has been dormant in athletics for years, but last year she awoke with a start and is awake yet. Four victories, one tie, and two defeats for the first year is encouraging, to say the least. This year our prospects are brighter still for we have at least six experienced players among the new men, together with most of the old team. Is

there any reason why we should not have a winning team this year? We have lots of good material, a good coach, Mr. Raub from Lafayette, and a man behind the team like Prof. Reese who is indefatigable in his efforts to raise MUHLENBERG to her proper place in the college athletic world, and to whom we owe a great deal of our success last year.

On Tuesday, September 18th, Stump, '08, was unanimously elected captain for the coming season by the men who earned their "M" in football last year. Stump did fine work at guard last year and much is expected of him this season. Miller, Breidenbach, and our plucky little ends, Albert and Nonamacher are showing up in their old form and without doubt, with such a team back of him, working together, Capt. Stump will lead us to victory.

What we need this year is a scrub team out every night. Fellows, show what you are made of,

show that you are full of college spirit, come out and make the regulars hustle to keep their positions, that is what makes a winning team.

A strong schedule has been arranged, which is as follows:

Sept. 29. Easton High School at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 6. Perkiomen Seminary at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 13. Ursinus College at Collegeville.

Oct. 20. Jefferson Medical College at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 27. Albright College at Myers-town.

Nov. 3. Medico Chi.

Nov. 10. Lebanon Valley College at Annville.

Nov. 17. Williamson Trade School at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 24. Moravian College at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 28. Indian Reserves at Muhlenberg.

Football season tickets only \$1.50, season tickets for football, basketball and baseball \$3.00. Everybody try to sell several to his friends.

## Personals.

Dr. E., in Pedagogy (to Bittner, '07), "Is Psychology a science?"

Bittner (doubting), "I-would-call-it-so."

Dr. E., "Greater men than you call it a science. You must not be so modest."

Dr. W. (to Shoenberger, '09, translating German incorrectly), "Mr. Shoenberger, that is wrong."

Shoenberger, '09 (Nonamaker having prompted him), "It isn't my mistake. It's Nonamaker's."

Dr. O., "What was the position of women in the early history of England?"

Ziegenfuss, '08, "They were regarded as a very important factor in the community."

Deibert, '07, "Will Dr. Michler not take German?"

Dr. W., "He will grant me an interview this noon."

Horn, '07 (While taking a moonlight promenade), "The only time in the day I really enjoy strolling is at night." (To be sure, with ——— by his side.)

Keiter, '08, "Later on the invaders became *angelized*. (Anglicized.)

Dr. O. (to Seniors), "We shall have debates in chapel next Friday afternoon. You are all invited to attend."

Anthony, '08, translating Latin hesitated at *admirabiles*.

Dr. E., "Well, Mr. Anthony, apply the word to your translation. That is an admirable translation."

Anthony, '08, "That would mean a graceful translation."

The Class of 1909 remembered Dr. Wackernagel's birthday and

presented him with sixty-eight beautiful white roses, one for each year of his life and one for good luck.

President Haas took a Western trip in behalf of the college.

The Glee Club had a meeting and transacted the business of the organization. It has bright prospects for the coming season.

Michler, '07, attended the State Luther League convention at Kittanning.

A Freshman, "What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailer?"

Answer: "The one sells watches and the other watches cells."

## Our Alumni.

'73. "The Life of Rev. William A. Passavant, D. D.," written by Rev. George H. Gerberding, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has been very favorably received and is daily growing in popularity. It is a credit to the author and to the Lutheran Church.

'74. Milton C. Henninger, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is the able Chairman of the Lehigh County Democratic Executive Committee.

'77. We regret to record the death of Rev. William J. Bieber, of Hellertown, Pa.

'77. Rev. William J. Miller, D. D., of Greensburg, Pa., President of the Pittsburgh Synod, recently filled the pulpit of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa.

'78. Dr. Henry Herbert Herbst, of Allentown, Pa., has been elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society.

'78. Prof. Oliver G. J. Schaadt is teaching Latin and Greek in the Joseph C. Groff Preparatory School of New York City.

'81. We were very glad to have a visit from Rev. Clayton L. Holloway, of Long Beach, California. We were pleased to learn that he has prospered in his western home.

'82. At last he "has done gone an' done it," as the darkey said. David R. Horne, Esq., was recently married to Miss Saylor, of Allentown. We wish "Dave" a long life of married happiness.

'83. M. Luther Horne is teaching Latin and Greek in the South Bethlehem High School.

'83. Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., who for the last five years had been Professor in the Seminary of the Iowa Synod at Dubuque, Iowa, has entered upon his new field of labor in Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas.

'84. Dr. Howard S. Seip is a Director in the Penn-Allen Cement Co., Allentown, Pa.

'86. J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., is on the editorial staff of *The Morning Call*, of Allentown, Pa.

'87. Reuben J. Butz, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., was unanimously nominated by the Republicans of Lehigh County as their candidate for the office of State Senator. As Solicitor of the Allentown School Board, Trust Officer of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Co., and member of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College. Mr. Butz has shown character and ability of an order that would add dignity and honor to the Senate of Pennsylvania.

'88. Rev. James F. Lambert, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Catsauqua, Pa., was the guest of honor at a reception given him on Saturday evening, September 15th, in honor of his forty-third birthday anniversary by the Church Council and the Young People's Association. He was the recipient of various tokens of love and esteem.—*The Lutheran*.

'90. Rev. I. B. Ritter has been unanimously elected to the pastorate of the Rittersville congregation in Lehigh County, Pa., made vacant by the resignation of Rev. A. O. Ebert, who accepted a call to the New Tripoli parish.

'91. Henry S. Hower is an officer in the newly established Danielsville, Pa., National Bank.

'92. Rev. Adam L. Ramer, Ph.D., is now comfortably settled with his family at Besztercebanya, in Hungary, studying the language in order to fit himself more fully to superintend the Slovak work of the Lutheran Church in this country.

'93. Prof. Edwin T. Kunkle, Principal of Brodheadsville Academy, has shown his continued interest in Muhlenberg College by sending his entire graduating class of this year to enter college.

'94. Samuel P. Miller, of Allentown, Pa., has taken unto himself a wife and is now living under his comfortable roof-tree on Walnut Street.

'96. Rev. S. A. Bridges Stopp, of Allentown, and Rev. Paul Z. Strodach, of Washington, Pa., have very acceptably filled the pulpit of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa.

'97. The address of Rev. William K. Fehr now is 163 Hawkin's Avenue, Lincoln Park, Pittsburgh, Pa.

'98. The address of Rev. Bernard Repass has been changed to Allentown, Pa.

'99. Dr. Rein K. Hartzell is the Democratic candidate for Assembly from the Allentown District. In speaking of his nomination the *Daily City Item* says:

Dr. Reinhard K. Hartzell is the successful nominee for the Assembly from the First Assembly District. It was a remarkable victory

for one so young and he prior to this time has had no experience in politics, with the exception of once presiding over a Democratic Convention. It is a great tribute to his personal popularity and ability as a hustler that he succeeded in scaling the ladder of political success at the first attempt.

Dr. Hartzell, who enjoys a large and lucrative practice, will make an able representative, one who will serve with credit to himself and his district and who will be a staunch advocate and supporter of everything that will prove of benefit to his constituents and the party in general. A well educated young man, a member and descendant of one of the oldest

Democratic families in the city and county, he will make a strong and able representative and that he will succeed "in making good" is a foregone conclusion. Few young men have a brighter political career before them than Dr. Hartzell, the next representative in the Assembly from Allentown and that he will utilize every advantage to make a name and reputation for himself that will be to the highest degree honorable, goes without saying.

'03. After graduating from the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, Charles W. Webb, of Allentown, passed the examination of the State Board, and is now a full-pledged lawyer.

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# The Muhlenberg

*"Literae sine ingenio vanae"*

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VOL. XXIV. ALLENTOWN, PA., October, 1906.

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No. 2.

## The End of Life

*Philip James Bailey*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart throbs.

He most lives,  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:  
Lives in one hour more than in years do some  
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.  
Life is but a means unto an end ; that end,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things;—God.  
The dead have all the glory of the world.

## Louis Agassiz

*E. B. Ulrich, '07*

About the time when the Monroe Doctrine was agitating America, and our country was suspiciously watching European nations, two explorers returned from Brazil with collections of natural objects for European museums, and opened an unknown field for future investigations. This fact did not concern international politics but it indirectly led to the making of a scientist and finally brought to this country a man whom we have been proud to adopt. Among the collections of these two explorers was an important collection of fishes from the Amazon, many of which had hitherto been unknown. Unfortunately Spix, the naturalist of the party, died before he had worked out the history of these fishes and another naturalist had to be selected to complete the work of describing them. The selection fell to a young medical student, Louis Agassiz. Altho a youth of twenty he had already established a reputation as a scientist, and the selection was a most fortunate one, both for him and for science.

The subject of fishes had hitherto only occupied his casual attention but he now threw himself into the work with that earnestness of spirit which characterized himself to the end of his busy life. In 1829 the work was completed, but it was not until ten years later that the whole first part of this important work was published. Meanwhile he had finished his medical course and received his doctor's degree from Munich.

Having been brought up among the Swiss mountains he was not unfamiliar with the great treasure of fossils they contained and so accordingly he soon turned his attention to the dead forms of fishes found in his native mountains. Here he encountered a new obstacle. In the absence of soft tissues and often even of bones he had to base his classifications on teeth, scales and fins. This compelled him to reject the former classifications and establish his own well-known classification, which has however since been materially changed.

The first folio of his *Fishes of Brazil* was dedicated to Cuvier, who afterwards received him as a pupil and gave him all the material he had gathered during the last fifteen years for the completion of his work on *Fossil Fishes* and it was in this connection that he adopted his own classification.

Paris was then the center of the scientific world and here young Agassiz spent two years in study. Here he met Humboldt and a lasting friendship sprang up. At the death of Cuvier, Agassiz was called to the professorship of natural history at Newchatel. About this time he began collecting material for a work on glaciers. In this he often exposed himself to extreme dangers and at one time barely escaped while descending into a crevasse in a glacier. For purposes of experiment and study he occupied a rude dwelling on the Aar, eight thousand feet above the sea level and twelve miles from the nearest inhabitant. He

visited England and lectured, receiving recognition from the Geographical Society and substantial aid to continue his investigations.

The final stroke of fortune came to him however when in 1846 the Prussian government sent him to America to examine the forms of marine life along the Atlantic coast. Ever since he had worked over those fishes from the Amazon it had been his heart's desire to visit America. By arrangement he gave a series of lectures at Lowell Institute in Boston, afterwards repeating these lectures in various cities. Two years later the Prussian government which had borne the expenses of his scientific mission, released him from further obligation that he might accept the chair of geology in Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard. This position he held continuously, except for two years during which he made investigations in the southern states and added to his stock of knowledge.

In connection with a band of a dozen students he made an exploration of Lake Superior which was embodied in a later work. In 1865 he was invited by the coast survey to make a trip to Brazil, and now he fully realized his dreams. His health was somewhat broken, and this made the trip so much the more feasible. He was accompanied by his admirable wife, and an excellent class of assistants. But even on ship-board he was not idle. During the voyage he gave lectures on deck and all who wished could attend. The trip was very encouraging and he brought back an abundance of treasure for his museum.

Subsequently he made a number of trips along the Atlantic coast of North America on similar errands.

When Darwin brought forth his evolution theory, Agassiz remained conservative and affirmed his belief in independent creations. In like manner he retained his confidence in the former existence and agency of a vast continental ice-sheet, rather than in the combined action of more limited glaciers and ice-bergs, which nearly all modern geologists recognized as the producers of the drifts and boulder clays.

His great life work consists in the many valuable books from his pen, the establishment of a great museum, and the demonstration of a practical study of zoology.

He died on Dec. 14, 1873, at his home in Cambridge at the age of sixty-six. He was buried in Mt. Auburn beneath pine trees sent from his native home in Switzerland, while a boulder from the glacier of the Aar marks his resting-place.

He was greatly beloved by his pupils and associates and was identified with the brilliant group—Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell—each of whom has written about him. Lowell considered his "Eulogy on Agassiz," written in Florence in 1874 among his best verses; Longfellow wrote a poem for "the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz" and Holmes, "A Farewell to Agassiz" on his departure for the Andes.

His cruises, his explorations, and his methods, combined with his attractive personality, gave him unique power as a teacher; and many of his biographers think that of all his gifts, the ability to instruct was the most

conspicuous. He needed no text-books, for he went directly to Nature, and did not believe in those technical dry-as-dust terms which lead to nothing and which are swept away by the next generation. His method of teaching and study can perhaps best be illustrated by an extract from one of his own writings.

"At first, when a mere boy, twelve years of age," writes the great Swiss naturalist, "I did what most beginners do, I picked up whatever I could lay my hands on, and tried, by such books and authorities as I had at my command to find the names of these objects. My highest ambition at that time, was to be able to designate the plants and animals of my native country, correctly by a Latin name, and to extend gradually a similar knowledge in its application to the productions of other countries. This seemed to me, in those days, the legitimate aim and proper work of a naturalist. I still possess manuscript volumes in which I entered the names of all animals and plants with which I became acquainted, and I well remember that I then ardently hoped to acquire the same superficial familiarity with the whole creation. I did not then know how much more important it is to the naturalist to understand the structure of a few animals than to command the whole field of scientific nomenclature. Since I have become a teacher, and have watched the progress of students, I have seen that they all begin in the same way. But how many have grown old in the pursuit, without ever rising to any higher conception

of the study of nature, spending their life in the determination of species, and in extending scientific terminology. \* \* \* At that age—namely about fifteen—I spent most of the time I could spare from classical and mathematical studies in hunting the neighboring woods and meadows for birds, insects and land and fresh-water shells. My room became a little menagerie, while the stone basin under the fountain in our yard was my reservoir for all the fishes I could catch. Indeed, collecting, fishing, and raising caterpillars, from which I reared fresh beautiful butterflies, were then my chief pastimes."

Many pleasing anecdotes are told of Agassiz and are characteristic of the great man. One is told by a student who afterwards won fame as a scientist. As the student presented himself for the initial lesson, Agassiz drew from a bottle a preserved fish and placed it before him telling him to study it and left the room. After an hour he returned found nothing done and left again. The student began to be impatient and waited another hour when the teacher again appeared and left him without any instruction. By this time he realized what his master meant and began to examine the scales, fins, and other parts. "And here," adds the student, "began my first training of the power of observation."

May twenty-eighth of next year is the one hundredth anniversary of Agassiz's birth and it is not likely that this will be overlooked either in old Harvard or in his birthplace in Switzerland.

# The Order of Battle of the Roman Army

*H. S. Paules, '08*

In Caesar's time two centuries made up one maniple; three maniples comprised a cohort and a legion was made up of ten cohorts. When the army was drawn up for battle the three maniples were placed side by side so as to form a cohort. There were ten men in each file of the maniple and it was twelve files deep. The maniple was always drawn up in the form of a square forty by forty feet; the cohort in the form of a rectangle one hundred and twenty feet front by forty deep. The men of the first rank of the maniple occupied about three feet so they could have freedom for hurling the javeline. If they used the sword from four to six feet were needed.

## II. Offensive Order of Battle of Legions.

The legions formed either a double or triple line of battle. If a double line of battle was formed each line was made up of about eighteen hundred men; if a triple line the first line contained five cohorts. Attacks. The Romans always took advantage of a high position so that more than one line could hurl spears upon the enemy below them. If the distance between the Romans and their enemy was more than two hundred and fifty paces they would at first move forward gradually and as they drew near the enemy they would break into a run. At fifteen or twenty paces the first rank would hurl their javelins and then rush forward in a hand to hand encounter with their swords. The next rank would hurl their weapons over

the heads of their comrades and were held as a reserve force. They also prevented the enemy from attacking the exposed flanks. After a fifteen minutes fight the first line would retire to the rear and the second rank would take its place.

## III. Defensive Order of Battle.

There were two defensive orders of battle: (1) in one line, (2) in a circle. The first order of battle was used to defend the wall of a camp or a rampart. When there was no second line, a legion covered forty-eight hundred feet. In the regular way of drawing up a legion it covered twelve hundred feet.

If an attack was feared from all sides the army was drawn up in a circle. The maniple formed a solid circle, the cohorts solid squares and still greater divisions hollow squares.

## IV. The March of the Cohorts.

The cohorts had two forms of marching, (1) column of maniple, (2) column of centuries. If the maniple was drawn up in battle array the command "Right" or "Left" would bring them into the order of the march. In the column of centuries the first maniple would march forward and the rest would follow one by one. On the march the cohorts were kept twenty feet apart.

## V. The March of the Legion.

The legions marched in three ways; first, in simple column; second, in order of battle; third, in squares.

In simple column, legion number two followed legion number one, number three followed num-

ber two and so on. Including the baggage train, the length of the legion was sometimes between three and four thousand feet.

When marching in order of battle they marched either by rings or by lines of battle.

The order of march by squares consisted of a division of troops in battle array followed by the baggage. A similar body of troops brought up the rear and on each side were stationed cohorts in divisions of maniples.

## VI. Tactics of Cavalry.

The unit of the cavalry forces was a squadron of thirty-two horses. These were arranged in four ranks and eight horses in each rank. Thirty-two horses formed a *turma* and twelve *turmae* formed a regiment.

## VII. The Camps.

The Romans had two kinds of camps, the summer and winter camps. The summer camps were pitched at nightfall when the day's march was over. The winter camps were occupied when the army stayed at one place very long. At such a time the tents were replaced by huts. The camp was generally situated on the side of a hill so that the supply of wood and water would be sufficient. During the whole time of the encampment the soldiers were kept under constant drills.

## VIII. Distribution of the Troops.

Each encampment was surrounded by a wall and a ditch. The ditch was generally seven feet deep and nine feet wide. The material taken from the ditch was used to construct the wall. The walls were generally six feet in width and were made strong by hurdle work, which was con-

structed parallel to length of wall. Steps led to the top of the wall. On very wide walls towers were built. The camp was guarded by cohorts before each gate. Others kept guard on the wall. The night was divided into four watches so that every three hours the guards were relieved. The watchword was given by the general to the guard every night.

The slingers, archers, dartmen, the cavalry and part of the cohorts were kept in one part of the camp. The general, with his staff officers, occupied the centre of the camp. Another part of the camp was occupied by the quaestor and his staff with the rest of the cohorts.

## Marches.

The marches of an army were numbered by days. A march of one day led from one camp to another. After two or three days marching, the army took a rest.

There are two different kinds of marching: (1) perpendicular, or where the line of the Roman army stood perpendicular to the line of the enemy. This was divided into two sub-divisions: (a) advance; (b) retreat; (2) parallel marching, where the line of march of the Roman army ran parallel to the line of the enemy.

If the army was advancing it was divided into three divisions: (1) van; (2) main body; (3) rear guard. The van was made up of cavalry and light armed foot soldiers. Their duty was to select a suitable place for the camp, to explore the country and to delay the advance of the enemy.

Following the van marched the main body. The form of the marching of this body depended

upon the nearness of the enemy. If they were in a friendly country each column was followed by its own baggage. If the army was in a somewhat unfavorable situation the baggage was collected in one place and if an attack was expected any moment they were formed in order of battle.

#### The Retreat.

A legion was sent out from the camp with the baggage to select a new place for the camp. Afterwards the main troop followed. The rear guard left the camp last.

Retreat in squares: This form of retreat was used in an enemy's country. The baggage was surrounded by the soldiers on all sides in the form of a square. The cavalry formed the outer line of the square. Flank marches: The army marched in order of battle with the baggage train either on the side opposite the enemy or following each legion.

#### X. The Battle.

I. The offensive. When the army took the offensive it was drawn up in a triple line of battle. The first line was to attack the

enemy, and if they were unsuccessful the second line took up the fight. The third line was used as a reserve force and also to prepare a flank movement.

Sometimes the army was drawn up in only a double line of battle. The cavalry was stationed at the rear of both flanks of the enemy to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. The cavalry which could not be relieved upon was placed in the rear. The light armed soldiers were placed at the wings of the legions. The front of the line of battle was divided into right and left wings and the centre file. The most reliable troops were stationed at these wings. Among these was Caesar's tenth legion. The general always encouraged his soldiers before battle began. The defensive: The object of the defensive movement was to delay the enemy and weaken them by missiles. The Romans always selected a stand which was unfavorable to the approaching enemy. The Romans were strongest in a hand to hand encounter, therefore they arranged themselves for this kind of battle.



## The Influence of Modern Fiction

*S. J. Boyer, '07*

The American reading public is large and very indiscriminate. It is not confined to any one class or age nor is it dependent upon conditions which are hard to fulfil. Reading is a privilege which is denied to few who have the desire or the inclination to take advantage of it. The power for good or evil which may be exerted on the millions of readers of our country is shown by the influence and wide popularity enjoyed by our magazines and newspapers. We must not forget that although the power of public opinion is great, the influence of literature on public opinion is often greater.

Literature in some form or another is accessible to most of us at the cost of very little effort. The public library, the college library, together with the libraries of the home, the church and the public school of city and country offer almost unlimited opportunities for pleasure and profit to the inquisitive mind.

In our literature of the present day fiction is predominant. It is popular and therefore it is an influence. Are we not influenced more by our likes than by our dislikes? We should be concerned to know whether an influence is good or bad and since fiction is our influence a question as to its value cannot be idle.

The influence of fiction is great in our youth and childhood. Advanced educational methods make it possible for the child to be a reader at the age of ten and even earlier. And the fact is that there are great numbers of children who

do read a great deal before they are ten. Can you imagine an age more tender or more open to impressions than the years from ten to fifteen? It is an age of most vivid imagination, the time when we form our first ideals; and ideals are a great factor in the formation of character. What is more important than that we should jealously guard the mind of the child from the poisonous effects of modern fiction; for there is no doubt that the majority of our modern novels would prove an injury rather than a benefit to the child. We have no modern fiction that excels the stories which were so widely read years ago although some of the more modern stories for children may compare favorably with them. The Twentieth Century has not produced anything to take the place of *Pilgrim's Progress* or *Robinson Crusoe*. If children can be satisfied with these old fashioned stories and the best of our modern stories for children it is well; if, at an early age, they can be taught to appreciate the simple but classic stories of American and English literature it is better still. If it was your good fortune to be acquainted with the classics in your early youth you will remember with what delight you first read *Robinson Crusoe*, *Rip Van Winkle*, Dickens' *Christmas Carol* or Cooper's Indian stories. What a host of splendid memories will come to you at the mere mention of the old names. If such has been your experience you will feel that no character in modern fic-

tion can compare with "Rip Van Winkle," "Old Scrooge" or the "Pathfinder."

Since children are open to influence through reading we should be careful as to what they read. This is the duty of the mother; and it is no light duty which aims to choose the best out of the flood of fiction which daily flows from the press. It should be a matter of reason and judgment rather than of sentiment. But what of the children when they grow to be young men and women and are more and more removed from the correcting influence of the parents. This is the most critical stage of all. Now is the time when ideals are broken or fixed more permanent.

Young women are more open to danger from reading poisonous fiction for the reason that the young man's time for reading is generally more limited than that of the young woman. It is well to have unlimited time for reading. And after all, we do not want intellectual women. But we do want and need more women who can properly rear their children and who can be a benefit as well as an ornament to the home. As some one has said—"Intellect among women has become a drug on the market, but the domestic virtues remain above par."

Much of our present day fiction is a strange mixture of romanticism and realism. Of the two evils the lesser is romanticism. There is no doubt that in their present development both romanticism and realism are evils because both are carried to extremes in popular fiction. If it is true that the ideals of our modern fiction have greatly changed in late

years, it is no less true that the ideals of our women have also changed. Who or what is responsible for the change of ideals in the American girl? We are told that the country is in danger of race suicide. Surely the love of a home should be one of the dominant traits in a woman's character. To have her own home and children should be the aim and ideal of every true woman. The question of home and children should be far more important to her than any question of "woman's rights" can ever hope to be. Why then are we drifting away from home life? No one will deny that the responsibilities of a young man and woman are greatly increased by marriage. It is harder to support a wife and family than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. From a care-free life at home to the sacrifices of married life is a great change, but not too great for the woman of strong ideals. It is an evidence of the weakness of our ideals that we should think more of what we lose than what we gain by trying to attain to them.

May it not be true that this regretful change is due in a great extent to the influence of modern fiction on youthful ideals. The working class among American girls is very large. Whether they work in the factory, the store or the office they are removed from home influences which are their right and privilege. The influence of popular fiction takes the place of the home influence. If she is not very careful in her choice of reading, the influence of fiction is very likely to be evil. In its overdrawn romanticism she will find justification for her own

reckless conduct; in its unhealthy realism she will seek for the truths which she should learn only from her mother. What joy can the working girl find in her daily work after reading one of George Barr McCutcheon's love stories? What is more monotonous than the daily routine of married life to the young woman who has just read the adventures

of the married flirt as portrayed by Mrs. Humphry Ward?

It is best for all concerned to choose fiction carefully. The great number and deceptive advertising of our modern novels complicates matters; but too much is at stake to forgive carelessness in such an important duty.

## Much Ado About Nothing

*W. E. Sandt, '09*

Honk! Honk! This is all that could be heard as a large automobile, painted in red,—commonly called, "the red devil"—came up in front of a small inn up in New Hampshire. Along this road passing by the Red Valley Inn many automobiles had during the summer sped on up to the mountains, only a few miles distant from the hotel. Things were again getting quiet and the people who had come from New York and elsewhere were slowly pulling up stakes and returning to their homes.

As the auto stopped, an old man came to the door of the inn and very politely greeted the occupants of the same, and shouted whether they wished to pull into the barn. After receiving the answer that they did he went out and opened the gate for them and they slowly ran the machine into a barn which long since had not been used by the old innkeeper but had recently been very serviceable as an automobile shed. The two occupants of the carriage jumped out. They were men of about the same age; the one

however, had a clean shaven face, while the other had a black goatee which gave him the appearance of a Frenchman, which indeed he was.

The old inn keeper had gone into the house to announce to his spouse the arrival of the gentlemen and that they wished a supper as soon as possible, as they were very hungry and wished to retire early. While the gentlemen were awaiting their supper, they planned their course for the following day and were just deciding what time to start in the morning when they heard a Honk! Honk! a short distance away. In about a minute, an automobile painted pure white drew up in front of the inn. The gentleman with the goatee, by far the more inquisitive of the two, jumped up and looked out of the window. "By Jove, an automobile of the genuine French type. But look, the woman is alone! Say I wonder whether she stops off here?" Honk! Honk! and away sped the white machine as swift as a skylark down the road.

To say that the men were disappointed is not expressing their feelings when they saw the machine disappear in the growing dusk. They were called to supper and sat down. They ate heartily and chatted about the occupant of the French automobile. Where had she gone? What duty had she to perform? They loitered at the table as long as possible in hopes of her returning and of meeting her at supper. But she did not appear up to ten o'clock, so the men finally went to bed, assured that the young woman had gone to an inn almost a hundred and twenty-five miles from the one they had stopped at. It seemed incredible to them that a woman would attempt such a thing as this.

"Well, she has nerve for a woman. I had expected a storm long before this and the heavens are as black as coal. We could have gone on to the Marble Hill Hotel too, but I don't fancy automobiling in rain and sleet," said one of the men. He extinguished the light and jumped into bed in which his companion had been for the last half hour, but he thinking that the white automobile might come back, detained himself as long as possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Say, Jack, wake up! By Jupiter, if the white automobile isn't in the barn right next to our machine" said the man with the black goatee.

"Oh! come to bed. You have the night mare," said Jack.

"Nightmare, your grand-daddy! Wake up!"

Sure enough! There it was.

"What's this, Bob?" exclaimed Jack spying a note poked under

the door as he was about to get back into bed again.

"Let's see it," said Bob snatching from his hand the envelope, as he went over to the candle he had lit when he got up.

"To the owners of the red-devil—" read Bob.

"Kindly go at once to Cloverdale Farm and deliver the enclosed note to Mr. J. D. Carson. Very important! See that it is delivered before daybreak as I must receive a reply by that time, and

Oblige  
Anon."

"Gee-whizz, what have you got to say to that?" added Bob.

"Burn the old thing up," said Jack who had jumped into bed again.

"Well, I guess not. Say, Jack, this means something. You don't suppose a woman would write a thing like this if it wasn't important. Get up and dress. Let's deliver the message. It may be life or death for this woman."

Jack jumped out of bed almost involuntarily and began to dress.

"I think it mighty funny we didn't hear that machine pull in. I wonder what time she came back. It is just 2.30 A. M. now," said Bob.

They were both dressed in short order and Bob opened the door and looked out into the hall. All was quiet. He had blown out the candle and they both started to creep down stairs. Bob was very careful but Jack kicked against the wash-boards several times. When they came out to the barn Jack was about to start the engine going when Bob stopped him. "You don't suppose

we're going to start this old thing going here, do you?" said Bob.

"Sure," answered Jack.

"No, sir, we'll push it out into the road first," insisted Bob, but he made him help push it out of sight of the inn before he consented to let him start the engine.

When both men were seated in the machine and had just about started going a little lively it began to rain. But Bob had the wheel and there was no turning back now.

"Say, Bob, where in creation does J. D. Carson live?" Neither of the men had thought of this until now.

"I do not know; but you don't suppose one can find out without hunting for him," answered Bob rather disgusted.

They rode on silently for a couple of miles when a small cabin loomed up before them. Bob stopped the machine in front of it and yelled. No one answered. He got out and knocked on the front door. A head stuck out of the upper window in reply. "What d' you's want?"

"Can you tell me where Cloverdale Farm is," asked Bob.

"Naw," and down went the window.

Bob jumped into the machine again and puffed down the road. Here he turned off the main road. Why? He didn't know himself; but in about half hour he saw another cottage off in the distance. Jack was almost asleep. Bob stopped and this time went up at once to the front door and knocked, once,—twice.

"Good Lor', massa! What is it yo' want?" an old colored gentleman spoke as he poked his old gray head out of the window above.

"Why," said Bob, "can you kindly tell me where J. D. Carson lives. I hated to wake you but I must know."

"Bless yo' soul, massa, I knows," answered the colored gentleman, "yo' just follows dis road 'til yo' comes to de fork; den you's go to de right and de furst house you's strik on dat road am de mansion of J. D. Carson, Esquire, de owner of Cloverdale Farm."

"Very much obliged," said Bob as he stuck a two dollar bill under the door for the old gentleman.

"Wake up you sleepy head," said Bob' in more bouyant spirits than before, as he nudged Jack in the side. He made the machine go at its utmost speed. The rain had turned into mean cutting sleet but the big coats and thick blankets protected the men amply from the storm.

"This must be J. D. Carson's place," remarked Bob as he stopped the automobile in front of a big stone house set back from the road some fifty yards.

"Now, I hope I can wake these people up more easily than I could that old coon," said Bob almost to himself as he jumped out of the auto and walked sprightly up the walk to the front door.

"I didn't know Bob was such a fool till now," pondered Jack to himself in the auto while Bob was pounding on the front door of the mansion trying to wake some one. A faint light shone through the key-hole and Bob knew some one was coming. In a minute the old squire opened the door and asked what was wanted at this early hour. Mutely Bob handed over the note. The old

gent nervously opened it and read aloud, although it was not meant to hear.

"My dear Uncle:—

Will you kindly send up to Red Valley Inn, as soon as possible, six gallons of gasoline for my auto. I am here with hardly a quart in my tank and can't get away until you send it to me. James can bring it up before breakfast with the horse and wagon. Your loving niece,  
Olivia."

"Yes sir, I shall tend to this," snapped old Carson as he shut the door. Bob could hardly walk straight when he left the porch. He jumped into the auto, turned it around hastily and put on full speed.

"What under the sun are you going to do, Bob, bust the machine?" interrogated Jack.

"No! But I want to see the woman who wrote that note."



# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

The second number of our monthly is before you. Though, owing to unavoidable delays, it is somewhat late in its appearance, we sincerely hope that this issue as well as every other will meet with the approval of our readers. We are putting forth every effort to make our journal a source of profit and pleasure to our readers and of credit to ourselves. In this we conscientiously believe that we fail even oftener than we are aware of, but we hope to receive praise for honest effort at least. If any of our readers have any suggestions or criticisms to give which would benefit us, we would indeed be very glad to receive them.

Undoubtedly the first thing of this issue that will attract the

reader's attention is the change in cover. As the lady of fashion deems it an unpardonable crime to appear in the same garment two days in succession or even to wear it one whole day, and as the little child frisks and chirps for joy when its mother arrays it in a new and tidy dress, so we in accordance with our taste and pleasure saw fit to design a different cover for our journal and, if possible, propose to change the appearance of our paper every few issues. As football occupies a large part of the attention of the student body during the fall months, we wished to have something expressive of that sentiment on our journal. The football sentiment, at any rate, is new for our college and deserves and

still needs to be fostered, and we hope therefore to do our little share in that direction.

This series of editorials aims to give prominence to a matter far transcendent to all others, namely, that of the Foreign Mission and Bible Study movement among students. Heretofore the students of Muhlenberg have not been identified with this movement which exists at most of the prominent colleges and universities of our land and is accomplishing a world of good for the young manhood in our educational institutions and for the many needy despairing millions still struggling blindly in the darkness of heathendom. A preliminary meeting of the entire student body was held in the chapel on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 2. At this meeting the plan and nature of work were presented to the students by Messrs. Michler, Coleman, Weaver and Sandt. Great interest seemed to be manifested and it was decided to have a meeting of organization one week later. On Tuesday evening, Oct. 9, the students listened to a very instructive address by President Haas on the "Application of Practical Christianity to the Student's Life." Michler, '07, was elected president of the association which meets once a month. Dr. Wackernagel was chosen honorary president. Sandt, '09, was chosen secretary and Coleman, '08, was chosen treasurer. The plan is to organize group classes for Bible study in each of the four college classes, which are to meet twice a week under the direction of a leader. The

leaders of the groups will meet Dr. Haas once a week for instruction so that they may be fully prepared for their work. This is beyond question a kind of work deserving of every student's earnest attention. The continual cry at our college both among ourselves and those outside has been for better scholarship and better courses, and this call demanding greater interest in the study of the Bible and greater effort in following its precepts comes to us very opportunely. We are students and are in the formative period of our lives and in numberless different ways encounter difficulties in following the footsteps of Christ. Yea, to many students it seems strange and absurd that they should be asked to lead the Christian life. Welcome therefore to any movement which promises nurture for the souls of college students. Can we believe that the Bible study movement may become one of the most effective means to check the vices which are almost proverbially ascribed to the students of our colleges? Most assuredly, for in this work we work for Christ and He for us.

The life of a student presents a peculiar multiplicity and complexity of duties, some manifestly imperative, others apparently trifling, but duty is duty whether plainly evident or seemingly insignificant. The ethical ideal permits no transgressions in matters great or small and if any person strives after that ideal, the college student certainly should. He should be conscientious and honest in his work and in his intercourse with his fel-

lows. But there are numberless little things which are often disregarded by students, not intentionally but because they seem so insignificant. One of these is the proper care of the college and its environs. At this writing we wish to rectify at least one improper habit and that is walking across the campus. We notice that the majority of the old students are

not guilty of this offense, but this can hardly be said of the new. We kindly ask all students new and old not always to take the "short cut," but to take the proper pride and interest in our campus, even if a few extra steps are necessary. Our confidence in the integrity and manliness of Muhlenberg students leads us to believe that all will desist from this practice.

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## Athletics

On Saturday, Sept. 29, the first game of the foot-ball season was played on the home gridiron, against the strong Easton High School team. Last year Easton had little difficulty in defeating Muhlenberg by the score 18-0, which they tried in vain to duplicate this year. Our team had had only two scrimmage practices before the game and further were handicapped by the absence of our last year's star, Miller, who was ill. Yet even under these disadvantages, they showed what was in them by inflicting a shut-out upon their opponents.

Throughout the game our fellows showed the results of too little practice by weakness in both offence and defence. In the first half Easton kicked off, Ruloff catching the ball and running it back to our 25 yard line. A series of line plunges and short end plays by Stump, Shelly and Ruloff took the ball to the middle of the field where it was lost on downs. Easton then by fast play pushed the pigskin to our 20 yard line where Muhlenberg

took a brace and held them, securing the ball on an unsuccessful quarter-back kick. It was then booted down the field by Ruloff whose kicking and catching was a feature of the game. From this point to the end of the half the ball was pushed back and forth, for the most part, in Muhlenberg's territory.

In the second half our men got to work in earnest. They secured the ball and pushed it to Easton's 30 yard line where Breidenbach resorted to a quarter-back kick which was caught by Mohn on his own goal line. In trying to run it back he was tackled behind the goal and a safety for Muhlenberg resulted. The ball was put in play by scrimmage on the 25 yard line and a forward pass tried which resulted in no gain. They then tried a double pass which was also unsuccessful, Nonamacher throwing the runner for an 8 yard loss. Having too much ground to gain on the third down, they were compelled to kick, Ruloff catching the punt. Shelly, Stump and

Ruloff then carried the ball down the field to Easton's 25 yard line, where it again went to the other side on a quarter-back kick. At this point their centre seemed to be excited for he threw the ball over the full-back's head behind the goal line where Ruloff fell on it for the first touchdown. Ruloff kicked the goal. Easton again received the kick off but could not gain. Our men were getting their second wind and by end runs and line plunges soon pushed Stump across the goal for the second touchdown, Smith missing the goal. With only four minutes to play, Breidenbach, by good head-work in running line plays and a quarter-back kick, carried the ball down the field, Stump again making the touchdown. Smith kicked the goal. The game ended a few seconds later with the score 19-0. The line up was as follows:

enbergMuhl		vs.	Perkiomen
Nonamacher	L. E.		McCool
Tryon	L. T.		Youells
Beidler	L. G.		Kenley
Schock	C.		Gaston
Bittner	R. G.		Duffin
Coleman	R. T.		Williams
(Zuck)			
Albert	R. E.		H. Smith
Breidenbach	O. B.		Mohn
Shelly	L. H. B.		Heck
Stump	R. H. B.		C. Smith
Ruloff	F. B.		E. Smith
(Smith)			

Touchdowns, Stump (2), Ruloff. Safety, Muhlenberg. Goals, Smith, Ruloff. Referee, Raub. Umpire, Bull. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

During the week preceeding the Perkiomen game there were

many rumors floating about as to the strength of our last year rival. It was reported that they had a stronger and heavier team than in any previous year. Our husky pig skin jugglers however did not seem to take fright very easily and on Saturday, Oct. 6, were eagerly awaiting the struggle.

The weak points in our team had been noted by coach Raub in the Easton game and he kept hammering on them during the week before the game with Perkiomen. The weather on the eventful day was anything but encouraging. It had rained hard in the morning, making the gridiron a sea of mud. At about 2.30, however, the sky cleared and the game began.

At the beginning of this game, as in the Easton game, Muhlenberg did not get its blood up. In the first half our men received the kickoff but soon lost the ball on a blocked kick. Perkiomen got on the jump and rushed the ball down the field to our one yard line. Then however, Muhlenberg, in its famous "last-ditch" style of playing held them right there just as they had done the year before at Perkiomen. They advanced it but a short distance when they again lost it on downs. Breidenbach tried a quarter-back kick and Albert, always on hand, was there to fall on the ball, from which position Stump easily pushed the pigskin across the goal line. Smith missed the goal, the half ending a few moments later. Between the halves the coach infused new spirit into our doughty warriors

and they went in determined to do or die.

In the second half Muhlenberg received the ball and started down the field, but being penalized they lost the ball on downs. Perkio-men found however that Muhlenberg had its fighting blood aroused, for our sturdy sons at once held them for downs. During the next ten minutes the pig-skin was pushed to and fro between the teams neither side being able to approach their opponent's goal. The kicking of Smith was a feature in this part of the game. Shelly, Smith and Miller did some fine end running, while Stump was always sure for several yards on line plunges. Finally by mere force Muhlenberg pushed their opponents back to their ten yard line, the ball still being in Perkio-men's possession. At this critical point their centre made a poor pass for a kick, the ball going over the kicker's head and over the goal line. After being juggled by several men it was finally squelched by our beefy tackle Tryon, who received a kick on the head in the process. An attempted kick out failed so no goal could be kicked. The end of the half was called a few seconds after the ball was kicked off again and the score stood 10-0. The line up was as follows:

Muhlenberg	vs.	Easton H. S.
Nonamacher	L. E.	Yost
(Sandt)		
Stump	L. T.	Davis
(Tryon)		
Beidler	L. G.	M. Arnold
Schock	C.	B. Arnold
Bittner	R. G.	Trofst
Coleman	R. T.	Kratz
Albert	R. E.	Meckler
(Butz)		
Breidenbach	Q. B.	Griffith
Schelly	L. H. B.	Burns
Miller	R. H. B.	Waddell
Smith	F. B.	Albert

Referee Raub. Umpire Hyde.  
Touchdown, Stump, Tryon.  
Time of halves, 15 minutes.

The result of our first two games is encouraging, two games won and our goal line still intact, and that too against pretty strong teams, one of which proved more than our match last year. Some say that we should have done better against the lighter teams we played. One of the causes of this is the lack of sufficient scrimmage practice, and the way to remedy that is for a larger scrub to come out. Then when we have all the men in their right positions we have a team that should give good account of itself. So rejoice, brethren, instead of a defeat and tie at the beginning of the season as last year, we have two shut-outs to our credit.



## Literary

One of the books which has made its appearance on the literary market during the last month is the novel entitled "The Fighting Chance," by Robert W. Chambers. The book had been running as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post but during the last month also appeared in book form. It is a story of Society, and shows throughout that the author, Mr. Chambers, has made a careful study of the social life of the "400" as we find it today. Its conversations are good and its characters true to life. The affiliation between the hero and the heroine is overdrawn and extreme—in fact, the love scenes are too numerous. The tale sets forth the shallowness of society. The story ends very abruptly and leaves some of the threads of the plot unfinished. It tends to create a sense of incompleteness in the mind. Taken as a whole, however, it is very interesting and attractive and those who read it cannot but enjoy it.

Winston Churchill, who has produced the famous set of books, "The Crisis," "Richard Carvel," "The Celebrity" and "The Crossing," has placed another book in the hands of the reading public. The name of the new book is "Coniston." In this novel he turns his political experience as a member of the New Hampshire bar and a member of the state legislature to good account and tells the story of a political boss and his varied fortunes. The book is very interesting and thousands of copies have been sold. We do not think it

as good as "The Crisis," still it is on a par with the rest of his works.

Marie Corelli, the famous authoress, has also contributed to the month's literary creations. Her latest work is "The Treasure of Heaven," a Romance of Riches. It is another of Miss Corelli's series, "Tracts for the Times." The story is in brief, as follows: An old multimillionaire failing to find true honor, love, loyalty, and friendship among the crowd of followers awaiting on all sides for his money, disguises himself, and goes into the country in the hope of finding some hearts which are not grasping and tight; and are not tainted with the corruption of the day. He runs across some who befriend him while he is traveling about and in his will he rewards all those who have in any way assisted him. Of course this causes a great deal of surprise among those who helped him when he was traveling incognito. In the novel Miss Corelli knocks at various things which don't meet her approval—such as modern education, the newspapers, automobiles and Andrew Carnegie. The novel is written in Miss Corelli's lively style. The plot is well developed and the characters carefully worked out. Its reception by the public has been very favorable.

"The Lion and the Mouse," a story of American life has also made its appearance upon the curb during the past month. The story is by Charles Klein, novelized from the drama "The Lion

and the Mouse," by Arthur Hornblow. It is not often that a novel is successfully written from a play and the present instance does not seem to be an exception to the rule. The play has been running for over a season in New York and the houses are filled, which shows the strength of the play. But the book has been far

less attractive than the play, according to the critics. In the book the action, which in the play is rapid and to the point, is long-winded and tedious. But for one who is going to read the novel for the story alone we say "Go ahead, it will fascinate you; but by all means, if the opportunity presents itself, see the play itself."

## Exchanges

The Exchange Editor will thankfully receive any college publications which are not numbered among our exchanges.

We are pleased, but not surprised, to find that the new editorial staff of the Hill School Record intends to make The Record, primarily, a paper representative of the school. While we recognize the worth of athletics, the college magazine should not be entirely devoted to them. After all the educational standard of a school is not determined by the number of championship cups its various teams have won.

The article on The Modern Novel in The Midland is good, showing the literary ability of the school. The appearance of the paper is neat and attractive, and the subject matter invariably found on its pages, testifies to the high standing of the school. The Record is a welcome exchange.

The Commencement Number of the Normal Vidette presents an exceptionally fine appearance. We congratulate the editors for producing a periodical of such a high standard. An article worthy

of note is the one on "The Construction of Problems." It is written in a lucid and argumentative style, and shows that the author grasps his subject.

We regret to find only a few pages of literary work in the large magazine of the Wm. Penn Charter School. The literary part of the paper should receive not only for the matter contained in it, but for its style and diction. The authoress has written on a timely subject.

The article in The Albright Bulletin on The Element of Humor in Hamlet shows careful thought. It is apparent that the writer has a more than "bowing" acquaintance with the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies. The author, we think, accomplishes the end for which he has striven.

We welcome the appearance of The Bethany Messenger. The accomplishments of the Swedish Lutheran students are matters of great interest to us. The Messenger is a good paper and well gotten up. Two very good orations which will benefit all who read them are published in the last issue.

## Personals

Dr. E.:—"Is there any literature that surpasses the Greek?"

Anthony, '08:—"English in some cases."

Dr. E.:—"Yes, some English translations suit students better."

Smith, '09:—"I like to look at John Albert's head, it reminds me of the Red Sea."

Umbenhauer, '08:—"I got this Latin out in a hurry."

Dr. E.:—"It isn't out yet."

Rudolph, '09:—"Doctor, was that 'Colonel' a peanut kernel?"

Dr. W.:—"Shoenberger, you must keep quiet or you must get out, you always seem to have the admiration of your fellow students."

Shoenberger, '09:—"Well, Doctor, put them out."

Schatz, '08:—"Speaking of our increase of population, Doctor, you must remember the people are getting more."

Dr. E.:—"Nobody can tell accurately who is the wisest man or the prettiest girl in this town."

Schatz, '08:—"I can."

Soph.:—"We put 150 posters up last night."

Freshie.:—"We took down 140 last night."

Kleckner, '01 (to Dr. Wackernagel):—"Were there no other people at the time of Adam and Eve?"

Reisner, '10, (in Zoology):—"Does the snake belong to the same class as the Amoeba?"

Anthony, (translating):—"Full semely him wimpel pinched was," says, "She was pinched."

Dr. E.:—"When I hear things of that kind my toes get nervous."

Dr. W.:—"Shoenberger, you must have been born on a stormy night."

Shimer, '07:—"My mother is sixty-eight and hasn't any gray hair."

Bittner, '07:—"I'm sweet sixteen and have a few silver threads among my locks."

Dr. W. (to Ruhe 1910):—"You're the noisest man in class, Un-Ruhe."

Dr. E. (to a Freshie translating):—"If you never knew the meaning of the word you can think till you get blue in the face."

Keiter, '08:—"Doctor, we should use simplified spelling in German."

Dr. W.:—"You are too progressive."



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# The Muhlenberg

*"Literae sine ingenio vanae"*

VOL. XXIV. ALLENTOWN, PA., November, 1906.

No. 3.

## The Power of Your Influence.

'07.

Human history is relative. Everything that has happened in the world is directly related to everything else that has happened there. Whether the emperor shall be the one and only source of temporal and spiritual power depends upon the character of the contemporary pope. Whether Britian shall be forever dominated by Roman ideals and Roman civilization or whether it shall become the purest Germanic nation in blood and institutions depends upon the vigor of the Goth. If the bureaucracy fondles the Czar there is no hope for the Russian peasant. England is the cradle of liberty and education and she qualifies all of Western Europe. Every liberal mind in Europe contributes toward the freedom of the Southern slave. And the thoughts which you and I think today create the patriot or the despot of tomorrow.

The Tsar cannot eliminate the influence of free institutions and of free men, nor can America rid herself of his influences. Every decree that leaves the imperial hand of that despot is tinged with your philosophy; if you doubt it read his decree of twenty years

ago and compare it with his decree of today. On the other hand, the whole philosophy of your life is tinged by the despotic Tsar. You believe that the atrocities of the Russian government are incomparably worse than the faults of our own; that the abuses of the Russian Cossack are infinitely more brutal than the abuses of the American police. But both are alike in principle. Both are abuses against the sovereignty of individual freedom. Misconduct in Europe degrades the moral tone of the press and pulpit in America. How many citizens have doubted the ultimate triumph of free government since England annihilated African freedom and began the tyrant's life.

The western world is one great family. American life is the life of Europe. We are the children of the classics. The Renaissance is the mother of us all. And Christianity points us to an eternal home.

The subtle influences of modern nation upon nation illustrate the unity of human nature everywhere. Not only is this influence operative today but antiquity was equally susceptible to it. Israel

could not escape Assyria any more than America can escape the existence of China. Assyria had her Persia, Persia, her Greece, Greece her Rome and Rome alas! with all her splendid types of manhood and her austere virtues had her Goths. World history does not present to us a boarding house where one nation may be dismissed for the benefit of the rest. Every nation must remain, must transmit her share of civilization to posterity. The whole past, all of Europe, of Asia and America, every Chinaman and every Malay, Hindoo, Tagal and Tartar—these compose the sum total of our civilization.

We may tremble at such an assertion, we may shudder in fear for the safety of our Declaration of Independence and for Magna Charta, but does not science tell us that the world is peopled, and that every individual has an influence upon the conduct of his brothers; an influence that is far more perceptible in the world's affairs than is the impression of your body's weight upon the universe?

A Japanese boy demands the freedom of the public schools in San Francisco. What shall be done with him? Philosophy and history, the great master minds of the past are searched for an answer to the question. Every patriotic American thinks deeply on the subject. No patriotic Jap but will lose some sleep about it. His thoughts leave him, a changed man. Thus America is changed; thus Japan is changed and from their thoughts come the destinies of mankind.

The world's progress is therefore not confined within the limits of a single national boundary.

Its keepers are scattered here and there in every nation. They are men who see conditions as they are; who see above their own threshold, their own creed and their own nation. All men are their brothers and humanity is their subject. They are the true poets and philosophers of life.

What they do for one they do for all. When they say a thing is right or good, they appeal to humanity. Every attack upon wrong implies to them, that one man has been neglected, that he has been fettered and oppressed. Him they must cure and save. For him they establish the school, the hospital and the church and preach again the sermon on the Mount.

Thus they become "kings and priests" unto God. So may you and I become kings and priests. Ours is a noble heritage. We have splendid opportunities and holy duties. The college student is to free his mind from the superstition of the past. He is to train it to think and to lead. He is to take a course to fit himself not for silence but to proclaim the humanity of the world and the religion of Christ. Let us be shunned, let us be hated and ridiculed, let us be in doubt and uncertainty, but let us not be gagged. In so far as we depart from this course will we become mute and hooded executioners will we become supporters and sustainers of the tyrant that seeks to be. The great evils of the world and silence are now and forever one and the same thing.

Let us then reach the great heart of the world by the use of world thoughts and world aspirations. Let us act the truth and speak the truth in our own circle.

Let us knit that circle into the world's history and make it lasting. So will we direct the fate of Malay and Tartar, the civilization of Africa and the future of China, the progress of Russia and the Christianity of Japan. These diverse races by our influence and our labors,

"Will then, in mutual well-be-seeming ranks,  
March all one way,"  
toward the cross of Christ, around which all nations shall gather to unfurl their banners in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.

## Weighed in the Balance and Found Not Wanting.

*William Kistler Huff.*

Blossoming springtime in the land of Pennsylvania. The sun was sinking in a halo of glory such as is seen but seldom, even among the hills of Pennsylvania. All over the land there brooded an air of infinite calm and peace.

When the evening meal was over young and old were gathered together in many homes and their only talk was "War." Was it possible that the blighting touch of War could intrude upon such perfect peace? And they talked not in favor of war but against it. America could and would take care of its own affairs: let others take care of theirs. Cuba was and had been for centuries the lawful possession of Spain, and why should we plunge into a dispute which could concern us but little. Then too they talked of the next day's War Meeting in the County Seat. And so the evening passed. By the next noon, all persons traveled to the County Seat. Long before the time for the meeting the Court House was packed, for was not the great preacher from the Metropolis to speak? True. Frederick Coover, the young lawyer, would make a few remarks,

but they had often heard him; it was the preacher they had come to hear.

At last he rose. He spoke of the devastation and the relentless horrors of war, and the glories and triumphs of peace. He enjoined upon those who enlisted to expect not only easy camp life, but also the stern realities of war, sickness, pestilence and death. He depicted in glowing terms the heroes who returned, covered with the glories of conflict, but he told too of the heroes who stayed at home, who kept the books and tilled the soil while the others were languishing on beds of suffering, or creeping ever on through disease infected swamps, through almost impassable forests, seeking fame and glory, but receiving as their only reward that end of all human endeavor—death and the silence of the grave. He told them that not every hero wore an army uniform and carried a bayonet, that many of the world's greatest heroes lived and died without ever hearing the march of contending armies and the boom of hostile cannon.

He spoke long and eloquently,

but when he had finished the people were more in a quandary than ever; he had pictured it glorious to die for one's country, glorious to live for it, and they could not decide.

When young Coover rose to speak they say that his Pennsylvania German blood was raised and that he would fight it out to the bitter end.

He spoke of the wrongs Cuba had suffered, of the oppression of centuries, of the dastardy of Spain and of the unselfishness of the United States in taking up the war, neither for conquest nor for glory, but in the cause of humanity. He said that the United States had promised to put an end to this barbarism and its promise had to be fulfilled. All other nations were looking toward us now to see whether the Monroe Doctrine would be kept inviolate and our country's dignity and honor remain untarnished.

In closing he said, "What America needs now is not guns, nor arms, nor ships, as much as men, good and brave men. And where are they to be found if not in the towns and cities and on the farms of this grand old Keystone State? Who are they if not the sons of those Pennsylvania Germans who for two hundred years and more have been doing as much as any people in upbuilding America? And will the call pass unheeded?"

"In the darkest days of the Revolution, when Washington's men were suffering at Valley Forge they were kept alive only by the countless loads of provisions which your fathers and mine, regardless of the gold the British were willing to pay for

these same products, brought to them without any recompense save the consciousness of having performed their duty.

"And again in the days of civil strife when the great Lincoln called for volunteers the Pennsylvania Germans were the first to respond and the first to lay down their lives on the altar of liberty.

"Again the call has come for strong and willing hands to bear the saber and the bayonet. What shall be our answer? May it never be said that though our fathers gave all to their country, we, their unworthy sons, heeded not their example and turned a deaf ear to our country's call."

Striding to the back of the Court House he cried, "I am going to the recruiting office to enlist. Who will come with me?"

The first to follow was Charles Spangler, a young physician, Coover's sworn comrade through childhood, through youth, through the University, and since they had come back to their native village, each to practice his own profession.

The next evening a company was drilling in the town square. Spangler had enlisted as an army surgeon, Coover as a private but he had received a commission for his work in raising the company.

The following morning, after all the parting words had been uttered, all the blessings been given, the people lined the sidewalks and the company, THEIR company marched down the street to the grand, stirring music of war.

Then followed day after day of drill at Chicamauga. The men were anxious to reach the front and impatiently waited the call to advance. After some days of de-

lay at Tampa they finally embarked for the scene of conflict.

Now the voyage was over; here was the land they had been so anxiously awaiting, from which many were destined never to return, some only in their coffins. Then began the march across the island. After days of tramping through bogs and swamps, some remembered what the preacher had said about disease-infected swamps and impassable forests and their only reward, death and the silence of the grave—but oftener they thought of their Captain's closing words and bravely and resolutely pushed on.

Occasionally they got into a skirmish but as yet they had had but little taste of the serious side of war, but it was coming. Gradually the fighting became hotter, the advance more dangerous. Then a few days of rest, then the orders for their regiment to march south and take the blockhouse at Lerida. The Spaniards had made great preparations for defending this, for it stood at the entrance to the only pass across the mountain within a radius of many miles and afforded the only communication with Santiago and the coast.

The attack had been delayed as long as possible in the hope of reinforcements, but none came. Now at last the march was taken up, for longer delay would mean defeat since the Spaniards were daily being reinforced with ammunition and men.

The approach to the blockhouse was almost impassable, narrow, stony, treacherous, and full of underbrush.

On up the hill they charged, regardless of the enemy's firing.

As one dropped here and there another stepped in and took his place and the line went on the same. Foremost of all were the boys who had enlisted with Coover. The deeds of their fathers on all the bloody fields in the nation's history were re-enacted now. Their ranks were thinning fast but still they resolutely pushed on, regardless of rocks, ditches, barbed wire fences, grape and canister. The Spaniards had done all they could to check their progress and it availed but little. As they swept grandly over the last embankment, Coover, turning, yelled, "On boys, the victory is ——" a bullet pierced him and he fell. Past him they swept, on ever on, until the Spanish flag over the blockhouse was down and Old Glory waved in triumph there.

After it was all over the survivors marched back but Coover's company left forty-three upon the field. They had achieved a record such as their fathers might well be proud of and had earned an honored place among the nation's heroes.

In every skirmish Dr. Spangler was in the front rank, and as any one fell, he bent over him, while his comrades swept on. Those were busy days and nights for him. He seldom rested and hardly ever slept. No man could stand the awful strain. After Lerida, while working among the wounded he found Coover, and giving a cry of anguish, fell over him. The attendants carried them away together.

That night as Coover and Spangler lay in the hospital ward in adjoining cots Coover faintly whispered "To-night our warrior fathers rest more peacefully than

ever before" and laid down his arms forever.

The next morning Spangler grew worse, for now the malaria which he had defied so long gained the mastery over his body, worn and spent with long days and longer nights of grim, silent, ceaseless vigil. One evening as the light was fading away the soul of this valiant battler with Death, vanquished now, went with it.

Late that autumn the old town again resounded beneath the tread of soldiery, but were these the same who had so gayly gone away but a few months before? Those had been joyous and hope-

ful, these were worn and sad; and alas, how few, for less than half of those who had gone away came marching back.

There was grief in many homes, there were many vacant chairs, but the tears were not all tears of sorrow for their sons had made their sacrifice, undaunted, heroes to the end.

Some are at rest far toward the South beneath the skies of sunny Cuba, some in the churchyard in the old town, all

"Lying so silent by night and by day,

Sleeping the years of their manhood away."

## Some of the Problems of Our Nation.

*Harold E. Kuhns, '07.*

Standing on the threshold of the twentieth century, we may well pause to take a casual survey of the achievements of our fathers. In so doing we may be able to comprehend the stupendous problems which face this nation today.

During our comparatively short existence as a nation, we have accomplished more than any other nation on the face of the earth.

From the day that the Puritans landed on that bleak, cheerless, New England shore, from the time that the Germans, the Quakers, and the Scotch entered these mighty forests to seek a refuge from relentless persecutions, there has been a continued struggle upward.

First, a struggle for self-preservation.

During this period was planted the seed which sprang into a mighty oak, the fruits of which appeared when, by a mighty effort, our fathers rebelled against a tyrannical king, when the hearts of men were on fire, when the cry of freedom having been taken up by every man, was heard to the uttermost parts of the world.

Neither hunger nor cold, treachery nor treason, poverty nor distress, could for a moment efface the bright hope of liberty in the hearts of the patriots.

Men were men then, heroes who fought and bled for their country's life. Such were our ancestors who gave to us this glorious heritage of freedom. Such were they who overcame the arms of England in a second struggle. Such were the ambitious Pioneers who conquered the

mighty West. By this unending struggle our land has expanded from the original strip along the Atlantic Coast to the waters of the Mighty Pacific.

In its early history, high ideals governed the hearts of our people. Who can glance at the character of our Great Washington and not feel the spirit that governed him? Who can study our early history and not be imbued by the Liberty-loving spirit of our ancestors? Did they not strive by a mighty effort to make of our country a Nation of Nations? Did they not give their all that it might reach the highest pinnacle of righteous fame?

Where are the heroes who have dispersed the black clouds of tyranny and have let the glorious sun of Freedom cast its effulgent rays upon a grateful people. Where are those great minds that have fashioned for a people a constitution, the like of which was not before and never again will be?

Undoubtedly we have many men at the present time who possess the power of achieving tasks, similar to those accomplished in the past, yet a great change has occurred.

Although science, organization, and the kindred products of man's ingenious brain have placed a power into his hands undreamed of in the days of our grandfathers this power is accompanied by a great desire for wealth. Great extravagance, unexpected success, and uneasiness as to the future make money all-important. The acquisition of wealth should, however, not be man's highest ambition, there are things infinitely greater and nobler to be sought after.

Not only have men acquired a desire for wealth but for power as well. These two desires have at the present time brought our country face to face with great questions, the most important of which are the immigration question, the monopoly or trust question, and the great question of keeping the rich and the poor in a peaceful relation towards each other. Immigration has increased so rapidly that it has reached a most critical point. The question is open to us, whether we want our land to be overrun by these foreigners. Did our ancestors establish this grand Republic as a last resort for the outcasts of the European Nations. The various monopolies or trusts afford the most unfair and unjust treatment possible, of the public, although the magnates themselves look upon it as a mere business principle. But the magnates have not alone acquired a very large power, the working people have formed organizations for their own protection; they will no longer be dictated to by their employers. This is a most grave question and can be solved only by the best and most unprejudiced of men.

The above mentioned questions together with such as child-labor, corruption, graft, bribery and numerous other wrongs are bringing our country into imminent danger, the signals of which are everywhere in evidence. You hear them in the growling of the masses, the outbursts of their discontented spirits symbolized in the frequent strikes which are agitating the land. Do they have a just cause?

When we look into the methods of our great corporations, must

we not conclude that the working classes have a just cause in attempting to better their condition. It is not only the dollar, a little better pay, that they are seeking. It is manhood, freedom, not to live like slaves of the very rich, but like free American citizens.

But such questions have not only come before our Nation, they are bound to come to every prosperous Nation. We must not lose courage on account of such circumstances, but must put forth

our best efforts and use our utmost influence that conditions may be improved rather than lowered.

From the very fact that our Nation has always met its problems in a proper and justifiable manner, let us cherish a sincere hope that these questions confronting us at the present time, may be met and solved in a manner equal and even superior to the way in which they have been met in the past.



# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

The number of students at Muhlenberg at present is greater than it has been for many a year. Our student body is less local, that is to say, more so this year than in recent years we have attracted students from cities and towns more widely distributed. The increase in number and heterogeneity have wrought a corresponding increase in spirited feeling between the classes. Early in the session the Sophs posted rules for the government of the Freshmen; and, although lacrimosa Nox and the Freshmen did not allow the posters to remain long legible, the Sophomores have evidence that the Freshmen at least read the rules in the way they observe—and break—them.

“Dinkey” caps are the badge of a Freshmen here now as they are everywhere else. Infringements of their rules the Sophs have dealt with summarily.

This class rivalry in a friendly way is to be encouraged as a wholesome thing, especially on account of the influence it exerts for closer union between the members of each class.

The Sophomore ranks, however, is not the place for Freshmen when one of their own number in singing a solo, declaiming, or, mayhap, bathing for the delectation of the Sophomores.

The mettle of the student body was never better displayed than it was on the afternoon of Wed-

nesday, October 24 when not less than fifty students assisted in tearing down the bleachers formerly at Fifteenth and Linden, and loading them on wagons to haul them to Muhlenberg. By the following Saturday the bleachers had been re-erected on our Athletic Field. The first game witnessed from them was the crushing defeat we inflicted on Stroudsburg. A large crowd witnessed the creditable game with "Chi" on Saturday, Nov. 3.

We now have ample accommodations for the sporting public, and all are urged to attend the remaining games.

As soon as it becomes the thing in Allentown—as it is in other college towns—to go to foot-ball games, our grand-stand seating capacity of six hundred will not be one-tenth sufficient.

Turkey and cranberry sauce with foot-ball for dessert is the Thanksgiving Dinner menu the United States over. For dessert this year Allentown will have

foot-ball served a la M. C.—Indian Reserves.

It's a wise man who does not show all he knows. It's a wise team that does not show all it can do. Medico Chi was mistaken in her estimate of the "little Dutch College."

Let us request all students not to wait for a personal solicitation from the editor-in-chief to write articles for the "Muhlenberg," but to consider this an invitation to each to write his best and hand it to the editor. In advance we thank you and assure you that whatever articles you may submit will receive due appreciation and recognition.

The most satisfactory way to interest people in the College is to do something that pleases them. Great credit belongs to those who are responsible for the holding of the Meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society in the halls of M. C. and sent the members away so highly pleased.



## Athletics

Saturday, Oct. 13, one of the hardest games of the season was played against Ursinus College at Collegeville. The Ursinus team outweighed Muhlenberg and had the advantage of many years of foot-ball behind them while Muhlenberg is only in her second-year's growth. The whole game, especially the second half, was a hard fought one. In the first half Muhlenberg received the ball and advanced it a short distance when they were held for downs. Ursinus hammered our line on both sides and by sheer weight carried the ball down the field for a touchdown. This stirred up Muhlenberg's fighting blood and when they received the ball they showed what they were made of. By a series of well directed plays, line plunges, end runs, and forward passes they rushed the pigskin down the field from their 35 yard line for a touchdown, without once losing the ball. Ursinus then received the kick and by heavy plunging and long end runs made a second touchdown. These were the only two touchdowns Ursinus made in the first half by straight foot-ball. The rest of their scoring was done by runs the whole length of the field on forward passes. At the end of the half the score was 29-5. In the second half Muhlenberg played hard and fast, only once allowing Ursinus to score. They frequently held them for downs and threw them for losses. Twice they endangered Ursinus' goal. At one time they pushed the ball to the five yard line where it was held for downs. The second time

they had the pigskin on the three yard line on the second down. Then a play was tried that had been used a number of times before, without hindrance from the officials, Miller through right tackle. This time, however, the referee, an Ursinus Alumnus called it a forward pass, penalized Muhlenberg 15 yards, and thus deprived them of a second touchdown. All things considered, it was the best game Muhlenberg played this season, and there is certainly no disgrace in the defeat. The final score 35-5 does not show the kind of a game they put up. The line up is as follows:

Muhlenberg.	Ursinus.
Sandt .....	L. E..... Alsbach
Tryon .....	L. T..... Quay
Stump (Capt.)	L. G. Ellis (Capt.)
Schock .....	C..... Cook
Bittner .....	R. G..... Hoover
Coleman .....	R. T..... Heller
Butz .....	R. E..... Able
Breidenbach	.Q. B..... Paist
Shelly .....	L. H. B... Kerschner
Miller .....	R. H. B..... Hain
Ruloff .....	F. B..... Eisenberg

Touchdowns, Paist, 2; Kerchner, 2; Hain, 2; Miller, 1. Goals, Paist, 5. Referee, Hobson. Umpire, Raub. Time of halves, 25-20.

On Oct. 20, the Jefferson Medical team was called in to see how the health of our team was. They found us very much alive but thought we needed medical attention and gave it to us. It looked easy for Muhlenberg in the beginning of the game. Jeff. received the ball on their 20 yard

line. They tried to kick but the centre made a poor pass. After trying our line without visible results they tried a second kick. The centre doubtless couldn't see straight while standing on his head for he passed it over the full-back and behind the goal-line. After some juggling about our omnipresent, reliable centre, Shock sat on the ball for a touchdown. It's hard lines when the centre has to do all the scoring in a game. Shelly missed the goal. Jeff. then kicked off to our 25 yard line. A forward pass was tried but owing to the high wind the ball was carried too far for Albert to catch, so it was forfeited. Jeff then rushed the ball to our goal-line where they were held. Two plays were tried then another unfortunate forward pass. This time it was hard luck pure and simple. Albert (most unusual for him) got mixed up with his feet and fell, the ball again going over. This time Jefferson could not be stopped and went over for a touchdown, tying the score. This seemed to be a hoodoo day for Muhlenberg, for in kicking the goal, the ball which went only a few feet from the ground was struck by a Muhlenberg man and bounded over the bar making the score 6-5. During the rest of the half there was nothing doing on either side, both played a good defensive game but neither could advance the ball. In the second half it was the same thing over again. Neither team could consistently advance the ball and throughout the half it was passed from one team to the other near the centre of the field. It was a good game, both teams being about evenly matched. Most of the ground gaining for Jefferson

was done by Miller their left half. Our whole back field worked well. Smith was given his first trial at quarter and acquitted himself well. Stump had against him the six foot four bald-headed Lott, but he was easy, Stump says. The spectacular 50 yard run on a forward pass by Sandt was a feature of the game. The following is the line-up:

Muhlenberg.	Jeff. Medical.
Sandt .....L. E.....	Kinter
Tryon .....L. T....	Schneider
Stump (Capt.) L. C. ....	Mason
Schock .....C.....	Hinlsle
Bitner .....R. G.....	Lott
Coleman ....R. T.....	Bortz
Albert .....R. E.....	Hewitt

(Butz)

Breidenbach Q. B. ....	Orton
(Smith)	(Roselli)

Shelly ....L. H. B. ....	Miller
Putra ....R. H. B.....	Dengler
Miller .....F. B.....	Tieldon

(Ruloff)

Umpire, Shaffer. Referee, Mc-Alle. Time of halves 25-20.

East Stroudsburg paid us a visit on Oct. 27, to show us how easy we were. The result surprised them so much that they went away dazed, indeed this seemed to be their condition in the game also. They were heavy enough but they had no snap in them, and they got their plays off so slowly that it seemed they were half asleep. One thing we must say however, they were all gentlemen. There was not one dirty play in the whole game, something unusual in our football history. In the first half Muhlenberg made two touchdowns before Stroudsburg touched the ball. Shelly, Miller and Ruloff, each made a touchdown in the first half without any trouble.

It must have been rather uninteresting to the spectators. It was something like this; Ruloff ten yards through the line, Shelly 15 around the end, Miller or Coleman seven yards through the line, forward pass 25 yards. The only time Stroudsburg had a chance to score was in the second half. Baker got loose and was off for a touchdown. He couldn't pick up his feet fast enough however, and was tackled on our three yard line. It looked as if they were sure for a touchdown, three yards on three downs, Muhlenberg was never held at such a place. Three times they hammered our left line but Stump, Ettinger and Sandt seemed to be grown fast and Stroudsburg lost the ball. Everyone on the Muhlenberg team played a good game. The backs, ends, or tackle gained ground whenever they had the ball. The final score 34-0 is the largest

Muhlenberg ever made in a regular game. The line up is as follows:

Muhlenberg.	East Stroudsburg.
Sandt .....	L. E..... Clark
(Nonamaker)	
Ettinger .....	L. T..... Heller
Stump (Capt.)	L. G..... Roman
Schock .....	C..... Lane
Bittner .....	R. G..... O'Neill
Coleman .....	R. T..... Patrick
Butz .....	R. E..... Dougler
(Albert)	
Smith .....	Q. B.... Richmond
(Breidenbach)	(Capt.)
Shelly .....	L. H. B... Hartung
Miller .....	R. H. B..... Baker
(Putra)	
Ruloff .....	F. B. .... Burt
(Miller)	

Touchdowns, Ruloff, 2; Miller, 2; Shelly 2. Goals, Ruloff, 3; Miller, 1. Referee, Raub. Umpire Sandt. Time of halves, 25-20.

## Literary

During the past month the novel entitled "The Awakening of Helena Richie," by Mrs. Margaret Deland has made its appearance. It has been well received, both by the reviewers as well as by the general public. The story is indeed Mrs. Deland's masterpiece. The plot is simple and the tale is beautifully woven about it. The novel is told in Mrs. Deland's wise and tender fashion. Spots of humor are also scattered throughout. The characters show a great deal of common sense and are imbued with a deep sense of religion. In it the reader is led to see higher ideals and profit by

them. The story in itself is very impressive, in fact, it is a moral drama. It has been running as a serial in Harper's Magazine and those who have taken the time to read it, have no doubt enjoyed it. In the whole it is intensely interesting and commends itself to all who enjoy reading.

F. Hopkinson Smith has produced another novel, "The Tides of Barnegat." It is a story as strong as his "Caleb West," if not stronger. The structure of the story is a little weak. The characters, however, are carefully delineated, perhaps a little

too emphatically. His picturing of the sea shows that he is thoroughly at home on the ocean. The book is well executed and is unrelaxing in interest from start to finish. It should attract the attention of most readers on account of its humor and originality. The story has been running as a serial in Scribner's Magazine and has just been completed. The sales of the novel, which have been very heavy, show that it has met with general public approval.

A. Conan Doyle's latest story, "Sir Nigel" has met with great favor among those who love adventure. It is the story of an English youth, who by his perseverance and pluck rises from being a poor boy (although of good parentage) to a full-bred and wealthy knight. His love affairs are closely woven in with the rest of the tale and the whole forms a delightful romance. It deals with the age of feudal chivalry. The author is well read in the chronicles of the fourteenth century and his types of Norman and English manhood are exceedingly lifelike. The reader feels that under the armor of the knights described the beating hearts and surging passions are not so very different from those of to-day. But the author commits an error in that he exaggerates the Celtic

temperament. But every author is liable to overdo matters when speaking of that age, so Conan Doyle must be excused to some extent when he does the same thing. The story, however, is very interesting and is bound to fascinate and attract.

Readers will be glad to learn that George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Graustark" and "Nedra" has produced another novel. "Jane Cable," is the name of the new book and it is unquestionably the author's best work. The plot is not laid in Europe, but in Chicago, the Chicago of today, so well known to the author. It is the story of two New York men who get into trouble and go to Chicago, where the secrets of each are so intertwined that apparent ruin threatens many should the truth be published. Jane Cable, the putative daughter of a Chicago railroad magnate loves the son of a rascally lawyer. How the lives of these characters meet at important points is the principal part of this interesting story. The story shows human passion of almost every variety. It is melodramatic in places but true to life nevertheless. It is entertaining from the beginning to the end and we can recommend it as a pleasing story, to everyone.



## Exchanges

The Delaware College Review is to be congratulated, because of its excellent cover. The material below the cover does justice to the literary standard of the college. We notice a very fine poem entitled, "Who Knows?" The article on the "Sacred Duty of American Citizenship" is a good one. It shows attention and study besides ability on the part of the author.

The Forum presents three fine articles; two are on literary productions and the other is a short story. The article on "The Legitimate Use of Subsidiary Events in Julius Caesar" is long and covers the ground well. The author starts out with a commendable purpose and, to our mind, accomplishes it.

Many a fellow who sports an automobile coat hasn't even car fare.

There was an absent-minded professor in a Western university who used to take long walks in the evening. One night while he was walking alone in deep meditation he collided with a cow.

"The Dells of the Disconsin River" is a well written article. Besides being instructive it is pleasing to read. It contains a few legends which are interesting because they relate to the glorious past of a fallen race.

Some women's ideal of charity is to knit bedside slippers for the benighted Hottentots.

The fellow who is always up in the clouds must get used to coming down with the proverbial dull, sickening thud.

The literary department of The Argus is taken up with three short stories of the characteristic High School variety. A few short articles on literary subjects would have improved the paper.

After walking a little further he really did collide with the school teacher. Recalling his previous experience, he exclaimed in utter disgust: "Is that you

Thinking it was his friend, the school teacher, he politely doffed his hat and made a bow, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam."

## Personals

Dr. W.: "Mr. Bossard you are one of those ornamental students, more ornamental than useful."

Rudolph: "Under which of those classes would you place me?"

Dr. W.: You are out-classed."

D. E.: "Who was Plautus?"

Keiter: "One of the world's greatest comedians."

Dr. H.: "Can you explain the taste of apple-pie?"

Keiter: "I can't explain the taste but it's there all right, it's a taste that I don't mind tasting."

Reisner, '10 (in a drowsy manner, continually looking at his watch.)

Dr. O.: "Mr. Reisner, are you time keeper?"

Anthony, '08 (translating "liberare periculis," "to give liberty to the dangerous.")

Dr. E.: "Don't you think your translation is a little dangerous?"

Dr. H.: "Do you hear that sound when you experiment with pitch-forks?" (tuning forks).

Weaver, '08. "I've never tried it."

Dr. H.: "I hope you'll never have occasion to."

Ziegenfuss, '08: "Canada contains a great many fur trading (bearing) animals."

Dr. H.: "Is there really any difference between the smell of apple pie and pumpkin pie?"

Schatz, '08: "Surely, the one smells of apples and the other of pumpkins."

Dr. E.: "Horace says when we write anything we should lay it away for nine years."

Anthong: "But we can't always do that."

Dr. E.: "You always know it six weeks before your compositions are due."

Anthony: "Yes,— but not nine years."

Keiter and Breidenbach after speaking of Medico-Chi game.

Breidenbach: "I wonder where they're going to put that rock of five hundred pounds?,"

Keiter: "Gee! does he play on their team?"

Dr. E.: "What is the meaning of 'cunabula'?"

Stump, '08: "Marriage."

Dr. E.: "Sometimes it comes after marriage."

Tryon, '10: "Give me that corn cob."

Dr. W.: "Tryon—you—Tryon (try and) study."

Dr. W.: "Kern, you behave or get out."

Nonamacher: Dr., Kern gets inspirations once in awhile."

Dr. W.: "Not from above."

Anthony: "Professor, what do you mean by 'Conrad passed away'?"

Mr. Jacobs: "He died Mr. Anthony, he died."

Dr. W. (to Shock who was picking up small pieces of paper) "Mr. Shock, I haven't seen you so lively since you have been born."

Dr. W.: "When does the summer solstice occur?"

Bittner: "Gerade nach den Hunstagen."



## Our Alumni.

The second annual reunion dinner of the Berks County Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College, was held at Mineral Spring Hotel, Reading, Oct. 19th, 1906. The meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, took place at 5 o'clock. Rev. George S. Seaman presided and Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq., the Secretary, recorded the proceedings. The officers of the association were unanimously re-elected with this Board of Trustees: Rev. John A. W. Haas, D. D., Rev. M. C. Horine, D. D., Judge G. A. Endlich, Rev. E. T. Horn, D. D., and Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq. President Seaman appointed Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq., Dr. H. F. Schantz and William Rick, Esq., a committee to have charge of the annual banquets of the association. From among the many excellent addresses delivered on the occasion, our space permits brief extracts of only a few.

Rev. Dr. M. C. Horine, of Reading, Pa., responded to the toast, "The relation the Alumni bear to the college." Dr. Horine said in part: "They bear the relation of the mother to the child. The child has a grateful and resourceful mother and I hope the mother will prove herself a generous and faithful one. The child has great hopes and reasons for all the confidence in its future. The mother lived so long that she has become attached to her other children and I fear that her youngest child has not received the attention it deserves. However, the mother grows more attentive year by year. The child

I am proud to say is attracting considerable attention by its aggressive and thorough work. It is gaining for itself a wide reputation. Some are discouraged by the progress of our college but, I say, we have made progress and encouraging progress. When we went to school the college was a new departure and had neither alumni nor a reputation behind it. Now, I am glad to say, it has both. Hundreds of the alumni have come into prominence and their influence is great. They help to turn the eyes of the world upon their college and they are able to give substantial aid, financially.

"What we need at Muhlenberg is a good amount of sentiment. We need to foster a higher sentiment for our college. We owe this to our Alma Mater, for it is doing a thorough and first-class work. It has turned out good men who are gradually getting toward the crest and who are reaching a position from which influence will grow. We must down the idea that our college is inferior to others. It is a great credit to the college to have alumni who are among the first people of the day. Even though we had not the facilities of the other colleges, we can place side by side our alumni and need not be ashamed of ourselves. However, the mother is growing older and richer and I foresee great prospects of her young child. It has good surroundings. Its social life is pure and the earnestness with which the work is carried on should be an argument

for the people to send their sons to Muhlenberg."

As a representative of the Board of Directors of Muhlenberg, Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn was asked to respond to "The workings of the Board." Dr. Horn said in part: "I see before me a representative body of alumni resident in Berks county, in whose hearts Muhlenberg finds a warm spot and whose bodies burn to do something for their Alma Mater. What little we may be able to do may seem to us short of what we wanted to do. In Allentown we have a college. It differs from all other colleges inasmuch as it is the college of the Pennsylvania German Lutherans. It is their determination to educate their children and we are depending upon it to establish a reputation. I may say it is making a reputation. It is equal to any college of its size in the State. It has a fair endowment, fine buildings, an excellent faculty and a President whose winning ways have gone far in making it a success. There has never been such a success in any other college as is Muhlenberg's within the last ten years. No other college has ever raised an equal amount. The college has given us something to be proud of and its results will be seen in future generations. I hope we may all, some day, receive some degree from our beloved Muhlenberg."

Rev. John A. W. Haas, President of Muhlenberg, was the next speaker and in an earnest enthusiastic address described the present condition of the college and the ideals entertained for its future. Satisfactory as the work at present is, yet, with increased interest and support on

the part of the Alumni and friends, greater progress can be made. Just as every worker in the college is laboring with personal sacrifice, so this important cause demands greater sacrifice on the part of the Church and all its members.

'71. Although living in Lake City, Colorado, Dr. David S. Hoffman, like a loyal Alumnus, still continues his connection with the Alumni Association of the college.

'74. Hon. Milton C. Henninger, Allentown, Pa., as Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Lehigh County, conducted a very successful campaign.

'76. Since the death of Dr. S. A. Repass, Dr. Ochsenford of the College Faculty has temporarily attended to the duties of pastor of St. John's English Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa.

'77. Rev. William S. Miller, D. D., Greensburg, Pa., President of the Pittsburg Synod of the Lutheran Church, recently preached in St. John's Church, Allentown.

'79. George D. Krause, Lebanon, Pa., presided at the banquet tendered Congressman M. E. Olmstead by the citizens of Lebanon upon the dedication of the new Public Building in that city.

'79. Hon. Frank M. Trexler, President Judge of the Courts of Lehigh County, was elected a member of the Pennsylvania-German Society at the meeting recently held at Muhlenberg College.

'80. At the annual election of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Dr. George T. Ettinger, of our Faculty, was chosen First Vice President for the coming year. He also presided at the very successful annual banquet of the Society held at the Hotel Allen, Allentown, which was attended by one hundred and fifty members and invited guests.

'81. We were very glad to have a visit from Mr. David M. Kuntz, who is engaged in a large tea and coffee company in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was delighted with what he saw at Muhlenberg and when he left was a more loyal son of the college than ever before.

'82. Hon. Aaron B. Hassler, Judge of the Courts of Lancaster County, also was elected a member of the Pennsylvania-German Society.

'85. On Wednesday morning, Nov. 7th, Rev. C. F. W. Hoppe, of Bethlehem, made a short address to the boys in chapel.

'86. On Sunday morning, Nov. 4th, Rev. Edwin F. Keever, of Catasauqua, delivered a very interesting missionary address in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'92. In a very interesting address on "Missions in India," recently made in the college chapel, by Miss Lydia Woerner, M. D., of the Lutheran Mission in Rajahmundry, India, she made special mention of the excellent work being done in that mission by two Muhlenberg graduates, Rev. Edward H. Trafford, '92, and Rev. Frederick W. Wackernagel, '94.

'91. Rev. M. J. Bieber, one of the Superintendents of Home Missions of the General Council in the United States, recently addressed a large missionary meeting in St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Allentown, and also paid a flying visit to Muhlenberg. When he saw what had been accomplished in the past few years he was prouder than ever that he was a graduate of Muhlenberg College.

'99. At the recent election, Dr. R. Keelor Hartzell was elected to represent the Allentown District of Lehigh County in the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

'00. Frederick L. Erb, having resigned his position in the Slatington High School, is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering, in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Mass.

'00. Dr. Edgar C. Statler is practicing medicine in Allentown, Pa.

'01. Dr. Herbert J. Schmoyer has "hung out his shingle" at the corner of Main and Union Streets, Bethlehem, Pa., where we hope he will meet with abundant success in his profession.

'02. Matthias R. Heilig was recently ordained as minister and admitted to membership in the General Synod of the Lutheran Church. The special services for this purpose were held in Philadelphia.

'05. S. O. Sigmond has been ordained as a minister of the Lutheran Church, and is now teaching in the Allentown Preparatory School.

'03. Dr. Joseph M. Weaver is the Resident Physician in the Allentown Hospital.

'04. William H. Keboch has a good position in the large hardware house of F. Hersh & Sons, Allentown.

'05. Claude G. Shankweiler has a position in his father's extensive clothing establishment, Shankweiler & Lehr, Allentown.

'03. Edwin K. Kline, having graduated from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, is now a "full-fledged" lawyer in Allentown, where he practices with his father Hon. M. C. Kline, '74, formerly representative in Congress from the Berks-Lehigh District.

'03. R. Lorentz Miller is Teller of the Emaus, Pa., National Bank.



# The Muhlenberg



January, 1907

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# The Muhlenburg

"Litterae sunt ingenio natae"

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VOL. XXIV

ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY, 1907

No. 5

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## Child Labor

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*Ralph Schatz, '08*

In the early years of the 13th century a wild call thrilled over Southern Europe—a call for the children to gather into bands and march away to the far-off Holy Land. The word went out over Christendom that only the children could conquer the Saracen and recover the Sepulchre; that only the "pure in heart" could recover the blessed Tomb from the barbarian hordes. The little ones must join the Holy War! And for all who lived through the furious adventure, there waited a place of honor in the hearts of men; and for all who died in battle, there waited the vacant places in heaven left of old by the fallen angels!

So from cradle and hearth, from hill and field, the children gathered into armies and marched away. Up the Rhine and over the Alps, down the Rhone and over the Pyrenees, they trailed and trooped, weary and wandering, halt and heavy-eyed, hurrying on, ever on, at the mystic call. One hundred thousand strong the "children's crusade" poured on toward holy Palestine. Hundreds perished of fa-

tigue and home-sickness on the stony roads; hundreds more went down at sea; hundreds more were sold into Mohammedan slavery. The agonies of those little ones have never been recorded; the waste of the hope and joy that went down with them has never been computed. Fifty thousand precious lives were poured out—a flood of bright waters lost in the desert sands.

Let any cause to-day, in whatever mistaken devotion, dare to call a host of little children to such an open field of death, and how soon the majesty of public opinion and the sovereignty of the law would smite the cries and hush the presumptuous pleading! Yet the mysterious and awful mandate of some Power has gone out over our own land, summoning our little ones from shelter and play and study, summoning them to a destruction less swift, less picturesque, less heroic, but hardly less fatal, than that medieval destruction. Greed and Gain, grim guardians of the great god Mammon, continually cry in the ears of the

poor, "Give us your little ones!" And forever do the poor push out their little ones at the imperious command, feeding the children to a blind Hunger that is never filled. And the spell of material things is so heavy on the hearts of all of us that scarce a protest goes up against this betrayal of youth. Two millions of children, boys and girls, wend their way every working-day of the year, to factory, mine and shop, there to yield up their blunted energies and undeveloped minds to the insatiable demands of industry. The machinery whirs and roars; it feeds upon the bone and blood of tender, tired striplings; and all day long it incessantly thunders into the ears of these sacrificed innocents its hoarse, repulsive discord! Their minds grow dulled, their spirits low and cowed, their cheeks wan and their chests narrow; but what matter these? The throb of the iron goes on, monotonous and dismal to the bent, little forms, for it exultingly chants their servitude.

But to the master the song seems sweet. Every beat of the engine, every turn of the wheel, has a note of triumph. Profit, the great god. Profit, the thing for which men in their folly will cast away honor and life, and even in their unspeakable cruelty descend to transforming the beauty and promise of childhood into gold, is the burden of that never-ceasing song. Under the circumstances, has ever mankind listened to a croak more hideous? Was ever a death-chant so despairingly relentless, like a wild wail from out of the nethermost depths, petrifying the very senses? The sentence it decrees is written deep. Death to the child; first, mental death in ignorance and degradation, and de-

privation of all that should make a child's life normal and joyous; then, premature physical death through arrested youth, distortion, and acquired disease. But, what matters all this to the master? His machinery is expensive and costs money to replace; therefore, care is lavished upon it. But children are manifold; they cost nothing. If they are maimed, or if they quit or starve, it is easy to duplicate them. Why, then, feel concerned about their welfare? The masters of industry are serenely oblivious to humanitarian impulses; if they were not, how could they have become masters? The one supreme demand pitilessly made and pitilessly executed, is that dividends flow fast; in the way of these no obstacle must interpose—no such sentimental motive as compassion, justice, self-denial, or sense of responsibility to fellow-man. The divine substance of men and women and children may be pulverized between the wheels of machinery, yet so long as profit flows, the masters are exhilarated with the intoxication of success.

How would we feel, if we, strong men, should make weak, little children sweat and slave to supply profit for us? Would we not feel a profound sense of shame, a certainty that we were less than human, a disposition to avert our face from the gaze of all the manly?

Would we not start in the dead of night, when the conscience claims its own dread realm, and think ourselves inconceivably base? Observe how the brutes care for their young until they are able to shift for themselves. The lioness will not let her cubs be molested; the tigress unchains her fury if her progeny is attacked. To that

extent the jungle is truer to its kind, than we humans are to ours. We allow two million children to be torn from their homes and fed to machinery. And for what? What else than the sordid demands of commerce? Human flesh, which once destroyed cannot be replaced, is wrecked for the sake of an inanimate thing—money! Did their mothers suffer for them that they should be tortured by men who care for nothing except money? Was it for this that they were born and reared? Were they begotten to be ruthlessly despoiled by the lust of greed?

It is a melancholy fact that the pursuit of profit will banish every noble instinct from the minds of some men and lead them to gloat over their own dread handiwork. The class that defends the employment of child labor asserts that child labor is indispensable to industry. How do we relish a prosperity which is built upon the bodies of two million children? Would we not rather have every machine scattered to the four winds of the earth than see so monstrous an injustice perpetuated? Whether a few sordid captains of industry make profit or not is a matter of no consequence to mankind; the sun shone, the stars gleamed, and the earth bore its harvests ages before they came and will continue to do so countless ages after they are gone.

“Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.”

And yet multitudes of little ones are trampled upon and subjected to the most extreme suffering and injustice. Do not think because the two million little wage slaves are free to wend their tired way to their homes every evening, that they are essentially free. If childhood is robbed of the normal advantages, training, joys, home influences, and education which rightly belong to it, then that is a form of slavery and one of the worst. The slave of the South received good treatment in childhood and in sickness; it was to the master's interest to give it. The industrial slave of to-day gives up everything and receives nothing in return excepting poor wages; the owners have no interest in him when he ceases to be of use. First, childhood is stripped and degraded; then, when the children, by reason of this unscrupulous exploitation, are of no further service, they are flung aside like so much rubbish.

Child labor must go. It will go. Humanity will not tolerate this dreadful sacrifice any longer. Upon us as American citizens devolves the duty to banish this institution from our country. Wherefore do we permit it within our borders? Have we no ear for the piteous wails of little children crying out in misery at their suffering? Have we no sympathy for the mother as she gazes upon the wan and wasted image of her child, while the gaunt spectres of anguish and despair rack her bosom and tear the heart-strings of her love?

If we wish to retain the respect and admiration of the civilized world, if we wish to perpetuate this sublime government reared by

our fathers, then a death-giving blow must be dealt this awful tyrant which is gnawing at the very vitals of our American nation.



## Alexander Hamilton

W. F. D., '07

It is very doubtful whether history reveals any personage whose remarkable character and achievements are so generally unknown to the people who have profited by them as are those of Alexander Hamilton. In every respect his life was extraordinary, even from his birth to his death. So unusual and so unique have been the course and circumstances of his whole career that they have even lent themselves admirably to romantic treatment as Gertrude Atherton so well shows in "The Conqueror."

This peculiar character was born on the eleventh of January, 1757, on the little West Indian island of Nevis. Being the product of an illegal marriage, he was nevertheless fortunate in receiving the best in Scotch blood from his father and the best in French Huguenot blood from his mother. When Alexander was four years old his father failed in business and when he was eleven, he lost his mother by death. She appears to have been a woman of great talents and deep affection and, though Hamilton enjoyed her companionship but for a short time, the many deep impressions she made upon his young mind caused him to hold her ever in the greatest regard. Young Hamilton was now thrown practically on his own resources. Friends and relatives enabled him to continue his education in which, as in everything else, he had always exhibited the most remarkable precocity. One of his early teachers was a Jewess and we are told that at four he could repeat the decalogue in Hebrew. At

twelve he was given charge of a large mercantile business and managed it as successfully as any mature mind could.

Having always possessed an intense thirst for knowledge and having been absorbed even in his early years by a restless ambition, Hamilton soon grew weary of the narrow and confined life on the little island. He had given evidence of a great aptitude for scholarship in numerous ways and so some kind friends decided to send him to the Colonies to get an education. He arrived at Boston in 1772 and subsequently reached New York. After preparing for college at Elizabethtown, he sought to enter Princeton on condition that he be allowed to complete the course sooner than the time specified, but was refused. This act reveals to us his great self-confidence, a characteristic present in his entire life. He was, however, admitted to King's College, in New York, in a manner satisfactory to him and covered the work in the remarkably short time of two years.

During Hamilton's time at college the Colonies were fast progressing in the direction of open conflict with Great Britain. The seeds of revolution had long been sown and now their fruit was about to appear. Everywhere a revolutionary atmosphere prevailed and Hamilton, ever alert and quick-witted, could not but acquaint himself with the nature of the situation. Possessing strong loyalist proclivities, he was at first by no means an ardent supporter of revolutionary principles, but, after giving the subject thorough study,

he devoted himself to the cause of the Colonists with all his heart and soul.

Hamilton rendered his first services to the cause of the Revolution at a public gathering in New York which various speakers addressed in behalf of the Colonists. To his mind, these men succeeded in nothing so well as in leaving the most important things unsaid. He therefore leaped upon the platform, youthful stranger that he was, barely nineteen years of age, and, after conquering some inward feelings of trepidation, spoke to the great throng in a manner perfectly to astonish them. The people listened intently and all they could say was, "It is a collegian, it is a collegian." This act began the fame which Hamilton was to enjoy in far greater measure to the day of his death.

Preparations for war were begun in every quarter and Hamilton, after demonstrating his ability, was put in command of a company of New York artillery. Hostilities having opened, he soon distinguished himself with every opportunity. So creditably did he acquit himself at Long Island that he won the approbation of General Greene, who brought him to the notice of Washington. The latter quickly detected the exceptional qualities of the youth and made him one of his aides with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel when he was barely twenty years old.

Hamilton always felt that he sacrificed much in the way of military renown, of which he had great dreams and perhaps justly, when he accepted Washington's offer. Be this true or not, one thing is certain, that no other position in the world could have helped so much in shaping his future destiny.

The immense correspondence which he was obliged to do for Washington was an excellent discipline for him and kept him in touch with every important event of the day. He was not long in gaining Washington's utmost esteem and confidence and never failed to retain them. Washington repeatedly entrusted him with the most important affairs. After Gates was flushed with a victory he had done practically nothing to win, and when Washington was struggling along in gloom and almost in despair and disgrace in Pennsylvania, the latter could think of no one qualified to undertake the task of asking Gates for re-enforcements, if not Hamilton. The young aide, not yet twenty-one, undertook the work upon which the very reputation and fortune of the great Commander-in-Chief depended, and brought it to complete success. In many similar instances Hamilton proved himself equal to the most weighty calls of duty.

After four years of faithful service, Hamilton left Washington's staff, but not to retire to idleness. He devoted himself to studying law and the financial and economic condition of the country. Even while yet Washington's aide, he devoted much of his time to the study of finance which was to become his great field of work in after years.

His career as a soldier practically ended after he succeeded in gaining some additional and much coveted military glory in the siege at Yorktown. Though he was still in the beginning of his career, the country already had need of his services. He was elected to Congress in 1782, but owing to the inert character of that body at that

time, he could do nothing more than win a parliamentary reputation for himself. Ever henceforth he set himself unceasingly to the task of righting the political evils of his time. He had realized long before that the whole trouble lay in the weakness of the central government, and therefore, he devised a scheme for making the government of the Union supreme, and that of the States inferior. This admirable plan of his materialized in the famous Constitutional Convention of 1787. The form of constitution proposed by him was in the main adopted, but only after a long and heated discussion in which he took part on but few occasions. When he did speak, however, it was with matchless energy and irresistible logic. Most of his work consisted in convincing men individually of the wisdom of the proposed plan. At length success crowned the efforts of himself and his colleagues.

After the New Constitution was adopted, it was necessary that nine, and very desirable that all, of the States should ratify it. The most heated controversy occurred in New York, where the forces of opposition were best marshalled under the able leadership of Governor Clinton. During the early part of this conflict, Hamilton with the concurrence of Madison and Jay devised the plan of educating the public on the principles of the new constitution by publishing a series of essays in answer to a similar series by the opposition. These essays numbered eighty-five, of which Hamilton alone wrote sixty-three and aided in the production of three. They became immediately famous because of their great merit and high purpose. Known by the name of "The Fed-

eralist," they have since won a unique distinction. They show excellent literary genius, and are still looked upon as the best exposition of the principles of civil polity, they have been quoted as authority by the bench and the bar, and have even been turned to for guidance in the formation of the Germanic Empire.

A convention was at length called at Albany to ratify or reject the Constitution and it was on this occasion that Hamilton executed the greatest feat of his life. Having only one-third of the delegates on his side, he yet hoped to secure the ratification. Many of the ablest men of the time were opposing him, but he was ever undaunted. For almost three weeks he was engaged in debate many hours of each day. The task was stupendous, but he was gaining ground continually. He evinced a masterful knowledge of his subject and wonderful power as a public speaker.

He possessed no poetical imagination and resorted infrequently to rhetorical figures, but his arguments were unanswerable, his determination unfaltering, his skill in the use of English perfect, his enthusiasm magnetic, and his personality irresistible. When the vote was taken the Constitution won by a good majority. Thus it was that Hamilton won a parliamentary victory surpassed nowhere in history and yet he was barely thirty years of age.

But his greatest work was still to be done. The new government soon went into operation and Hamilton was chosen Secretary of the Treasury. He found the financial and economical situation in utter chaos, but he grasped it immediately with determination

and decision. He soon issued his "First Report on the Public Credit," an epoch-making paper in economics. Measure after measure was adopted by Congress at his suggestion, until he had restored industrial order. His great object was to create a strong national government, enlist the confidence of the people in this government and win respect for it abroad; put the finances of the country on a firm basis, and serve the ends of justice and honesty without exception. This he did by an honest payment of the domestic and the foreign debt, by an assumption of the State debts, by the establishment of a national bank and mint, by wisely authorizing imposts and excises, and in numerous other ways. Every plan that his fertile mind could devise succeeded admirably, and Webster truly says of him: "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

As a statesman, then, Hamilton must take the first rank. He possessed wonderful foresight and surpassing resource, but he was a poor politician. Though invincible in argument and unexcelled in genius, he was too impetuous to attend to the little details of party politics and too great to stoop to them. Having won many a victory over such opponents as Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, and a host of others, he was at last compelled to leave public life after causing the ruin of the Federalist party simply on account of his inability to accommodate himself to the ways of politics.

Of all his many political opponents none imagined himself to be

a more bitter rival to him than Aaron Burr. In truth there was hardly any resemblance in life or circumstance between the two, hardly anything to justify rivalry. Hamilton excelled in all the noble qualities in which Burr was deficient, and this, despite the attempt of some authorities to condone in some measure the career of the latter. Hamilton was pure, honest, upright, noble, and of a brilliance far superior to Burr's; Burr was brilliant and tactful, but jealous, intriguing, dishonest, and treacherous. As these two men met in the arena of politics, a conflict between two such opposite natures was inevitable. Hamilton opposed Burr in the presidential election of 1800 and in the New York gubernatorial contest of 1804 for the public good and for nothing less. Burr was too small to withstand manly opposition. Mortified by defeat and boiling with vengeance, he issued that infamous challenge which more than anything else serves to keep his name alive to posterity. Hamilton because of personal honor felt obliged to accept the challenge, owing to the false premium placed on the duelling code in those days. The sorrowful day arrived, Hamilton fell, a nation was plunged in grief, a family was distracted, and two children were driven insane to lose an affectionate father. The scoundrel had satisfied his revenge and earned the eternal contempt of future ages. The duelling code received a blow more powerful than all others combined, and thus Hamilton, who conscientiously offered himself as a defenseless sacrifice, having ever been the servant of mankind in life, now also became their servant in death.

## The Purpose of Life

John Hassler, '07

When in 1507 Robert Bruce, the most heroic of Scottish kings, hiding in a cave, witnessed the spider fail six times to catch his thread and succeed the seventh, he determined to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

A certain young man upon entering college, after having been the subject of failure, sneered at by gossip, and put to scorn by his parents, placed in conspicuous type over his door the letter V. Curiosity naturally led all to inquire what the letter V stood for, whereupon they were informed that it stood for *valedictory*.

In the dark days of '78, Washington at Valley Forge succeeded in keeping together a poor, wounded, miserable, bleeding army.

When in the beginning God Almighty created earth, he placed thereon man, and surrounded him with not only the mysterious, but with invaluable and indispensable animal and insect life of every description.

All these and countless others had some noble purpose in view. Bruce did establish his authority in Scotland. The rustic, to the utter astonishment and discomfiture of his sage prophets, did become valedictorian of his class. Washington did, it almost seems with divine aid, preserve his legion, and thereupon partly hinged the coming destiny of a future great nation. And only the final day when the angel Gabriel shall sound his trumpet, will disclose to mankind the invaluable purpose of God's proceedings with his people here on earth.

When we arrive at the dawn of manhood in life, two ways open up before us. If we think soberly, obey conscience and parents, we shall wisely, and as He Who is Father of all of us, had intended, choose the one that leads to honesty, fidelity and highest moral attainments. If on the other hand we are swayed by worldly lusts, and choose the one that leads to immorality and finally to vice and crime, then most unhappy will be the end, and we shall have dealt as a fool. Avoid, from the beginning, minor vices, for, "Can one go upon hot coals and not have his feet burned?"

Friends, life is royal, saintly; and it depends upon *you* whether it shall be a mill-stone upon your neck, or a diadem upon your brow. Decide at once upon some noble purpose, then take it up bravely, bear it joyfully and finally lay it down triumphantly. Our greatest inheritance is a pursuit in which we shall find enjoyment and happiness; for the busy world pushes aside angrily the man with folded arms.

Life is grand. If it is mean to any man, he has made it so. For God has made it glorious. He has paved its channels with diamonds. He has fringed its banks with flowers and shrubbery. He has overarched it with stars. Around it He has spread the glory of the physical universe—sun, moon, worlds and constellations. All that is magnificent in motion, sublime in magnitude, and most grand in order and obedience, he has spread about us as an incentive to live closer to the purpose for which He

had intended us.

Diogenes once walked the streets with a lighted lantern while it was yet day. When asked why, he replied, "I am hunting an honest man." Above all, have confidence in yourself; for "the Lord hateth a lying tongue, and a heart that deviseth evil." *Don't*, I say, *don't* yield to a proposition littered with dishonesty, vice and crime, even though it is completely masked as modern society and great in the eyes of the wicked world, for the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" revelation will surely manifest itself sometime, if not here on earth, then in the world to come. You cannot sway the sceptre of obedience until you yourself have learned to be content under its rule. I emphasize, have *profound* confidence in yourself, act with a deep sense of justice and wisdom, and the world will follow your teachings as sure as the night follows the day.

Have some human quality of your own, molded and worn to a polish by yourself, if you would have your deeds immortal, and commemorated by your off-spring. Fortify yourself with highest morals, and garner habits that will appeal to the "on-seer." Then will the purpose for which God had intended you, throw upon you a beam of radiant immortal dawn, and at the close of life's day, set, leaving sufficient light to sustain itself forever.

Private Hefner, in the Spanish-

American War, when wounded by a bullet, demanded to be propped up against a tree, and given his rifle. After the fight he was found sitting there, dead.

Cow-puncher Rowland in the same war, was wounded in the side, and bleeding, was seen by Col. Roosevelt, who ordered him to the rear. He went obediently until he was out of sight, then sneaked back into ranks. He was then seized and taken to a hospital, where the surgeons told him that he must be sent north. That night he escaped and crept back to ranks and fought with his fellows through the night. Fellow, take a firm grip upon your fixed purpose, that it will not be relaxed by a missile of discouragement hurled at you from a far inferior source.

The Spaniards complained bitterly that the Americans did not fight according to rules of war, saying that instead of falling back when fired upon they go forward.

*Be bold in the right. Know no fear. Trust yourself, your parent, your fellow and your God.* Do not venture out without an armor, lest you may prove an easy target for deceit, vice and immorality. But gird yourself with the helmet of pure morals, the shield of determination, the sandals of honesty and the breast-plate of sound judgment and wisdom. I repeat, decide upon some noble purpose, take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, and finally, lay it down triumphantly.



## “Impossible”

“Hello, Ab, hello-o-o.” A muffled answer was heard from an upper room. A few minutes later a half-dressed man appeared in the doorway, holding a candle above his head. “O, I see you’re back; got any mail?” “Nope, but har’s a young feller ’at wants to stay at yer house a spell.” The old man approached as far as the gate and scrutinized the man in question, before answering. “Well, well, I believe it’s Sammy Crofton. Well I’m surprised. Come on in. This is such a surprise!” The young man scrambled from the wagon as best he could, and after thanking the man for his kindness he followed his uncle into the house. “And how you’ve growed,” said the old man, shaking hands vigorously. “Hey, ’Manda, come down, here’s our nephew, Sammy Crofton,” he called to his wife.

Samuel Crofton took off his coat and took a seat near the fire-place, on which a low fire was still flickering, making a pleasant contrast with the chilly mountain air outside. Presently Aunt ’Manda also appeared and he went through a second hand-shaking. Then for the next hour or two they pelted him with questions about the old home and old friends up in New Hampshire, varied with exclamations of surprise and regret, until the clock struck twelve.

This was Samuel Crofton’s first visit to his uncle. He had not seen him since he was fourteen. The letters between the two families were very few. Samuel’s father was still occupying the old homestead near Concord. The boy had been attending the town schools until he was able to enter Exeter College where he was now a Junior.

During the last year his health gave out and it seemed as if he had to abandon his course. He was very loathe to do this, and his ambition to become a great lawyer fell as his health failed. Finally his father decided to send him South for a few months.

Samuel’s uncle, Abner, lived in the mountain region of Tennessee since the close of the war. He was one of the most prosperous farmers of that neighborhood. His little farm of twenty acres was a part of his wife’s dowry, and was situated about eight miles from Tuckettsville, a little village on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The nearest post-office was also in this village, and so mail matter was a luxury once a fortnight. In fact, these farmers cared very little for the outside world. They had all they could wish for in this beautiful valley, health, plenty and contentment.

Here is where Samuel’s father concluded to send him to regain his health and strength. A letter sent a month in advance never reached its destination, and his uncle and aunt were entirely unaware of his coming. By good fortune it happened that this neighbor had been to the post-office that night and kindly offered to take him along.

The country was a wild, mountainous region, except in this valley where the patient farmers with almost infinite labor had cleared the soil of its rocks and trees. The houses were far apart and there was but little intercourse between the inhabitants.

Twelve years before, Abner Crofton had adopted into his family a young girl, then eight years

old. Being childless and often very lonely, they found the young girl a great comfort. She had been left an orphan in a very peculiar manner. Her father deserted her and a younger brother after the mother's death and went out into the great West which was then alluring so many persons of all conditions and characters. The poor children fell into the hands of charitable people and the little girl finally found a comfortable home here.

At the time of the arrival of the young man, she had become a handsome young woman. Her cheerful disposition made her a favorite with everybody. Her foster-parents almost idolized her, and it was not long before she found favor in the eyes of the young man. The bashfulness of both kept them aloof for some time but as time wore on they gained each other's confidences. The crude, untrained ways of the backwoods girl and the delicate, refined manners of the New England lad offered a strange contrast. Nevertheless, Samuel saw in her a noble womanhood, and a frankness that was wanting in a great many of his home acquaintances. She was fair of face and form, with a naturalness of manner that won his respect and admiration. She was unusually intelligent, though her scholastic attainments did not extend beyond the acquirements of their little backwoods school. But her noble nature fairly won his heart before the Summer was over.

The mountain air and the exercise fully restored the health and spirits of the young man, and when Summer ended he was almost loathe to leave. He and his friend took a last walk up the mountain.

Samuel pictured to her again the beautiful villages of New Hampshire, the grandeur of his home, his prospects in life and his ambition in his chosen profession, and concluded by asking her to share with him life's joys and sorrows. She blushed, drew back. There was silence. She appeared to be in a trance. Before her mind rose a picture of a young mountaineer to whom she had pledged her life and love. On the one hand was culture, which she so ardently longed for; on the other, an obscure life in the mountains. Which shall it be? She felt her heart beat but she could not answer. She loved this young man. She loved her betrothed. A single word will change her destiny. Shall she say it? She laid her hand in his and slowly said, "Samuel, I cannot answer now." The words choked her. He turned his face toward home and heaved a deep sigh.

Very little was spoken while they descended the mountain. Both were thinking deeply. The next day the young man left for home, but he left his heart in the mountains of Tennessee. A few weeks after that he received a letter written with a trembling hand. It was from his little friend in the mountains, and its sentiments are deserving of higher praise than is usually given to such heroic conquests. It told him in simple language the struggle of the heart, and ended with these modest words, "Perhaps no one has told you the story of my descent, and I have been thinking how shocked your parents would feel if they should ever learn of my humble birth." Samuel folded the letter tenderly, put it in his pocket and took up his Tacitus, but his thoughts were far away.

Years afterwards, when they were both married, he learned from his uncle what she meant by these closing lines, but Samuel

Crofton could even then hardly believe that this beautiful and intelligent woman was really of African descent.



# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

As our readers have seen, we have changed the cut on the cover of our monthly for this January number. Foot-ball dies with the cold weather and now "we think of it less than even literary pursuits," as someone recently remarked. The cut that adorned the cover of the Muhlenberg for the foot-ball season is now entirely inappropriate; so we have substituted for it this literary figure, holding aloft the torch of knowledge, as an indication of what is at present occupying most of our attention. Foot-ball died with the coming of cold weather and Literature appears. In our cut she may seem ill-clad against the cold, but the

heat of the torch she bears keeps her body from being nipped.

The February issue will be edited and managed by the new officers, elected as the staff for the second term. The present officers then will retire. The new staff purposes to perform its work as thoroughly and conscientiously as they can, and even to improve the journal where they find it within their means and powers to do so.

The response to the editor's call for more interest to be manifested in more frequent contributions to The Muhlenberg, cannot be said to be extremely encouraging. We fear that many of our students have a mistaken idea of the duties

of an editor. An impression seems to prevail that the editor must do the writing of all articles. Why, only recently, a student made the remark when the editor was clamorously calling for material for the monthly, "What do we pay you for, except to write all the articles necessary to fill up?" Of course, that is only a humorous remark, and yet, by the way the students do not contribute, one would think—granting them some conscience—that that is the prevailing notion. Again we most urgently beg all students to interest themselves in writing articles—serious dissertations, stories, poems, anything they consider worthy of being printed under cover of The Muhlenberg—for only in this way can our monthly be made a success and a credit to the Institution which it represents.

The latter part of last term, the students installed in the office of the Dormitory a telephone for their convenience. The student management have provided that one of the five representatives in the Dormitory shall be on duty every day of the week from 3:30 in the afternoon until 10:30 at night and all day on Saturday in order to answer the 'phone and call the persons wanted. It is their business, also, to take care of visitors who may come, and see that they register and are properly escorted around the buildings and grounds. The new system has been in practice for some time, and is working

admirably. Persons finding it necessary to speak to students in the morning or early afternoon, if necessary, can always reach them by 'phoning to the Main Building.

The Literary Societies are evincing a commendable spirit in preparing for an oratorical contest. Each Society will hold its own contest, after which three men are to be chosen by judges of the Society's choosing to represent that Society. The six men thus chosen will publicly compete; this contest will be judged by men having no connection with either Society; the victor in this contest will be the college representative in the annual contest of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Union. This method of choosing the orator is a new departure. Heretofore, the winner of the prize in the Junior Oratorical Contest was the representative in the next Intercollegiate contest. By the old method, only a Senior could be the representative; by the new, an opportunity is given to any Senior, Junior or Sophomore to distinguish himself.

The Muhlenberg Dramatic Association has always presented plays worth your while to see. At present a well-selected cast under the training of Mr. Aymar, of Allentown, is rehearsing a piece which is hard to surpass for genuine fun and farcical situations. The play will take place in February or March; our friends cannot afford to miss it.

(For the Banquet (?) in honor  
of our Foot-Ball Team!!!!!!)

### SODALES!

Come to the feast, boys!  
Gather round the board.  
Let all business drop, boys!  
Come with one accord.  
The banquet board is ready,  
With every one's full share,  
Let seriousness be banished,  
Bring forth mirth and cheer!

Festal garlands are hanging,  
From chandeliers above,  
And everywhere sounds music,

Foretelling tales of love.  
Come! Bring in all the glasses,  
Rich with Falernian wine;  
Make jests and mirthful jollity,  
All other themes outshine.

Give toasts to Our Dear Mother,  
Our Muhlenberg so fair!  
Esteem our Alma Mater,  
With honor rich and rare!  
Her praises shall be ever sung,  
In paeans loud and long,  
The prowess of her sturdy sons,  
Shall ever ring in song.

—1909

## Athletica

### BASKET-BALL.

The basket-ball season has finally opened at Muhlenberg. The practice and training were long and hard. If there is material for a star team here, Coach Wieder will certainly put out a star team. As soon as the last foot-ball game was played on Thanksgiving Day, the candidates of the basket-ball team came out and began practice. We have the material for a good team. Stamp, Keiter, Albert, and Rudolph of last year's team are again on deck, and we have a valuable addition in Shelly and Putra, who were stars on the Prep. team last year. In Mr. Wieder we have a coach who understands the science of the game, and who is himself one of the best players in this section of the country, having been a member of the Allentown Y. M. C. A. team of last year. A good team is expected to be developed under his instruction, and we are sure no one will be disappointed.

Muhlenberg, 47; Albright, 12.

The first game of the season against Albright College, on the home floor was encouraging in many ways, at the same time showing us the defects of our team. Of course we cannot infer too much from the score, for Albright was weak in every department of the game. They could not shoot, they could not pass, and they had practically no team work. They were fast, however, and kept our men hustling. There was some fine team work by our men, especially in the second half. The passing was good, though there is room for improvement. The shooting was not of the best. We missed more baskets than Albright did. Albright's team work, what little they had, was easily broken up. Keiter easily outjumped his man, and with Shelly, had the honors in throwing baskets; he having seven and Shelly eight. Albert was the fastest man in covering

the floor, with Putra a close second. Stump played his position, he guarded his basket well and the small score of Albright is due to a large extent to him; his passing was quick and sure. The lineup was as follows:—

Muhlenberg.	Albright.
Shelly . . . . .forward. . . . .	Milnor
Albert . . . . .forward. . . . .	Christ
Keiter . . . . .center. . . . .	Kelchner
Stump . . . . .guard. . . . .	Stauffer
Putra . . . . .guard. . . . .	Helwig

The support of the students was not as good as it might have been. Not having to pay for the game, the whole student-body should be out to back up its team. They should do as Carlisle does, the whole body of five or six hundred turn out for the game. We hope to see this improve in the future. We have won the first game, and we are sure the team will keep up

the good work.

The schedule, as far as it has been arranged at this time, is as follows:—

Jan. 4, Albright College, at Muhlenberg.

Jan. 15, Moravian Parochial, at Muhlenberg.

Jan. 29, Reading H. S., at Muhlenberg.

Feb. 8, Lebanon H. S., at Lebanon.

Feb. 9, Albright College, at Myerstown.

Feb. 16, East Stroudsburg Normal, at Muhlenberg.

Feb. 25, Gettysburg College, at Muhlenberg.

March 2, Moravian Parochial, at Bethlehem.

March 8, Lebanon H. S., at Muhlenberg.

March 15, East Stroudsburg Normal, at Stroudsburg.

## Literary

### BOOK REVIEW.

A recent writer in one of our magazines declares that the deluge of new books continued unabated to the end of the year 1906. In fact the number of new publications seems greater than ever. Of course, much that is thrown upon the market will soon vanish in oblivion, but, mingled in with the rubbish, many and excellent things can be found, publications which will endure for many years to come.

Such an one, in the line of history, is the latest work from the pen of Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Real Soldiers of Fortune." Mr. Davis is a prolific writer, his works always present something new. In this book the author un-

dertakes to characterize a small group of men who have been adventurers and have had various fates. Some of these men are comparatively unknown, others like Lafayette are familiar to many readers. One critic declares that in his opinion every American would be the better for reading this book. It is not of the dime novel stripe, but an exposition of the lives and philosophies of men who in their time have borne many burdens, and played many parts and the world has been better for their having lived. It is published by the Scribner Company.

A very readable and, at the same time, a most edifying volume, is that which bears the title "The Passing of Korea," by Homer B.

Hulbert. It has been recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York. The book is quite attractive in form and is profusely illustrated from photographs. The author is evidently familiar with the history of Korea and must have lived in and traveled over the island very extensively. His object in presenting the work is to give the world a clearer view of a people who are often unappreciated and looked upon with contempt.

From his book we glean that Korea's past dates back to the very earliest days of history. He claims for the people a high degree of culture and declares that because of their peaceful and conservative character they fall an easy prey to their war-like neighbors—the Japanese. The author devotes many chapters to the description of ancient monuments and buildings, in themselves very interesting. He also speaks of the religion, literature and music of the nation; and altogether gives the reading public a most valuable ad-

dition to works recently published on Oriental countries.

"The Amulet" is one of the most pleasing novels published during the year just closed. It is from the pen of Charles Egbert Craddock, whose writings have so many admirers among the lovers of light literature. This work is admitted by critics to be of a superior order. It is an historical novel with its setting somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century. It presents the lives of some men and women transplanted from England to the savage wilds of North America. The scene opens at Fort Prince George, a stronghold in the Cherokee country. The leading characters are a certain Captain Howard and his beautiful daughter, to whose charms the great Indian fighters soon capitulate. Though surrounded with every temptation to do so, the author refrains from introducing any savage conflicts or blood-curdling incidents. The work is written in a charming style and appeals to that which is good and noble in the heart of its reader.

### Exchanges

We beg leave to acknowledge the following exchanges, which have come as most welcome visitors to our tables:—

"The Touchstone," "The College of Charleston," "The Sorosis," "The Roanoke Collegian," "The Forum," "College Student," "College Breezes," "Sketch Book," "The Midland," "Schuylkill Seminary Narrator," "Maryland Collegian," "Comenian," "Delaware College Review," "College Folio," "Blue and Gold,"

"Mirror," "Lehigh Burr," "Albright Bulletin," "Red and Black" (Bethlehem Prep), "Junto," "Review," "Red and Black" (Reading High), "Hill School Record," "Purple and White," "Blue and Gray," "Canary and Blue," "Hall Boy," "School Times," "Swarthmore Prep," "Perkiomenite."

It has been exceedingly interesting to review the various exchanges which have come to hand for the month. In some we find much to be commended, in others

much that could be criticised. In general we would make the comment that many of the preparatory and high school papers show evidences of greater care, both in literary matters and in design, than many of the college papers. There is no excuse for this, and many of the college staffs should make up and put out material worthy of their college standing.

The "Sorosis" contains two excellent article on Shakespearean characters. "Lady Macbeth" is treated in a very excellent manner, while the article on Portia is equally well discussed. The Sorosis is to be congratulated for its usual excellent work, both in appearance and matter.

The "Midland" has come to hand with an excellent poem on the Dying Year, while the "Schuylkill Narrator" presents a very catchy and pleasing story of "Ross Fenton's Birthday."

We are pleased to note the general excellence of the literary material in the "Delaware College Review." It combines both quantity and quality in a most pleasing manner. The article entitled "Intemperance and Social Evils," calls forth especial mention for its clear and impartial thought. It will repay all who give it careful consideration.

Among our school exchanges, "The Hill School Record" and the "Red and Black" (Reading) de-

serve especial notice. They are all neat in appearance and contain excellent material.

Professor: "Give parts of flirto."

Bright pupil: "Flirto, flirtare, huggi, kissum."—Ex.

Smith: "Can you direct me to the Central Bank?"

Beggy: "I can for twenty-five cents."

Smith: "Twenty-five cents! Is not that high pay?"

Beggy: "Yes, but we bank directors get high pay."—Ex.

### FISHING.

I went fishing, so did Sue;  
Cupid, he went fishing, too—  
On the sly!

With our lines precisely baited,  
On the bank we sat and waited,  
But the fish were shy.

Susan's sun-kissed cheeks were  
glowing,  
Susan's dimples, coyly showing,  
Proved a pretty snare.  
And my thoughts were somewhere  
tangled  
All the time I sat and angled  
With her silken hair.

Fishes? Well, there were not  
many,  
Finny ones there were not any,  
Still we caught a few—  
Susan caught one, so did I,  
Though the water-folk were shy;  
Cupid? He caught two!—Ex.



## Personal

Shoeneberger: (slipping on a banana skin in French recitation,) "Dr.! that's a skin game."

Prof. Reese: "If you strike a diamond, what happens?"

Weaver, '08: "I've never struck one."

Zane, '10, giving instructions in hair restoring: "Pull the hair on a bold man's head, and it will surely grow."

Keiter, '08: "When a fellow wants to get something to eat, his girl always wants to take a walk first."

Dr. W.: "Well, that is an appetizer."

Keiter: "Yes, sometimes he is apt-to-take-her, too."

Coleman, '08 (translating Latin): "Dr., does that mean to say that because Socrates had hard feet, he was a philosopher?"

Dr. E.: "His knowledge was elsewhere."

Zuch, '10 (imitating a pig).

Dr. W.: "Mr. Zuch suppress your animalism."

Dr. W. (F. Fegley, having his feet on the back of a seat): "Mr. Fegley, don't raise your understanding so high."

Dr. E.: "When did Cicero die?"

Weaver: "He didn't die; he was beheaded, wasn't he?"

Dr. E.: "If he didn't die, how long did he live after that?"

Rupp (a Sophomore): "Dr., do you believe in evolution?"

Nonnemaker (another Sophomore), pointing to Shoeneberger: "Dr., there is an example of deviation."

Shoeneberger (also a Sophomore), pointing to Nonnemaker: "Dr., there is an example of pollution."

Dr. W.: "You're all Sophomores; you uphold the name of your class."

Kline, '10: "Rudie, where's your hat?"

Rudolph: "The wind said ski-doo and took it sky-high."

Dr. W.: "Now, Shoeneberger, remember!"

Rudolph: "Dr. tell him to disremember."

Dr. W.: "Yes, I'll soon dismember him."

Dr. W.: "Laubach, please come back to civilization."

Dr. W.: "Shelly, take off your feet."



# The Muhlenberg



FEBRUARY, 1907

Volume XXV.

No. 1.

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# The Muhlenberg

*"Literae sine ingenio vanae"*

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VOL. XXV

ALLENTOWN, PA., FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 1

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## Principles of Comenius

A. B. C. H. '07

"John Amos Comenius," writes Painter, "was the most celebrated educational reformer of the seventeenth century." Montaigne and Bacon, as well as other former educators, set forth new principles of education, but failed in their efforts to carry them into effect. It remained for a philosopher like Comenius to establish a new school system in accord with the laws of Nature. According to Comenius the sole effect of education is to bring to maturity the seeds of (1) learning, (2) virtue, and (3) piety, which Nature has implanted within us.

The schools of the seventeenth century, instead of adhering to the principles set forth by former educators, had drifted away from the true object of education and methods of teaching. The mother tongue was neglected and the teaching of language was confined to Latin, which was so poorly

taught that the time spent upon it was largely wasted over grammar, rules and dictionaries; ten or even twenty years were spent in acquiring as much knowledge of Latin as may be acquired of any modern language in a few years. The cause of this failure lay in the fact that the school system did not follow Nature. No system whatever was adhered to, studies were not correlated, and subject matter was either introduced at the wrong time or, when properly introduced, it was not properly taught.

Nature moves along naturally and easily with no undue pressure or relaxation. In education this fact needs to be borne in mind. Comenius in his reforms contends that instruction must begin at the proper time and must be presented in the right manner. The home is the child's first school; the parent is its teacher. To this end Comenius wrote a book called "Schola

materni gremii," in which he sets forth the proper manner in which children are to be brought up. In instruction, crude knowledge and rudimentary facts come first; let every science, language and art be taught first in its elementary outline, later more completely with rules, examples and exceptions. The subject must first be understood, afterwards this knowledge must be used and applied to exercise the mind. As Nature accomplishes everything in opportune time and moves along without a break, so each year and each month has its tasks marked out beforehand. The whole course of study must be arranged in a strict order in which the earlier studies pave the way for those following. Absence from school and change in instructors are great hindrances. The proper course of instruction leads from the concrete to the abstract, the simple to the complex, and the near to the more remote; first the senses, then the memory, later the intellect, and last of all the critical faculty. Since the knowledge of the early school years is acquired by observation, books should not be used, but the children should be taught from the living book of Nature, "not the shadows of things, but the things themselves."

Perceptions are stored away in the memory and are called upon by the imagination. General truths are arrived at by comparing facts. Judgment decides whether facts

are true or false. If this order is preserved, learning will become more pleasant. In making learning pleasant, Comenius went a step farther than other reformers, even the Jesuits. School hours should be shorter and should consist of two hours mind and memory exercise in the morning, two hours hand and voice exercise in the afternoon, and two hours of private study. School buildings must be pleasant and homelike and built according to hygienic laws. It is necessary also that the teacher be kind and fatherly and have the hearty coöperation of the parents. Difficulties must be made clear to the pupils and the way to overcome them must be pointed out. Punishment is administered for offenses against morals only. If the pupil does not learn, the fault is with the teacher.

The great principle in education is that instruction in words and things should always go together. Children are to learn about things, and at the same time acquire the name in their vernacular and the Latin tongue. Upon this subject Comenius wrote a book called "Janua Linguarum." In the teaching of language the mother tongue must be taught first; and other languages must be learnt by use and not only by rules. Practice comes first, rules afterwards to assist and confirm practice. The subject matter for exercises in a new language should be drawn from familiar settings. For this

purpose Comenius encourages the use of the Bible and the Catechism.

Boys and girls are to receive an equal amount of instruction, at least a vernacular school training. Children should associate and play in the open air, for in play the mind is always active. In this manner children are early led to live an active life, "since Nature herself stirs them up." It is wrong to impel children to work or study something in which they find no pleasure, for "it is safer that the brain be properly consolidated before it sustains labours." Older pupils may be required to do agreeable tasks for such labor will give vigor to the body and mind. Comenius was always cautious against forcing pupils and contends that it is beneficial rather to restrain the pupil than to compel him.

The rudiments of different subjects must be taught from the beginning. Elements of geography are taught in defining a field, stream or hill. The beginnings of history are taught in the discovery of what happened yesterday, recently or a year ago. Comenius also provides exercise to train the eye and hand. Drawing is to be encouraged for mental occupation. Geometry is introduced early, with the study of lines, squares and circles, also measures and weights. "We design for all who have been born human beings, general in-

struction to fit them for everything human." It is this principle that has made Comenius a great educator. The poor are to receive an equal training with the rich. Bacon, instead of following the literary spirit of the Renaissance, turned his attention to Nature herself.

Comenius goes a step farther and becomes the first great Realist. Children should be directed to things about them. While much knowledge is acquired through the senses, science and literature must not be underestimated. Knowledge must be connected, "branches cannot live unless they suck their juices from a common trunk," so wisdom cannot be torn asunder. In all his principles Comenius seeks a complete education that will uplift the entire man. Religion he regards of supreme importance and discipline should always aim to improve character. A short extract from his last work shows us the great, unselfish spirit which directed his mind. "I thank my God," he says, "Who has willed that I should be my life long a man of aspiration. For aspiration after the good is a stream that flows from the source of all good—from God. I have said that I have undertaken all my labors for the Lord and His people from love; I am not conscious of any other motive and accursed be every hour and every moment that was otherwise employed."

## An Accident—The Nurse—Next?

*By J. A. '09*

"That's a fine thing, to go all that distance to the station, and then be disappointed."

"Well, we can't make it any better. She has been delayed on her journey."

"Of course, but there's no use of 'crying about spilt milk.' She will no doubt come to-morrow. I'll go over again."

With these words the ranchman left the room. He was tall and a little gray, with a reserved expression on his face. His clear eyes were suggestive of kindness and sympathy.

The next day there could be seen approaching the house a buggy, with two occupants. In the one we easily recognize the speaker of the former day. The other was a young girl about eighteen years old, in a gray dress.

"O, I'm so glad you came."

"Yes, aunt, I am very sorry I disappointed you yesterday, but you know the old saying, 'Better late than never.' From what I hear, this must be a nice place and quite romantic. And I'm going to see it." With these words Betty Winston (for that was the young lady's name) and her aunt went into the house. Although not furnished in the grand style of her New York home, yet this humble dwelling had a fascination for the city girl. She called it "the house of the prairie."

Betty spent the days very leisurely, but her greatest enjoyment was learning to ride the little mustang that her uncle had given her. She sat her saddle with gracefulness and ease—the very picture of perfect beauty. Her face was assuming a glowing tinge which only the prairie sun could bestow. Many times she could be seen riding around the ranch, inhaling the fragrance of the prairie air, feeling perfectly at home in the saddle, the wind playing with her tresses of golden hair.

On one of her daily rides around the ranch, her little mustang showed signs of uneasiness. Betty had hard work to make the little pony obey. It cut all sorts of capers. But the sound of approaching steps caused the mustang to become greatly excited. He reared on his haunches, and Betty would have fallen had not a strong hand held her in the saddle. The reins of her horse were quickly seized and soon it was quieted. Wishing to thank her benefactor, Betty turned and noticed a young man, dressed in cowboy style, very strong and handsome.

"I hope you are not injured?"

"No, thank you, but it was quite a scare."

"I'm so glad I had the opportunity to assist you. You do not live around here?"

"No, I'm staying with my uncle, who lives yonder."

"I guess we had better go to the house, as it is hardly safe to venture out again to-day. I have to inform your uncle that there is a stampede of the cattle."

"But I would like to know my rescuer's name."

"Not now," was the only answer to her question.

In silence they approached the house, she wondering why he kept his name secret. Mr. Blackburn came out to meet them, astonished, but was soon aroused by the words, "Bill, there is a stampede of the cattle." The orders having been given, the cowboy rode away, and soon was out of sight. Her uncle turned towards Betty with the query, "Betty, the young man?" Betty blushed at these words, but was equal to the occasion. "He saved my life to-day, since he came in time to grasp the reins of my mustang and prevented it from throwing me to the ground. I asked him his name, but he refused to give it. Why was this?"

"He has been here for more than two years. His name is Jack Wooster. He is from the East. His home is in New York City."

"Well, this is interesting. A mystery to be solved!"

"We must stop now, if we wish to see the stampede. Can you be ready soon?"

"Yes, uncle, I am ready now."

Soon Mr. Blackburn and his

niece came to the camp of the cowboys. Sad was the sight that met their eyes. One of the cowboys was being carried into the tent. Blood was flowing very freely from a wound in his head, and his suffering seemed to be intense. Hastily jumping from their saddles, Betty and her uncle ran into the tent, and upon the cot Betty recognized her rescuer. Hastily springing to the cot, she washed away the blood, while a cowboy helped to tie up the wound. After this he was carried to "the house of the prairie," Betty insisting that she would take care of him. She was allowed to have her way.

"No, uncle, he saved my life, and I will try to save him."

The days in the sick room were very trying and sad to Betty, but after a few weeks Jack showed signs of recovery. Through her vigilant and tender care, he was soon able to sit up in bed and the weeks went by rapidly. They, happy in each other's company, forgot to measure time. Thus passed two months. Jack was sorry to hear that Betty was to leave for her city home. He had recovered finely under Betty's care. On the day of departure Jack and Betty bade each other farewell, not knowing if they would ever meet again. The girl with the sparkling eyes and tresses of golden hair was the image ever present in Jack's mind.

After his accident, Jack was not able to do very hard work, for the

illness had made him pale and wan, but the prairie air was a great restorer of health and vigor. He stayed on the ranch four more years. But one day he received a very urgent letter, requesting him to come home. The next day Jack was speeding home, passing in review the events of the past. When he reached home, his father told him that he wished him to make a trip to France. He had started relations with a syndicate in that country, and wished Jack to make the arrangements. Jack was very glad to get the opportunity of making a trip to France, as he was always fond of adventure. A few days later he was walking down Broadway, in a leisurely manner, and was astonished to see a young lady come out of one of the fashionable homes, step into an automobile, and be whizzed swiftly out of sight. A glimpse—but that was enough. It brought to him recollections of a ranch, and of a young lady. He walked back with a beating heart to his home, and was surprised to find a note which requested him to be present at a ball given by Mrs. Ebrentz in honor of her daughter. He quickly answered it, left the room and went into his father's office. He tried to work, but could not. Was he to be led by fancy? He must wait and see.

The next evening he went to the ball, and there found many of his friends. They talked about his cowboy life, and wondered at his

silence. He was sitting, enjoying the passing fancies of a dream, when he heard the saying, "There she comes." Jack looked up and saw Miss Winston come into the room. Many of the young men paid her their compliments. She turned, saw Jack. "Well, well, how glad I am to see you. I guess you do not remember me?"

"You will have to take another guess; for who could forget you, Miss Winston?"

Their talk was cut short by the music, and every one sought his partner. Jack's last dance was with Miss Winston. When the time came for the guests to depart, Jack helped Betty into her carriage, having received an invitation to call at her home the next evening, before he went to France. He readily assented, for another day would separate them again.

The longed-for hour came at last. Soon he was making his way to her home, and was met by Betty. Betty introduced Jack to her parents, and the evening passed very quickly and very pleasantly. The days on the prairie were happily remembered by both. At last came the hour for parting, and it was with sadness that farewells were exchanged, for had they not parted four years before?

The next day Jack set sail for France. On the shore he saw the fluttering of a handkerchief, and he knew very well whose hand was waving it. Many days passed without Betty's receiving word,

but the welcome letter came at last. Jack spent many months in France, working with a zeal which made the management wonder. But success triumphed. He speedily cabled his father of his success, and sent a cablegram to Betty by which she found out that he would be home in a week. On the day of

his arrival, Jack was greeted by a pleasant face, and quickly coming from the boat, he placed in her hand the secret of his happiness, saying, "Betty, I've come, I've come!"

"Jack, you will have to ask father first."

## Heredity

*E. B. U. '07*

Not more than three score years ago the very mention of the word evolution created a suspicion that the user of the word was a heretic or an atheist. While this opinion may still prevail in a few minds, science is winning popular confidence more and more as time goes on. Doubtless the wonderful progress of applied science has much to do with this. Men are less willing to condemn free-thinking than they were a century ago. The almost magic powers that science has given to the forces of nature makes us wonder what to expect next. At any rate what would have made a man a candidate for the stake two hundred years ago is believed and taught by the devoutest of men, with the same zeal that Bacon's contemporaries quoted the Bible and Plato to prove the errors of the pioneer scientist.

Undoubtedly much was said and thought in those days that has

since been proved unscientific, but the very fact that error has been proven in those early speculations has led men to seek the truth.

Perhaps the greatest stir ever made in scientific thought was made by the bold assertions of Charles Darwin. The unhallowed books of this great man were burned as zealously as were the witches in the days of Good Queen Bess. Pious hands refused to be desecrated with such atheism, much less would the reading of such be tolerable. And yet we live in a day when scientists the world over have undaunted faith in the essence of the dreadful teachings of this man.

It does not make a great deal of difference to the average man what the real truth of the matter is. The perplexing problems of philosophy do not worry a large portion of the human race, and yet at the bottom of it all lies the comfort that the eternal truths of the uni-

verse are the same whether embodied in sacred books or still undiscovered. The great business of mankind is not marred so long as there abides simple faith and it is only when this is destroyed that there is need for alarm. True science does not destroy faith in Life, but like the eastern star guides its followers to the source of all truth.

To comprehend all the details of the great problems of evolution would require a life time of study and investigation and still be incomplete. The changes are so slow that since accurate history has begun, change is scarcely perceptible under natural conditions. Our data are therefore largely speculative and comparative, to which are added the effects of artificial conditions on the life in question.

That there is a gradual transition from lower forms to higher forms there is no longer any doubt. It is equally certain that the forms of life to-day are far different from what they were ages and eons ago. Unimpeachable data have placed the ancestral forms of life in lower groups, but just how they were evolved has always been a subject of debate. Louis Agassiz believed in independent creations. According to Darwin and Spencer the great principle of change was environment. This view has been opposed by the greatest living biologist, August Weismann.

According to Darwin the stag whose remains are found in the Irish bogs had his immense horns because he needed them. His neck and head were large to support large antlers. The fore part of his body was correspondingly large to support the heavy burden. In other words it was use that made these parts large and strong, and this strength was in turn transmitted to the offspring.

Weismann looks at it from a different standpoint. In the struggle for existence the stag with the largest antlers had the best chance of surviving. No two individuals are quite alike, and of two the one best able to overcome his enemies remained, the other went under, and thus it came after a long series of selections that only the best suited for the struggle survived.

Let us take another example. It is well known that a great many insects take on the color of the surrounding objects. Insects that live among the foliage are commonly green; those that live on the bark of trees resemble the color of the bark; those that frequent certain flowers imitate the color of the flowers, and so on. Now, a common conception is that they owe these qualities to the conditions they live in, that they unconsciously imitate these conditions. Such a thing were possible perhaps, if the individuals had a psychic power over their physical nature, and even then it

would be extremely doubtful. No, we must look for this protective coloration to a different source.

In the early history of animal life, each species was evolved gradually and there were far less varieties than in later stages of development. The butterflies may all have been of nearly the same color for the same genus. Those that found their food among green leaves, became an easy prey to their enemies if they had any color but green. The one butterfly, then, that had the least tinge of green, it may have been only a scale, had the best chance of escape. In the next generation, those that had a little more green than all the rest escaped, and so on until the color was transmitted permanently to the species, and in this way different species were slowly evolved by heredity.

Very frequently two totally different insects are found to imitate each other through the same process. The original species may be protected by a bad odor, a sting, or some other device, and an unprotected species, by association assumes this form. When the two species first associated the one individual that most resembled the offensive species had the best chance of escape, and so through a long series of selection, that may have extended over thousands of years, in which countless myriads of individuals perished.

The characteristics that one individual acquires are never trans-

mitted. The influence that environment or accident have on individuals does not play any part in its offspring. It is only through heredity that any change may come to the race. This fact is scrupulously observed by the breeder in the breeding of animals. No amount of fattening or grooming in the parent will improve the offspring of a poor stock of horses. But as no two individuals are quite alike in any species, the breeder artificially selects the best and evolves a finer breed than either may have been. If acquired characteristics are transmitted why do not certain breeds of dogs produce offspring with cropped ears, when the parents have for generations been subjected to this mutilation?

This process of selection is beautifully illustrated in Luther Burbank's work with plants. Marvelous results have been obtained by the patience and insight of this man, yet in a recent article in the *Scientific American* he strongly holds to the idea that acquired characters are transmissible. This idea was supported by Lamarck and many other early scientists, but careful investigation has decided against it.

Weismann assumes that in each embryonal cell there are numbers of subtle elements which he calls *ids*. These are the combined product of the parents and are united in fertilization. They are unchangeable for that individual.

Whatever changes come to the race must come through a long series of selection of superior ids.

These ids are dominated by forces called determinants, which in turn determine the production and differentiation of the future organism. If for some reason certain organs are deprived of proper nourishment due to disuse

through a long series of generations, the ids lose their vitality and the organ becomes rudimentary. The hind-feet of the whale, the vestigeal bones of the horse's foot, the rudimentary reproductive organs in the embryo of the worker bee, are all examples of this degeneration.



# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

THE MUHLENBERG owes its subscribers and patrons an apology, at least its regrets, because of the fact that no December issue appeared. In this we must ask your indulgence and throw ourselves upon your mercy. Excuses are so frequently and grossly abused that to render an excuse seems so conventional as to be of no consequence. And yet, we ask you to listen to ours and consider whether you do not think that it is an unusually good one. THE MUHLENBERG deserves no blame, except whatever blame adheres to putting

the work in the hands of those who have shown that they are either incompetent or unwilling to do it. Our manuscript was in the printer's hands on the seventh of December, and it was his part to print it before the end of the month. Far from doing so, the end of January came without his having done a stroke of work upon it, in spite of repeated inquiries on the part of the Business Manager. We think we would be further advertising his negligence and our helplessness if we were to publish the December number in the mid-

dle of February than if we issue none at all.

The former printing establishment has sufficiently shown that it despises our patronage, and we have transferred the printing of our monthly to a house more worthy of having it. This house has kindly guaranteed us prompt attention.

The slight delay in getting out the January issue has been incidental to this change.

The members of our Literary Societies and their friends a short time ago enjoyed a little musical entertainment ending with a dance. This entertainment—which occurs annually—goes one “peg” toward supplying that very great need we all feel of the social side of a student’s life. Here at College we are induced either to avoid social pleasures and shut ourselves between the four walls of our studies like so many celibates; or to go to the other extreme and overdo things social and never do things intellectual. If we follow one, we become dried up; if we pursue the other we grow “sappy” or “blockheaded.” The only remedy is to drag the voluntary exile out of his cell and to offer him some moderate pleasure near at hand; and to keep the “will be sap” on the premises by offering him pleasure here where lies his great work. Would not a little college smoker or some entertainment to which we could invite our

friends be a pleasant thing to look forward to, talk about, and look back upon? Such social functions would bring us all into closer relation with one another and with professors. They would create a college society, a college tone. A student’s pleasure would be where his work is. We would have our pleasure in common as we have our work. This would arouse just that “chumminess” and college spirit of which we recognize the lack.

The train was crowded. A Muhlenberg student happened to be sitting beside a woman, whose companion was sitting just in front. This woman was vainly trying to “pull out” the stem of her watch in order to set it. After several attempts, she asked the student to please try it. He easily succeeded, and, without further introduction, she began, “We’ve been on the road from G—— all day.” “Worse road I have ever been on,” remarked the other. “G—— is our home, you know; it’s a college town; my husband and I keep a restaurant there for the students. All the students come to our lunch room, you know.” Upon his showing polite interest by interpolating, “Is that so?,” “Yes,” and so on, she continued, “Do you know N— and S— and P— or J—, from Me—burg?” On regretting that he had not the pleasure of those gentlemen’s acquaintance, she said, “Well, at any

rate, they have all left, and I miss them very much. They came to our lunch room so often! There seems to be a poorer element there now; they haven't any money. Those Me—burg fellows were *fine spenders*." "So?" "Um-m-m-mm?" "O, it must be a grand thing to have a college education," sublimely remarked the woman by his side.

We sing again the same old song, "Patronize our advertisers."

When you are going to make a purchase, read the advertisements in the latest MUHLENBERG.

Consider:

1. The merchant advertises in THE MUHLENBERG more because of consideration for us than because he expects his business to grow great thereby.

2. We are under obligations to him for his kindness.

3. It is the merchants that make it possible for us to publish THE MUHLENBERG.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"All play and no work makes Jack a Jack-ass."



## Book Review

One of the most interesting books which has made its appearance during the past few months is the "Story of My Life," by Geronimo. In it the last of the great American Indian chiefs sets forth the story of a savage and eventful career. The story was not actually written by Geronimo, but was received from him, taken down, and edited by S. M. Barret. In the introduction, Mr. Barret claims that he has made the most faithful translation possible. The story starts with the famous Indian's idea of the origin of the Apaches. It is, of course, fictitious, but in it one finds traces of the familiar myths of the East. It then comes down to modern times and relates Geronimo's bloody career and his efforts to stave off the encroaching whites. It is as full of excitement as can be and anyone who has read any of Cooper's works will be sure to enjoy it. It shows throughout the wonderful imagery for which the Indian is noted and is finely illustrated with characteristic photographs. As mentioned above, the tale is sure to please anyone who likes the thrill of a good adventurous Indian story.

Robert Hichens, the famous author of fiction, has produced another novel, "The Call of the Blood." It is of the same type as the novel which preceded it, namely, "The Garden of Allah."

Its descriptions are vivid and its scenes appeal to everyone. The story is full of action and its characters true to life. The beginning of the plot is laid in England, but it is worked out in Sicily. Hichens is a realist and his characters appeal to one. The plot of the novel is simple, but the reader's interest is not allowed to flag in any way. On the whole the book is entertaining and well worth reading.

During the past few months a good story has been running in the "Cosmopolitan" and has at length appeared in book form. It is called "In the Days of the Comet" and is written by H. G. Wells. The story is as follows: A comet approaches the earth and grazes it. A tremendous transformation takes place in our atmosphere, caused by its mingling with the cometary gases. Our atmosphere is changed to a living, life-giving, exhilarating gas. The period when the earth was grazed by the comet is called the Great Change and during it everybody is senseless. After the Great Change, when people breathe in this wonderful gas, it has a wonderful influence upon them. They perceive the evils of our present age and see that they can be avoided if every one shows a certain amount of common sense and good fellowship. Accordingly they begin new forms of government and a juster

civilization. Of the latter, however, Mr. Wells gives only glimpses. Mr. Wells's book is a book arguing for socialism; but as such an argument is very weak in that it shows you will have to change men's nature before socialism is possible. On the whole, his imagery is commendable and he

has produced a very readable piece of literature. The plot is well conceived and its development is likewise good. The book has been well received by the critics and by the general reading public; and we would commend it to all as a piece of good fiction.

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## Athletics

At the risk of being criticised for being out of season, we insert the Athletic column of the "December Number," in order that THE MUHLENBERG may contain a complete record of the foot-ball games played last season. The success of the season seems to justify this.

The week before the Medico Chi game there were dubious shakes of the head whenever the game was mentioned. Chi has a strong team, about fifteen pounds heavier than Muhlenberg. They expected an easy proposition when they played the "Dutchmen," of Allentown. But on the afternoon of November 3 they found the "Dutchmen" were all in the game, and gave them the hardest kind of a tussle to pull out a victory. The Muhlenberg team was in fine shape and ready to play their best. In the first half Medico Chi received the ball on their 25-yard line. Then began an exhibition of the game under the old regime. Chi tried nothing but line plunges, at which, owing to their

weight, they were successful. Play after play was hurled at our tackles until they pushed the ball to our two-yard line. With a final spurt they rushed the man across but he failed to hold the ball, which bounded away till one of our argus-eyed ends fell on it for a touchback. After the ball was kicked from the twenty-five-yard line, the battle was on again. Chi had to fight even harder this time. Once Muhlenberg held them for downs and advanced the ball some distance. Back and forth the teams struggled, Muhlenberg being forced slowly back. When the ball was on our twenty-five-yard line, Ruddy was sent through our right guard. He eluded the men in the back field, and made a touchdown. The half ended a few minutes later. In the second half, as usual, Muhlenberg put up its best game, not allowing Chi to score. It was a pretty exhibition of foot-ball under the new rules, replete with forward passes, quarter-back kicks, and double



The ball was taken over about one foot inside the side line. From this most difficult angle, Ruloff kicked the prettiest goal of the season. Lebanon now got into the game and using mainly end runs, carried the ball down the field. Their coach Guyer, who played full-back, was the whole show. Wachter finally carried the ball across for a touch-down. Muhlenberg then getting the ball, carried it down the field to Lebanon's forty-five-yard line. Here the never-failing forward pass was used, and Sandt, getting the ball under his arm, with excellent interference by Butz, meandered down the field for a touch-down. Ruloff again kicked the goal. In the second half Muhlenberg made but one touch-down. Lebanon put in at least six substitutes. These men, being fresh, added greatly to their strength. Both teams fought hard. Lebanon tried their best to make a touch-down but it was unavailing. Near the end of the game a substitute was put in at full-back, and with this man they began to hammer our left side, but they found that Fatty Tryon did not have his avoirdupois for nothing, and we held them for downs on our twenty-yard line. The game ended with the score 23-5. The whole team played an excellent game throughout. Ruloff punted in his usual style. Shelly and Putra at half-back, and Butz and Sandt at end, showed why Muhlenberg is having such a suc-

cessful season. Miller could always be counted on for a gain. Lebanon did not play an altogether clean game. At one time it looked as if there would be a free for all fight. Shelly tackled their full-back low and hard as he was going for a touch-down. The full-back slugged Shelly, who immediately returned the compliment. For a time the air was blue (with threats) while most of the audience gathered around, willing to lend a helping hand. Finally, however, the air cleared, peace was declared, and the game proceeded. The line-up:

M. C.	Positions.	L. V.
Sandt	.....left end.....	Karns
Tryon	....left tackle....	Schaffer
Stump (Capt.)	left guard..	Kreiter
Schock	.....center.....	Fluck
Bittner	...right guard.	Burneman
Coleman	..right tackle..	Herman
Butz.....	right end.	Appensaler
Smith	....quarter-back..	Wachtel
Shelly	....left half-back...	Weyler
Miller...	right half-back..	Oldham
(Putra)		
Ruloff	.....full-back.....	Guyer

Touchdowns, Shelly, Ruloff 2, Sandt, Wachtel. Goals, Ruloff 3. Referee, Balsbach. Umpires, Raub and Gingerich. Time of halves, 30 minutes.

On Saturday, November 24, we were almost taken unawares by Millersville Normal School. An easy victory was expected and we were not quite prepared for the

strong game they put up. They have a rather heavy team and an excellent coach in Mr. Cooper, a Bucknell alumnus and former football star. This was the first defeat Millersville suffered this season. In the first half Muhlenberg did not play at its best and allowed themselves to be pushed down the field. When the ball was near the goal everyone fought hard, but it was too late. The touch-down was made but the goal was missed. Muhlenberg's fighting blood was at last aroused and the rest of the half was a battle royal, honors even. The half ended 5-0. In the second half, both teams put up a fine game. Now up, now down the field the ball was carried, but not near either goal. About five minutes before the end of the game it looked dark for Muhlenberg. We had just received the ball on our twenty-five-yard line. Then everyone prepared for a final spurt. Ruloff made a long punt which was fumbled long enough for Putra to dive in and scoop it up. Then Smith got his team on the jump. He tried everything, now through the left side, now the right, then a forward pass, everyone gaining until Ruloff was pushed across for a touch-down. The pace was too fast for Millersville. Ruloff kicked the goal and won the game, the score being 6-5. Line-up:

M. C.	Positions	M. N.
Sandt .....	left end.....	Eric
Tryon .....	left tackle..	Campbell
	(Miller)	
Stump .....	left guard.....	Hein
Schock .....	center....	Gartman
Beidler ...	right guard....	Genner
Coleman ..	right tackle.	Anderson
Butz .....	right end....	Dreniel
Smith ....	quarter-back.....	Hill
Shelly ....	left half-back....	Kurtz
Miller ...	right half-back..	Hoops
Ruloff .....	full-back.....	Kopp

Touch-downs, Hoops, Ruloff.  
Goal, Ruloff. Referee, Raub.  
Umpire, Cooper. Time of halves,  
25-20.

On Thanksgiving Day Muhlenberg finished the most successful foot-ball season in its history. Though we were defeated, 26-5, it is no disgrace. The team put up a good game but was outclassed. The largest crowd of the season, about 1500 "chivalry and beauts" froze their ears and toes watching the game. Such a crowd is encouraging, and we hope they have found out what Muhlenberg can do, and will give their patronage next year. The Indians put up the best game ever seen on the Muhlenberg field. They were heavy, they were fast, they were tricky, they always had their eyes on the ball, they tackled sure and hard, they played clean foot-ball—'nuff said—they won the game. Island, their quarter-back, was the bright, particular star throughout the game. He ran his team in faultless style. He did not always

handle punts cleanly, but when he got the ball, the way he side-stepped and dodged was a caution for cats. We hope our athletic relations with them will be permanent, for it is a pleasure to play an institution that has clean athletics.

In the first half, Muhlenberg received the kick, but after a few rushes was forced to punt. With a whoop the dusky warriors started down the field, Owl plunging the line, and White Crow and Island running the ends. They made a touch-down and Island kicked the goal. This was sufficient to rouse Muhlenberg to do something. The forward pass worked effectively. Shelly ran the end in great style, while Ruloff plunged the line. The Indians fought desperately as their goal was approached, but they could not prevent the score. Carlisle then received the kick and after hard work, by the good generalship of Island, they made their second touch-down. Muhlenberg then had a try. By the splendid work of Putra, Shelly, and Ruloff, with an occasional forward pass, the ball was carried to Carlisle's twenty-yard line. A forward pass was tried but the throw was too wide for Albert and the ball was lost. In the first play, Island took the ball and with splendid interference started down the field, eluding one man after the other until he was caught on the fifteen-yard line, from which point Owl was pushed across the line. The

half ended soon after with the score 17-5.

In the second half the Indians received the ball and, after advancing the ball some distance, Island tried a quarter-back kick. Smith was blocked when he tried to get the ball and White Crow scooped it up and sprinted down the field for a touch-down. Island kicked a pretty field goal after another phenomenal run to Muhlenberg's fifteen-yard line. Twice Muhlenberg endangered Carlisle's goal in the second half. The first time they took the pig-skin down the field and Shelly crossed the goal line but was out of bounds on the one-yard line. He was again sent at the right side but the dusky foe held like a stone wall and the ball was lost. The second time the ball was in the hands of the pale faces on Carlisle's fifteen-yard line. A field goal was tried, but Shelly was too slow in getting off the kick and it was blocked. The final score was 26-5. Our team was not in shape to do its best. Sandt could not play, though Albert held down left end well. Ruloff had a cut over his eye and was not at his best. Putra was out of the game in the second half with a wrenched knee. No one on our side was hurt, but Big Chief Gardner had his shoulder badly wrenched, while Island was "heap much" kissed on the lip by someone's shoe. The line-up was as follows:

M. C. Positions. Carlisle.  
 Albert .....left end.Two Hearts  
 (Houser)  
 Miller .....left tackle....Ricketts  
 (Tryon)  
 (Aberly)  
 Stump .....left guard.....Penny  
 (Renjockety)  
 Schock .....center.....Wheeler  
 (Godfrey)  
 Bittner....right guard.....Long  
 (Comelius)  
 Coleman...right tackle....White  
 (McGill)  
 Butz.....Right end....Gardner  
 (White Coon)  
 Smith ...Quarter-back....Island  
 Shelly ...left half-back White Crow  
 (Yankee Joe)  
 Putra....right half-back.Thomas  
 (Miller)  
 Ruloff .....full-back.....Owl  
 Touchdowns: Two Hearts, 2;  
 White Crow, 2; Putra, 1. Field  
 Goal: Island. Goals: Island, 3.

Referee, Raub. Umpire, Prof.  
 Jacobs. Time of halves, 30  
 minutes.

Thus ends our foot-ball season.  
 Five victories and four defeats, not  
 as large a proportion as last year,  
 perhaps, but bear in mind that we  
 played colleges this year and  
 strong ones, too. Every one of  
 our defeats was an honorable one.  
 Coach Bull, of the Lafayette team,  
 after our game there, said: "You  
 fellows did well," and that, too,  
 against a team like Lafayette. An  
 encouraging fact this year is that  
 the team received good support,  
 both by the students and town  
 people. Our prospects for next  
 year are bright. We will lose only  
 three men and have a lot of ma-  
 terial in the Freshman class, with  
 what we will get in the lower class  
 of next year. So farewell to foot-  
 ball for a season.

## Personals

Dr. B.: "Mr. Pott, where is your  
 problem?"

Pott, '10: "I didn't finish it."

Dr. B.: "Why not?"

Pott: "Th-at snow storm came  
 up."

Keiter (translating French):  
 "Que diable;" "Oh, the devil."

Dr. W.: "Please don't mention  
 the gentleman's name."

Hassler (translating French):  
 "We had friends for dinner."

Dr. W.: "What are you, a  
 cannibal? You mean *to* dinner."

Dr. E.: "Who were the original  
 inhabitants of Sparta?"

Marsh: "Spartans."

Kuhl: "Unto his poure paris-  
 shens about of his offring" (trans-  
 lating) "His parishioners were all  
 his offspring."

Dr. W.: "Where is Hermann  
 and Dorothea now?"

Marks, '07: "They are somewhere under a tree looking at the moon."

Snell: "Fritsch, when is our Thanksgiving vacation?"

Fritsch: "School closes on the 29th and opens on the 32nd."

Dr. H.: "When you smell musk or any heavy perfume, don't you feel as if the whole weight of a female was on you?"

Coleman, '08: "I can't speak from experience."

Seyler, '08, seeing a mouse cross the floor, makes a spring after it.

Dr. W.: "You're a hungry tom-cat."

Dr. E.: "What sort of a 'who' is 'quid'?"

Coleman, '08, has at last found something interesting in Latin Literature, namely, looking at himself in a pocket-mirror

Dr. W.: "Mr. Schmoyer, who was Balaam?"

Schmoyer, '10: "He was the fellow that rode from Jerusalem to Jericho."

(Reisner dealing Tanaka a blow.)  
Dr. W.: "No international conflicts here!"

Tryon, '10: "What size gym shoes do you wear?"

Landis, '10: "Nine or half past eight."

## Alumni Notes

### New York Banquet

On Friday evening, February 1, 1907, the Muhlenberg Alumni, residing in New York City and vicinity, held their second annual banquet at the Hotel Manhattan. The dining hall, in which the banquet was served, was decorated with Muhlenberg flags and streamers and together with the long table adorned with ferns, plants and candelabra, presented a very pretty sight. After an hour spent in social intercourse among "the boys," some of whom had not seen each other for years, the com-

pany, numbering nearly forty, took their places at table and enjoyed to the full the following well-prepared menu: Oyster Cocktails, Manhattan; Clear Mock Turtle; Celery; Olives; Salted Almonds; Boiled Sea Bass, Maitre d'Hotel; Cucumbers; Mignon of Beef; Fresh Mushroom Sauce; Potatoes Chateau; French String Beans; Roman Punch; Roast Mallard Duck; Lettuce and Tomato Salad; Fancy Form Ice Cream; Cheese; Assorted Cakes; Coffee.

Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, of

Brooklyn, of the class of '84, acted as toastmaster, and presented as the first speaker of the evening, President John A. W. Haas, D.D., who was greeted in an enthusiastic manner. After a pleasant introduction in lighter vein, Dr. Haas delivered an earnest and forceful address on "The College as the Preserver of the Individual," in which he showed the importance of a college training in bringing out the best that is in the individual and in developing and maintaining the individual in these days of concentrated power and action en masse, in which the individual is often not only overlooked but even suppressed. It was a strong and eloquent plea for the individual as over against the socialistic tendencies now at work, in which union of all sorts is hostile to what is best in the individual citizen.

Hon. Gustav A. Endlich, LL.D., Presiding Judge of the Courts of Berks County, and President of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College, was next introduced and discussed the place of Muhlenberg College in the educational system of Pennsylvania as well as in the Lutheran Church of the United States, in which discussion he proposed that one thousand persons should be secured, each of whom would be willing to contribute \$15.00 a year for a period of three years for the running expenses of the college. The address

was excellent and, as it deserved, was well received.

Dean George T. Ettinger, Ph.D., as the one Alumnus in continuous connection with Muhlenberg College for nearly thirty-four years, during which time it was his privilege to serve, as student or teacher, under each of the Presidents now gone to their reward, had chosen for his theme "Reminiscences; or A Peep into the Past," in which the palmy days of college-life in the old buildings were sketched in a humorous way. The speaker closed with a sincere tribute to Frederick A. Muhlenberg, Benjamin Sadtler, Theodore L. Seip, Davis Garber and Matthias H. Richards, to whose scholarship and character, loving loyalty and self-sacrificing service Muhlenberg College owes a debt of gratitude that eternity alone can repay.

Among the other speakers who made more or less extended impromptu remarks, were Rev. W. D. C. Keiter, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Howard S. Seip, of the Board of Trustees, Rev. J. C. Rausch, of the Board, Prof. Marks, Francis G. Lewis, Esq., President of the Alumni Association, Principal Ambrose A. Kunkle, of the Allentown Preparatory School, David J. Kuntz and Dr. Cooper, the Treasurer of the College.

This most enjoyable and highly successful banquet was attended by the following gentlemen:

*Board of Trustees:* President G. A. Endlich, LL.D., Reading, Pa.; Secretary W. D. C. Keiter, Bethlehem, Pa.; Treasurer C. J. Cooper, Allentown, Pa.; Rev. J. C. Rausch, Allentown, Pa.; Dr. Howard S. Seip, Allentown, Pa.; Rev. James O. Schlenker, Hazleton, Pa.; Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, New York.

*Faculty:* President John A. W. Haas, D.D.; Dean George T. Ettinger, Ph.D.; Prof. Wm. H. Reese, M.S.; Prof. Robert C. Horn, A.M.; Prof. Clement A. Marks.

*Alumni:* '68, Wm. F. Muhlenberg, M.D., Reading, Pa. '72, Wm. P. Snyder, Esq., New York. '78, Prof. Oliver G. J. Schaadt, Ph.D., New York. '80, Dean George T. Ettinger, Ph.D., Allentown, Pa. '81, David J. Kuntz, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y. '83, Rev. Jas. O. Schlenker, Hazleton, Pa. '84, Rev. Wm. D. C. Keiter, Bethlehem, Pa.;

Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, New York. '85, Francis G. Lewis, Esq., Allentown, Pa.; Dr. Howard S. Seip, Allentown, Pa. '90, Rev. J. C. Rausch, Allentown, Pa. '95, Rev. Luther D. Gable, Flatbush, N. Y.; Rev. Frederick C. Krapf, Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. Harry P. Miller, Brooklyn, N.Y. '96, O. R. B. Leidy, Esq., New York; Rev. Wm. A. Steinbicker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Samuel G. Trexler, Brooklyn, N. Y. '99, Rev. James Berg, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Rev. John Kopp, Liberty, N. Y.; Principal A. A. Kunkle, Allentown, Pa. 1900, Prof. Robert C. Horn, Allentown, Pa.; Rev. Wm. M. Horn, New York; Abraham B. Yerger, Basking Ridge, N. J. '01, Rev. Allen L. Benner, Richmond Hill, N. Y. '04, Frank B. Dennis, Nazareth, Pa. '05, Rev. Sven O. Sigmond, Allentown, Pa.

*Friends:* Rev. A. Steimle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Exchanges

Up to this time the following exchanges of the January issue have been received: "The Buff and Blue;" "The Mirror," of the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies; "The College of Charlestown Magazine;" "The Penn Charter Magazine;" "The Hall Boy," of Nazareth Hall; "The Hill School Record;" "The Delaware College Review;" "The Red and Black;" "The Midland;" "The

Normal School Herald;" "The Mercersburg News;" "The Ursinus Weekly," and the "F. and M. Weekly."

A summer's night,  
A pretty maid;  
A lovelorn chap,  
A serenade.  
A window high,  
A father's wrath,  
A shriek, a sob—  
A shower bath.—Ex.

Teacher (to girl translating Latin): "Don't you think it is pretty near time you turned the page? You've read the first five lines on the next page already."—Ex.

We are sorry that not more exchanges have made their appearance to our exchange table. We shall certainly welcome those exchanges which, as yet, have not put in their appearance.

In the "Delaware College Review" we notice an excellent poem entitled "At Night Time," and a fine article on "Is Stevenson Serious?"

We also wish to acknowledge the December number of the "Purple and White," of the Allentown Preparatory School. The contents is good.

Pupil: "I don't like Caesar."

Teacher: "Why not?"

Pupil: "Too much Gaul."—Ex.



# The Muhlenberg



MARCH, 1907

Volume XXV

No. 2

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# The Muhlenberg

*"Litterae sine ingenio vanae"*

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VOL. XXV

ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1907

No. 2

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## Our Muhlenberg Forever!

'07

1. Our Alma Mater we adore,  
Dear Muhlenberg, we love thee;  
Long may thy colors float and soar  
Among the clouds above thee.  
Thy dear name we hail;  
Tho' all else should fail,  
Thy loyal sons we;  
Our hearts are true to thee,  
Our Muhlenberg forever.
2. We love thy courts and classic halls,  
Thy lofty site supernal;  
We love thy towers and stately walls,  
Strong as the hills eternal.  
Tho' we must leave thee,  
May we ne'er grieve thee,  
Nor shame thy fair name,  
But ever spread thy fame,  
Our Muhlenberg forever.
3. The heart that beats while we are  
young  
In age shall live to serve thee;  
These hands we pledge, this heart, this  
tongue,  
In future to preserve thee.  
Tho' far, far away,  
Thy sons oft may stray,  
We'll find home dearer,  
And long to be nearer  
Our Muhlenberg forever.

## Americanism

*O. W. N. '07*

It is not too much to say that more has been accomplished and grander achievements have been realized in the nineteenth century than in all previous centuries of the world's history. Freedom and religious liberty, crushed again and again by the hand of tyranny in the Old World, have found a home, a shelter, an altar in the New. A Republican form of government has elevated us to the highest position among the nations of the world. In ancient times the power of the sovereign was unlimited; gradually, however, the voice of the people began to be heard and their influence felt. The foundations of the firmest thrones have been shaken by "the low mutterings of discontent." Our forefathers began to build on a broad and comprehensive principle. That principle has gone forth to give freedom and religious liberty to many races of the world. A new born nation was called forth to regenerate the world by the cannons of Lexington. The people rose as one man, and turning their plowshares into swords, met and conquered their oppressors on the open battlefield.

A new name was inscribed on the catalogue of nations at the moment when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The most sublime spectacle of ancient

or modern times, ever offered to the astonished world, was the victory of the Americans over the British. "The fusion of all races, tongues and sects into one political religion of freedom!"

The spirit of true democracy has conquered all the foes of the Republic. True Americanism is the spirit of the age. It is that principle which has dwelt in the minds and hearts of Americans since the Pilgrim Fathers cast anchor off the wintry shore of New England. It comes not from any race or nationality. When man first fell from the plastic hands of the Creator of the Universe, the love of liberty dwelt in his bosom. Ever and anon when oppressed by the hand of tyranny he has asserted his "inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The brave and the good of all ages have longed to see that nation, whose king is the people and whose law is the will of the people.

No star of hope rose from the bloody fields of the Orient, but glimmering on the Western horizon, fair Columbia stood inviting the wise and the brave of all nations to the place where young freedom has been born.

Americanism exalts no one who has not first humbled himself. Every American, whether he be

such by birth or by adoption, may, by laboring to advance the interests of his countrymen, gain position and honor, thus emphasizing the biblical saying, "He who exalts himself shall be humbled and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Men are recognizing everywhere that the "public economy of the people has its origin simultaneously with the people." They make few suppositions, but study the natural laws which govern the supply of resources. They have discovered that there exist in society "principles of human nature that are lasting and manifestations which change every hour." Each citizen searches and investigates that he may fit himself to judge with greater accuracy the consequences of certain courses of government or social action. He considers the material welfare of the individual, of society, of the state, of the world of states.

It has been the experience of the past ages, that the developing of the strength of the State did not develop the individual character of the private citizen. He was the property of the State, he was forced to bear arms, leave home, and native land that his sovereign might retain his power. He might devise, plan and invent but he had no power to plead the acceptance of his labors before the masses, and the sovereign was too proud and haughty to acknowledge himself under obligations to the low-

born citizen. He had few noble incentives to serve.

To-day in almost every land the voice of the private citizen is heard and his influence felt. In the land of the Aztecs, amid the Ancient ruins, the broad plains bedecked with flowers, majestic peaks crowned with perpetual snow, there no longer "prowls the tyrant's hireling bands." We are sending the light to every nation and every tribe. Its brightness is bursting full and fair upon the "Sunrise Kingdom," that kingdom which has risen as the morning star heralding the dawn of a brighter day for the far-off East. Wherever the sun shines on the broad continent or on the coral isles of the sea, the beacon lights of the advancing spirit of Democracy have been planted. That banner, on whose proud folds is inscribed "a government of the people, for the people and by the people," is borne by men over all the world. From the Great Lakes on the North where the silvery icicles hang from the tall monarchs of the forest to the gulf on the south where the balmy breezes fan the weary travelers and beautiful birds sing among the trees, from our Eastern shores, where the dark Atlantic bears on her bosom ten thousand cargoes of life-giving food, to the golden gate, where the proud Pacific chafes our strand,—all over our land, behold invention and progress—manifest fruits of democracy. Our own country is

indeed a glorious land "with broad arms stretched from shore to shore." Rich prairies decked with flowers; broad lakes reflecting clear each trembling star; mighty rivers, mountain born, sweep onward through grassy plains or meander 'mid forests dark and dense. Her ships spread their sails on every sea and cast anchor off every shore. Yet these are not

to perpetuate her glory. When monarchies, hierarchies, kingdoms and empires have crumbled to dust, that principle which is the foundation of the American Republic shall live on, and living, conquer. "Onward!" then is the cry, Onward! till in every nation of the world the sovereign will of the people, "Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

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## The Destiny of Our Republic

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*J. A. '09*

Nations, like people, play separate parts. They come and go, have their entrances and exits. Their parts done, their records go to enrich the dusty archives of history. Their influence may end at their decline, or, possibly, from their ashes may emerge a grander nation. In all the wide world's history, many nations have risen and fallen. They claimed pre-eminence while they lasted, but finally passed away. In all periods of the world's history in the progress of civilization, the strongest and most influential nation has held power, and controlled the destinies of the other nations. The same holds true to-day. Our glorious republic in the present age of prosperity exerts an influence, felt by every nation in the world. A few years may see her at the acme of her power. Will there then be a decline as in Rome or Carthage?

In the government of all nations there exists a divine law, instituted by God himself—"The Ten Commandments." Upon this law are based the first principles of a true and stable government. With this law a nation begins its course of stainless and equitable justice, showing mercy and pardon. Obedience to this law, thus set down by Almighty God, insures prosperity and protection. Violation of this law means a decline. A brilliant career awaited the nation of Israel, had they but obeyed the commandments laid down for their guidance and protection. The nation fell, because it disregarded the law, and shamed both God and mankind. Its retribution was severe. No nation now exists, and its people are scattered to the four winds of heaven.

In this age of prosperity and grand achievements, how many people of the United States look

upon the "Almighty Dollar" as the principal goal for which they are steadily climbing the ladder of industry? Opportunities for grand and noble efforts are speedily passing away, as men rush wildly into speculations for the love of money, having uppermost in their minds, not how they can best help their fellowmen, but the best way to make the most money in the shortest time. Is this always to be the aim of the American youth? If so, will there be a glorious future for the United States?

Recently, in all the states, the nation was aroused to the highest pitch by the urgent call for "reform" in politics. In these great political issues corporations contributed to the campaign expenses of both parties. Is this to be stopped or to be continued? No nation can be corrupt in politics and be morally bettered. The immorality of a nation's citizens in campaign issues, where a man does not vote at the call of conscience, must be corrected. What nations have not fallen because of the immorality of their citizens? Greed, lust, power, ambition have their time, but in the end the way of the transgressor is hard. The time will come when justice must be dealt impartially to all. The strongholds of the unjust must be broken down, the barriers of evil must be burned away, transgressors dare not go unpunished.

How many times does not one read in the daily papers of the de-

fiance that is made against law and order? The enraged mob burst open the prison door and carry out the doomed prisoner who is awaiting his trial. Unmindful of the disorder which accompanies this outrage, the condemned man is carried forth and frightfully lynched. There is a feeling which arises between the two races that cannot be quelled and it is not the individual who suffers, but the whole nation is aroused. Soon the sphere of operations is increased and lynching is done for many other crimes than rape. As Bishop Galloway has finely said: "When the rule of a mob obtains power, that which distinguishes a fine civilization is surrendered. The mob that lynches a negro charged with rape will in a little while lynch a white man suspected of crime. Every Christian patriot in America needs to lift up his voice in loud and eternal protest against the mob rule, which is threatening the integrity of this Republic." Can there be such a defiance of orderly government by a nation's citizens and such a nation exist? Rome, the mistress of the world in mediæval history, fell humiliated, because she was unable to cope with the great vices and lawlessness rampant within her very walls. Will this nation then see such defiance of the law without interference? If so, history repeats itself. "Let justice be both sure and swift, but let it be justice under the law not the wild and crooked

savagery of a mob."

With marked ability and clearness, President Roosevelt sees a glorious future for the United States, if firm and noble principles are carried out. Many open questions were discussed by him in his last message to Congress. With forcible expressions he lays down the charge that every American citizen must do his duty. There must be a popular self-government. The intelligent mass of people must labor for the advancement of it by participation in the great national issues, ready to do faithfully and honestly their urgent duties. They must obey the law and have equity and purity in the administration of it. Loyalty to one's country, to its endeavors, to its accomplishments must ever be the watchword of the American people. Without loyalty no enterprise can be successfully undertaken, no bond of union can be firmly established, but there will be

a tendency to socialism and anarchy. There must be an association whereby man is brought into relationship with man. There must be a pledge by which each one may help struggling humanity, and show them that "in union there is strength." The stone must be rolled away from the cavern of darkness. Out of it shall come forth angels, whose names are Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the words upon which the foundation of this republic was laid. Liberty, the right of freedom of speech and action. Equality, the rights of all are equal. Fraternity, eternal brotherhood! If in this way the strongholds of truth and righteousness are firmly established, our republic will become a factor in which eternal brotherhood may be fostered among the nations of the world, so that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

## The Negro Problem

*H. S. P. '08*

The problem of the education of the Negro is one of the most serious questions of the day. It is a question which for months has occupied the minds of the most prominent American, as well as many European, men. Widespread differences of opinion exist on all sides concerning the capabilities and advancement of the Negro race.

On the one hand we find a set of observers who claim that they have studied the black man in his original African home. They pronounce him an irreclaimable savage, unwilling to attain a high degree of civilization and consequently incapable of ever rising to a par with the white or yellow man of his day. They declare him to be incurably lazy and fit to enjoy

only the savagery that he revels in in the jungles of his wild African home.

On the other hand other students of the question tell us that in many respects, both mentally and morally, the Negro is practically identical with the white man. They assert, however, that he is capable of ascending only to a certain fixed point on the lofty ladder of civilization. They lament, as they tell us, that by diligent observation they have discovered that the black man, even before this, has reached that predetermined goal, and is already in a state of retrogression. They offer as a proof of the non-progressiveness of the Negro race, the fact that it has never, during the long lapse of ages, sent forth an especially eminent man. It has indeed produced no great philosopher, no great architect, no great conqueror.

In response to the apology which we offer for the arrested development of the Negro, namely, that he has always been held in seclusion and in a condition of slavery, these same observers tell us that he has had all the advantages of the other races of mankind. He always has been in contact with the most highly civilized people: in South Africa, with the Spaniard; along the Nile, with the Egyptian, the Roman, or the Greek; and in America, with the English speaking Teuton. In regard to the retarding influence which it is

claimed slavery has had upon the Negro, they compare him with the old Grecian or Roman slave, whom we, students of history, know to have lived and developed under far different circumstances. Again they ask, if slavery has been detrimental to the Negro, why has he, whose bravery has never been questioned, submitted for so long a time to its demoralizing influences, especially when by the examples of even weaker races he sees himself able to rebel?

For a careful consideration of these questions I would ask you to review with me the condition of the Negro in our own great American republic; for in this country, more than in all others, are we able to see the Negro as he really is. We shall date his birth, contrary to the wishes of our friends whose arguments I have before cited, at the time when our immortal Lincoln and the great law-making body of our country made him a free and independent citizen, qualified and privileged to enjoy the blessings and fruits of liberty. The justification of the selection of that time as the birthday of the Negro becomes more and more apparent when we stop to consider the condition of benighted ignorance in which he lived during his period of servitude. How many masters ever concerned themselves with the education of their slaves, or even encouraged their enlightenment?

The fundamental error which

exists in discussions on the Negro question is in considering the Negroes as absolutely of one class, when, in fact, there are at least two distinct divisions of the race. The first division may be termed the higher class and is made up of respectable law abiding citizens. Some are well educated while others have little or no learning. All, however, are sensible and possess the elements that contribute to good citizenship and to a high degree of civilization.

The second, or lower class, which, unfortunately, comprises nine-tenths of the Negro race, is composed of those who are almost totally ignorant. They may have what they term education but it fails to produce any of the fruits which genuine learning sends forth. Through their blind ignorance frequently they consider themselves as members of the higher class, and owing to a veneer of education are so regarded by others.

This lower class has been likened to a great volcano which, apparently dormant, may unexpectedly and without any apparent cause burst forth and destroy all within reach. It is this class, increasing from below, that people, when discussing the Negro question, are apt to consider; and it is of the non-progressiveness of this mass that our southern countrymen so frequently complain.

Statistics show that within the past forty years the South alone

has contributed for the education of the Negro \$140,000,000. And, you may ask, what has been the result? What kind of men and women have they turned out? What fruits have they brought forth of moral stamina, of purity of life, of character; of loftiness or correctness of ideals? For philosophers tell us these are the tests of progress. But here at this point, another more important question submits itself. When our friends speak of the non-progressiveness of the Negro they invariably compare him with the present capabilities of the white race. Is it not unjust to compare this black man in his infantile efforts, with a race that has been developed through the centuries? Truly, at first sight he appears to have made little progress, but who can deny that he has made some, and, under the circumstances, all that could be expected. He is a Negro, he has the characteristics of the Negro race, and at some future time his mind may prove its inability to cope with the higher demands of civilization. But, happily, not yet has it failed to respond. Again, we do the Negro an injustice when we measure his race by its lowest members. How many of us in considering the enlightenment of our people use as a standard of measurement our meanest citizens? Whisper in the ear of any true American the name of his country, and the first picture that flits in his mind is that of a Wash-

ington, a Lincoln, a Grant, or some other one of our noblest statesmen.

After all, the difficulty with the Negro in the South is due not so much to the non-progressiveness of the Negro as it is to the fact that our southern people are continually called upon to drain their treasures for the attainment of an end that is of national importance.

We northerners discuss the problem of Negro education, we advance theories concerning its solution, but we fail to contribute anything for its support. It is the people, of the South, who are in daily contact with the Negro who know best the methods by which he may be educated; and it is the duty of the North as well as of the South to provide for that system

of education.

"The Negro is with us; he came not of his own accord, but he is here to stay. We have made him a citizen, we have bestowed upon him the right of suffrage, and in fact, as far as our Federal law is concerned, there is nothing to prevent him even from becoming President of our great nation. If these things be true, surely we cannot afford to have him grow up and walk about in the path of ignorance. If we are to enjoy a government of the people, by the people and for the people, let us educate the people irrespective of color, nationality, or creed for the maintenance of that government, and, by so doing, we shall perform our duty both to our Country and to Almighty God."

## Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

*J. M. S. '07*

Of all the tragedies I have ever read, Hamlet seems to me to be the greatest. It contains the delineation of the greatest metaphysical character found in all the dramatic literature of the world—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. With him, on this universal stage walks Ophelia,—so innocent, so perfect, her love so pure that passion and purity meet like white and red within the bosom of a rose.

It is useless to say much about the origin of the plot. We are not certain whether the great drama-

tist borrowed it from an existing tragedy on the subject, or whether the material was gathered from old historical sources. His plots were nearly all borrowed; but this does not make him a plagiarist. Every plot which he borrowed he intensified, gave to it poetic form, throb and life. Hamlet, in whatever form it may have been found, was an uncouth quarry, out of which was chiseled the statue that will stand as long as the problems of life remain.

The great Prince tries to solve

these problems. Every action and every situation in which he finds himself; every defeat and every victory is but a great mirror of nature before which we all stand justified or condemned. There is no torture of his mind, no regret or pang of love that racks his brain and heart which does not find a responsive chord in some melancholy heart or disappointed soul.

Hamlet, therefore, stands for all the ages. The explanation of his life is the answer to the mystery of all nature. He is the great problem. We bring to its solution the sum of nationality, heredity, individuality, training and personality. These color our interpretation of his life. If Hamlet is the universal man; if he is mad to some, melancholy to others, and to a few the very perfection of moral virtue and intellectual grandeur, the greater be the glory of his father Shakespeare, who alone could have created him.

I do not believe that Hamlet was either mad or melancholy. I cannot believe that the great delineator wished to create him so. It is very true, he had his "paroxysms of wildness and fury alternating with intervals of serenity and composure," but he is not deranged either partially and occasionally or totally and always. To make him mad would be to destroy the winged god within him and make of him the "unmeaning waste and chattered spoil of thoughtless chance." Mad, he is the slave of

Fate; sane, he becomes the monarch of Olympus.

Nowhere in the play is his sanity more evident than in the operations against the king. Claudius is a villain, low, coarse, sensual, without honor and shame. Hateful and loathsome, he is as black as the condemned monsters of hell. He is, however, a shrewd man, cunning, artful, resourceful and above all powerful. He is the king of Denmark. But such as he is, Hamlet knows him and understands him to be. He knows his boldness, his badness and his potency. With cold, clear logic he contrives for the punishment of the king. What an irresistible determination to pursue the ends desired! What a succession of monumental scenes that show the strength and character of the prince! They speak more eloquently than mere words can tell of the resistless energy and unlimited resources of Hamlet's mind. Under such an arrangement as the king receives in the players' scene, is it any wonder that the king, writhing under a haunted conscience cries out in pain and fear,—

"O, my offense is rank, it smells to Heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder! \* \* \*

\* \* \* What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet  
Heavens

To wash it white as snow?"

The scene in which Hamlet plays upon the conscience of the queen, among many others, also illustrates my meaning. She is dragged along by the same stream of guilt which destroys the others. She has had a hand in its origin. The same abyss which is preparing for those she loves so well and against whom she has sinned so grossly is preparing for her. But before she falls, his father's ghost appears and says,—

"O, step between her and her fighting soul!

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,  
Speak to her, Hamlet."

Now his mind rises to super-human efforts. His words cut like a very guillotine. Under his terrible arraignment the tempest rages in her soul until it overflows its boundaries and she cries out,—

"O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain."

In this world we justify our plans by the success they bring. We call a man shrewd and logical if he can see the future in the present and solve its problems before they arrive. Who will deny the potency of Hamlet's mind in these powerful scenes?

We admit, indeed, that Hamlet was not master of his situation; but we can see that he thoroughly understood that situation. To be master in his circumstances would mean power divine, Hamlet laid no claim to it. If he hesitated,

thought entangled, between two worlds, it was because his fine moral nature controlled his mind. He did not kill the king because he never forgot the word of the ghost, which to him was the voice of God,—“Revenge this foul and most unnatural murder.” “However thou pursuest this act, taint not thy mind.” Our hero must revenge his father's murder. He may accomplish it when and how he pleases. But he must not taint his soul. He must studiously remember, that,

“Him, only him the shield of Jove defends,  
Whose means are pure and spotless as his ends.”

He says to himself, “If I murder Claudius secretly, as he murdered my father, why should not I be punished for the deed? If I murder him so, will I not stain my character with a guilt as loathed and base as his? Come what may, I will be a man. I will punish like a man. I will prove to Denmark and the world that the king is a monster of vice. When I have done this I will punish him.” Throughout the entire tragedy we see the severe self-restraint which Hamlet constantly exercises over himself. Any critic who asserts that the Prince possessed a defective will because his moral nature controlled him, has never been under such a severe restraint. He would find by experience, that it requires the most acute operations of the mind to see and under-

stand the fine moral distinctions which Hamlet saw and practiced. They can point to but one logical conclusion,—Hamlet's perfect sanity and strength of will.

The storm that was raging within him truly changes his whole being, but it is the most natural change in Hamlet's circumstances. All his cherished hopes and aspirations must now be set aside. The joys and pleasures of life will be buried in the dungeon of sorrow, torture and woe. His "sweetest low-born lass" must believe that "a noble mind is here o'erthrown." All the old moorings are cast into the sea. His little barque is battling over chaotic waves mid howling winds. Now it rises, and it sinks. One dismal, little ray sheds its light over the shadow-haunted vessel—Horatio's friendly counsel. Beyond it all is darkness and chaos. Was it not the most natural thing for him to feign madness in such a storm? The question is not, why should he feign madness; what could he hope to reap from such conduct; is not the problem solved without his help? The real question is, what other mode of conduct could Hamlet adopt that would be more consistent with his feelings and his intellect to those who were not to see into his secret? We care not whether it solves his problem or not

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough-hew them how we will."

Hamlet was the child of that Divinity. But he saw through the king. He saw through the courtiers and their plots. He feigned madness before the court, but he was always the calm and well-poised friend when Horatio came. His mind was so vigorous that, with one exception, he came to the correct conclusion, if not politically then mentally and morally,—a conclusion that came from unerring logic. His intellect was so virile that he saw every possibility and its consequence, every outlet and its result. Was such a mind diseased and weak? Then the whole world becomes an asylum for imbecility.

Believing, then, in Hamlet's perfect sanity, in his morality, his courage, his honor, his reverence, his self-sacrifice and his manly modesty, we must conclude that he is the greatest hero of our literature. No man will ever understand him; no man will ever fathom every part of his many-sided nature. Who, indeed, can fathom Shakespeare, Washington, Lincoln and all the universal men who are still the wonder and admiration of the world? Upon the universal stage may Hamlet reign. He is the Universal Man. "He lives all lives, and through his blood and brain there creep the shadow and the chill of every death, and his soul, like Mazeppa, is lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate."

Much might be written of

Ophelia, in whose spotless life, eternal love and paternal affection blended into perfect harmony, but time and space will not permit. Suffice it to say that she is Shakespeare's creation. We differ about her character as we do about her lover's. But no one can with justice impugn her motives. Her character stands before us in innocent simplicity,—“the pure whiteness of perfect truth.” She is wise not by reflection, but by instinct. Her heart beats in unison with the great soul of nature. She loves her parents and she obeys them. Her obedience is, however, not due to the hereditary indecision of her father Polonius and her brother Laertes. Filial affection and filial duty are the native elements of her young and afflicted heart. Without them she cannot live. She is a dutiful child. But she also loves Hamlet. Hamlet misunderstands her love and rejects her. To win back that love she enters into every scheme of the court, if she can but meet her lover. Her pure maidenly innocence,—as fragrant as the rose,—never permits her to see the wicked schemes of the court, whose inno-

cent tool she is. All she wishes is her lover's affections. She has the strength, courage and persistency

“To feed for aye lamp and flame of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth.”

And so she passes from love and reason, “like sweet bells jingled out o' tune, to the tortures of insanity; from insanity to the silence of the grave.” As we stand above her grave with tears for the pathetic soul, we wail in sorrow,—

“Oh, dear Ophelia,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I  
believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean and abhorred monster  
keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?”

“Its pathos were too much to be borne, but for the incense that rises from her crushed spirit as she turns thought and affliction, passion, Hell itself to favor and to prettiness! Of her death what shall be said? The ‘snatches of old tunes’ with which she chants, as it were her own burial service, are like smiles gushing from the heart of woe. ‘O rose of May! O flower too soon faded!’”



## Modern Japan

*By Kotara Tanaka*

The beginning of Japanese modern civilization burst forth from the mouth of cannon fifty years ago when the modern Japan was awakened by this storm of fire from American guns. From that time, how much of her progress and civilization Japan owes to America is infused into every thoughtful soul of the Japanese people. When Japan first made a foreign treaty it was with America. Dr. Verbeck and Dr. Hepburn and other prominent Americans who have helped the cause of Japan's progress along mental and spiritual lines are remembered by all, from the youngest school children up to the greatest statesmen of the country. In short, the very narrow idea that the Japanese had of Japan is enlightened by American intercourse into wider aspiration toward humanity, justice, and civilization. The very word "liberty," which is the foundation of the present government and the restoration of the present period itself, may be claimed as the result of American civilization.

In the present and future China is and will be the commercial power competed for by all the great nations of the world; and most of these nations are not blind to the fact that America has great commercial power in China.

By the victory that was won

over Russia, so stunning as to surprise the entire world, Japan, who yesterday was regarded as having a thin veneer of civilization, to-day comes to be looked upon as one of the world's greatest powers, and consequently, does not hesitate to place herself as one of the competitors. Of course the nations who were not too blind to see America's position, saw, also, that Japan's position was better than all the rest.

Hence a selfish country in Europe is trying to make trouble between America and Japan by communicating groundless rumors to foreign countries. On the other hand, some of the nations decry Japan as "a warlike country" and say she may have had some secret political design. But the imaginary faults come from the people who did not fully recognize the reality of Japanese civilization even after the war.

Why did she fight with Russia? The principal object of the policy of Russia since Peter the Great was to plunder the neighboring country, as is shown in history by the following: the conquest of Siberia (1598); the conquest of Azof (1696); the destruction of all the Swedish possessions of the eastern Baltic (1721); the destruction of Poland; the extension of his territory along the Black Sea

(1795); the absorption of eastern and central Asia (1805); the plunder of Sikhota Aian; the theft of the Sakhalin Island from Japan, etc.

If the absorption of Manchuria by Russia had become a real fact, there would not have been a doubt as to the change of color of the map of Korea within a few years. It not only would have meant the abandonment of all hope of peace in the extreme East, but really the safety of Japan would have been in danger. Again, we would not only have lost the Sakhalin Island from our hands, but the name of "Japan" would have been withdrawn from the world. Although there are many in the world who are too blind to see this and are censuring Japan, we rely on the noble personality of President Roosevelt and the wise statesmanship of his colleagues, and on the ever increasing sympathy of the American citizens for our country; and we hope that the friendly relation which now exists between the two countries will remain unchanged, or better still, that it will increase.

It is true, our victory over Russia seems conducive to the theory of the national efficiency of the Japanese, but situated as Japan was before the war, any nation would have accomplished the same task as the Japanese, with the same sense of honor and pride. When Russia, about fifty years ago, plundered us of the Sakhalin

Island, then, later on, hand-in-glove with Germany and France, "bullied" us and robbed us of the Liaotung Peninsula which we had legitimately obtained from China as one of the spoils of war, our pride was hurt to the quick. With the Russian occupation of that peninsula but a few years later, the whole archipelago of Japan was well nigh inflamed with indignation. Thus, during the decade succeeding the retrocession of the peninsula, Japan's entire energy was bent on the completion of an armament to chastise the Russians for their affronts. If we bear this fact in mind, the secret of Japanese success in the late war is not far to seek.

Therefore an American said: "The Japanese patriotism with its resulting pride of country demands national praise; efficiency in every demand is made by the whole and united force of the entire population; national efficiency is no mere formula empty save of theories. Where every citizen, however humble, is determined not only to be efficient for his country's sake, but to sacrifice himself if necessary to secure that national efficiency, it is not to be wondered at that remarkable results are achieved."

We, of course, do not feel so sure that we are more patriotic than other nations, but there seems to have been another cogent factor which has assisted in converting Japan from an obscure country fifty years ago, into one of

the world's greatest powers to-day.

"He claims for the people (of Korea) a high degree of culture and declares that because of their peaceful and conservative character they fall an easy prey to their warlike neighbors—the Japanese." These words which disgraced the reputation of Japan, are found in one of the book reviews of THE MUHLENBERG on Homer B. Hulbert's "The Passing of Korea." The Literary Editor said that "the author of the book is evidently familiar with the history of Korea and must have lived in and traveled over the island very extensively." If the author is familiar with Korean history, he must know that the integrity of Korea has always been a matter of constant concern to us; also, that the separate existence of Korea is essential to the safety of our realm. This being so, during the Russo-Japanese war, when the real national destiny was at stake, the necessity of finding money was imperative, and we cannot doubt that the American and another foreign loan were the result of sympathy with the justice of our cause and of righteous indignation against Russia's aggrandizing policy. This sentiment induced the capitalists of foreign countries to lend money in such a time of profound doubt as to the outcome of the war. Korea was the cause not only of the war with Russia, but also of an unfortunate war with China in 1895. Since

ancient times, the troubles of our country have always been connected with Korea.

I suppose the author, who does not know these facts, has lived in and traveled over a small island which belongs to the Korean Peninsula as the Literary Editor's article states; so that it was an island that he was familiar with instead of the Peninsula proper.

According to these facts, the many sympathizers in America and other foreign countries are growing more numerous, and as a result of the war a mental revolution is taking place in the masses of the western nations. They have begun to study Oriental questions such as Japanese history, religion, arts, and sciences; yet I do not doubt that a great part of the world still deems it an unsolved problem whether after all Japan will be able to reach the standard of European civilization. Particularly the continental nations are conservative. The majority have skeptical views on the subject of the future civilization and some are even doubtful concerning our present achievement.

I hope I have convinced you of the author's own faults, which caused such a shallow view, and I have yet to discover the consistence of the editor who introduced the author's book, as "a readable one" without seeing the true conditions.

I ask for a fair judgment on the part of intelligent people.

# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

In spite of many disappointments and setbacks, the first Inter-Society Oratorical Contest took place in the Chapel on the evening of February 16. The affair was an unprecedented success in every way. The audience was very good, though the weather was forbidding; the music was bright and catchy, just the thing to enliven the audience between speeches, and the speeches were creditably delivered. The success of the undertaking was very largely due to the committee on arrangements, of

which Mr. E. B. Ulrich and Mr. W. F. Deibert were chairmen of the Sophronian and Euterpean divisions respectively. Professor William H. Reese presided. The following was the program:

Prayer, Rev. Albert Steinheiser; Opening Remarks, Prof. William H. Reese; Piano Duet, Messrs. Jacks and Morning; Oration, "Americanism," O. W. Nickum, '07; Oration, "The Destiny of Our Republic," John Albert, '09; Oration, "Child Labor," Ralph Schatz, '08; Vocal Solo, John Hassler, '10;

Oration, "The Negro Problem," H. S. Paules, '08; Oration, "The World Parliament," J. M. Shimer, '07; Vocal Solo, John Hassler, '10; Decision of the Judges, Rev. Pollock; Benediction, Rev. Mr. Klick.

Sophronia Literary Society was represented by Messrs. Nickum, Schatz and Shimer.

Euterpea Literary Society was represented by Messrs. Albert and Paules.

The Judges were Rev. Dr. Pollock, Rev. Mr. Hermann and E. H. Renninger, Esq., of Allentown. They unanimously awarded first place to Mr. Shimer and second to Mr. Schatz.

In matters in which we think little is involved, or in which we think nobody is interested, persons are very prone to be remiss. Contractors are accustomed to put poor material in the parts of a building which they think will not show; the smith will often leave a poorly welded link in a chain if it doesn't show; the writer is apt to be careless in the articles he puts in his department of the magazine if he thinks no one will look at it. But, sometime, the poor material will rot, the imperfect link will break, and someone will notice the mistakes of the indifferent editor.

The article on "Modern Japan" seizes upon a seemingly trifling

error in the Book Review of the January issue of THE MUHLENBERG. The writer of the article is quick to expose the Literary Editor's fallacy when he says, "The author (of "The Passing of Korea," Homer B. Hulbert) is evidently familiar with the history of Korea and must have traveled over *the island* very extensively." The writer further objects to the favorable criticism of the book, claiming that it is the work of a man who does not see clearly the situation.

This simply goes to show that every printed word in THE MUHLENBERG does count, and that accuracy and precision are requisites in all the departments. Of this, the sub-editor must be mindful as well as the Editor-in-Chief, for each sub-editor is held responsible for what is printed under the head of his department.

Criticism of the kind that "Modern Japan" has to offer is courted by THE MUHLENBERG. Just as an individual, when he knows he is being watched, desires to perform his best, so our monthly will rise to higher efforts if every article and word in it is the object of interest and fair criticism.

We are glad to welcome back to college Mr. Albert Cammig, '10, who has been absent for a time on account of illness.



## Book Review

The new novel by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, entitled "By the Light of the Soul," has just appeared, although it has been long delayed in being brought before the public. The author deserves a good deal of credit for this production. She makes the treatment of her characters strictly her own; even though she is very attentive to the imperfections and half-suppressed instincts of the flesh, yet no writer is less sensuous than she. Her pictures of home-life seem to lack that glow of the fireside which we are wont to put around it. Her characters seldom seem to be wholly at rest, though occasionally one of them gives evidence of that genuine appreciation of comfort which is the heritage of the harsh New England climate.

The scene of this novel is laid in a New Jersey village, but the heroine is a New England girl. The story is interesting throughout and treats of a love affair which started in public school, and was bound to bring many joys and disappointments to its characters.

Norman Duncan, the author of "The Soul of the Street," and other short stories, has given a book to the public, entitled "The Cruise of the Shining Light." This is more

consistently and diversely original than anything he has previously produced. The local color of this story is so unusual and so vivid that the reader marvels where the author can have acquired it. The scene of the story is laid along the coast of New England, where the hardy sailors abound, from whom the principal characters are chosen in this tale. The story tells of the struggles of a boy, Dannie, whose father, Tom Callaway, lost his life during a storm, in a ship which he was to wreck—the same ship in which Dannie was to make the cruise of the shining light, and accidentally rescue the heroine from the perils of a storm at sea.

Rudyard Kipling has come to the front with another book, "Puck of Pook's Hill." It has been running for some months in the Ladies' Home Journal. The critics seem to be favorably impressed with the book. Kipling shows that he has a large bump of inventive genius. He has one of the largest vocabularies of the English language and demonstrates the fact in this work. While we do not personally admire Kipling, we would say that his recent book is one of the best he has written and by far superior to his animal stories.



## Athletics

On February 8, Muhlenberg played her first game of basketball away from home. Our opponents were the Lebanon High School team. The result was a defeat for our team, the score being 41-25. Our team was altogether at a loss on their floor, which is very small and also has obstructions on it together with poor lights. The score does not indicate the closeness of the playing. In the early part of the game our guards were asleep and Lebanon had no trouble in rolling up ten points. Excluding this, the game was closely contested. Shelly had his eye on the basket and shot nine field goals. Keiter had Lebanon's crack center played to a standstill, and the other men came in for their share of praise for all around playing. In the second half Stump was put out of the game for roughness and Bossard was put in his place. He prevented his man from shooting a goal and played a good game. The line-up was as follows:

M. C.	Positions.	L. H. S.
Shelly	.....forward.....	Smeck
Albert	.....forward....	Gingrich
Keiter (Capt.)	center.....	Haddon
Putra	.....guard.....	
Stump	.....guard.....	Miller
	(Bossard)	

Field goals: Shelly, 9; Albert, 2; Keiter, 1; Gingrich, 6; Smeck, 6; Miller, 1; Haddon, 1; ——— 3. Fouls: Albert, 1; Gingrich, 6.

On February 16, the team played East Stroudsburg Normal on the latter's floor. We were defeated by the score of 32-8. Although our boys were somewhat handicapped in regards to the floor yet if they would have guarded as they should the score would have been different. Keiter played a star game, preventing his man from shooting a goal and securing two baskets for himself. Albert and Stump also played a good game. The line-up was as follows:

M. C.	Positions.	E. S.
Putra	.....forward.....	Clarke
Albert	.....forward.....	Kemp
Stump	.....center.....	Edinger
	(Aberly)	
Shelly	.....guard....	Richmond
Keiter (Capt.)	center.....	Seaman

Field goals: Putra, 1; Keiter, 2; Shelly, 1; Kemp, 6; Edinger, 3; Richmond, 2; Nicholas, 3. Fouls: Clarke, 4.

The Muhlenberg team journeyed to Bethlehem on Saturday afternoon, March 2, and for the second time this season defeated the Moravian Parochials. The game was rough from the beginning and plays worthy of note were few. The only thing worthy of applause was the shooting of fouls by Stump and Doster and the fine work of the Muhlenberg substitutes Ruhe and Bossard. The line-up was as follows:

M. C. Positions. M. P. S.  
 Shelly .....forward.....Robert  
 (Ruhe)  
 Putra .....forward.....Doster  
 Keiter (Capa.) center.....Seaman  
 Stump .....guard.....Morris  
 (Wear)  
 Albert.....guard.....Collins  
 (Bossard)

Field goals: Bossard, 5; Putra, 3; Ruhe, 2; Keiter, 2; Albert, 1; Doster, 3; Collins, 2; Robert, 1; Morris, 1. Fouls: Stump, 13; Doster, 13. Referee: Bilheimer, Lehigh. Time: 20-minute halves.

The Freshmen team of Muhlenberg won its sixth consecutive victory on Saturday evening by defeating the Allentown Preparatory School team by the score of 40-31. The A. P. S. team was so confident

of victory that they asked the '10 team to play their scrubs but from the time the game started to the finish they found that the Freshmen team was more than they could handle. Shupp and Ruhe, for the Freshmen, showed up well and will undoubtedly be close contestants for the regular team next year. The line-up was as follows:

Freshmen. Positions. A. P. S.  
 Ruhe .....forward....Bornman  
 Putra .....forward.....Long  
 Aberly .....center.....Jacobs  
 R. Shupp....guard.....Lentz  
 Zuch .....guard.....Boyer

Field goals: Ruhe, 9; Shupp, 6; Putra, 4; Lentz, 6; Jacobs, 3; Long, 4; Boyer, 2. Fouls: Jacobs, 1; Ruhe, 2. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Referee: Wieder.

## Personals

Dr. W. (in Religion class): "How long did Solomon reign?"

Student: "Forty days and forty nights."

Who wrote about the *aesthetic* instead of the *ascetic* spirit of the Middle Ages?

Dr. H.: "What is a 'blind experiment?'"

Butz: "An experiment made in the dark."

D. H.: "How's that?"

Butz: "The experimenter has no light on the subject."

Marcks: "Doctor, is a lie justifiable?"

Nonamaker: "In love and war anything goes."

Dr. E.: "Well, love is a kind of war. In both cases they fly to arms."

Horn (at the boarding house): "Hering, please pass the fish."

Schoeneberger: "Horn, please pass the milk."

Seyler (after having bluffed a recitation): "You want to quit your yelling to me when I'm re-

citing; some time I might know something and it will confuse me."

Weaver (translating Greek): "The modern translation for that passage would be '23 for mine.'"

Prof. H.: "Greek is not a modern language."

Rudh, '08: "The world is coming to an end."

Zane (pointing to Rudh): "The last remnant."

Prof. H.: "What tense is that?"

Jacks: "Aorist."

Prof. H.: "Which aorist?"

Jacks: "Second."

Prof. H.: "No."

Jacks: "First."

Prof. H.: "No, mixed."

Huff, '09: "Give me another cent's worth of pretzels—hang the expense!"

At the Freshmen's table at the boarding house, the Hon. Dr. Wackernagel sometimes dines. He remains a silent party while the Freshmen learnedly discuss politics. The following was overheard:

Rep. Morning: "Dr. Wacker-

nagel's a Republican; he's too good looking to be a Democrat."

Dem. Shupp: "Too honest to be a Republican."

Rep. Morning: "If the Democratic party is so brilliant, why is it always represented as a mule?"

Dem. Reimer: "Because it's the best thing there is to kick out vice."

The Republicans tried to drown their chagrin in singing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"

Rudolph (when the roll is being called): "Stettler is sick."

Dr. H.: "No, he isn't. I received a letter from his brother this morning asking for a week's grace."

Rudolph (who had the night before been with his Grace) becomes excited.

Dr. H.: "I don't mean that he asked for a week *with* Grace."

Beidler: "Doctor, did you hear that Stettler had a week with Grace?"

Dr. W.: "Well, that is no disgrace."

## Alumni Notes

We are very happy to report that on the evening of February 18, 1907, the Muhlenberg graduates of Philadelphia and vicinity met and organized the Muhlenberg College Alumni Association of Philadelphia and vicinity, by adopting a constitution and electing the following officers: President, Evan

B. Lewis, Esq., '90; First Vice-President, Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., '70; Second Vice-President, Rev. Wm. H. Rickert, '68. Secretary George S. Opp, Mus.B., '94; Treasurer, George R. Ulrich, D.D.S., '88; Executive Committee, Rev. F. K. Fretz, Ph.D., '97, Rev. G. C. Loos, '94, and the President,

the Secretary and the Treasurer.

It was decided by the Executive Committee to hold a meeting in Philadelphia about April 22, at which meeting President Haas has been asked to make an address, including such suggestions as may best help the Alumni of Philadelphia and vicinity to further the interests of Muhlenberg College.

It is the purpose of this organization, also, to cultivate a more intimate and fraternal spirit among the sons of Muhlenberg and to bring the name of their Alma Mater more prominently before the public; and to this end, an annual banquet will be the most im-

portant meeting. It is the earnest desire of the gentlemen who have this movement in charge that all Muhlenberg Alumni in Philadelphia and vicinity identify themselves with this organization, thus helping to spread the name and the fame of Muhlenberg College. We, therefore, earnestly request all Alumni interested in this movement to send their names and words of encouragement to Evan B. Lewis, Esq., 1107 Land Title Building, Philadelphia. In due time more definite information concerning the April meeting will be given to the Alumni and the friends of the institution.

## Exchanges

During the last month we have been remembered by the following exchanges: "The Perkiomenite," "College Breezes," "The Forum," "The Red and Black" (Bethlehem Prep), "Blue and Gray," "The Red and Black" (Reading High School), "The F. and M. Weekly," "The Delaware College Review," "The Albright Bulletin," "The Schuylkill Seminary Narrator," "The College Student," "The Mercersburg News," "The Ursinus Weekly," "The Roanoke Collegian," "The College Folio," "The Hill School Record," "The Penn Charter Magazine," "The College Chips," "The School Times," "The Normal Echoes," "The Midland," and "The College of Charleston Magazine."

A girl who could spell Deuteronomy,  
And had studied domestic economy,

Went to skate at the rink,  
But as quick as a wink  
She began to study astronomy.

—Ex.

There are a number of exchanges that we have not seen for some time. Where are "The Amulet," "The Comet," "Normal Vidette," "The Helios," "The Bucknell Mirror" and "The Canary and Blue?" We most certainly would like to acknowledge all these long lost exchanges.

We have not been able to find any exchange column in either the

"Roanoke Collegian" or "The Forum." Possibly the exchange editor has not come up to time in handing in his "goods." At any rate that column is missing.

Shakespeare modernized:

'Twas in a restaurant they met,  
One Romeo and Juliet;  
'Twas there he first fell into debt,  
For Romeo'd what Juliet.—Ex.

Junior (innocently): "A chaperon? What is a chaperon?"

Senior (gravely): "That, my child, is the French name for a darned nuisance."—Ex.

"The Hill School Record" contains its stories as usual. It also contains a fine half tone of the hockey team playing the Haverford team.

A young man from Pedee, P. Q.  
After leaving his home got so blue,  
That, when he had earned  
The fare he returned  
To Pedee, P. Q., p. d. q.—Ex.

Conductor (handing back a tin coin): "It is tin."

Pat (as he took it): "Pardon, sor, Oi thought it was foive."

"The Red and Black" (Reading High School) is a fine exchange. The cover is very attractive and the cuts at the head of each department add immensely to the value of the paper.

"The Midland" contains a number of character sketches of great historical and literary personages. There is also a small sketch on Evangeline in the same number.

Professibus givibus

Longi lessimum.

Boyibus kickibus

Non wanti somorum

Boyibus readibus

Much Latinorum.

Professibus givibus

Himi terorum

Boyibus gittibus

Poori gradorum,

Endibus termibus

Nome passorum.—Ex.



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# The Muhlenberg

*"Litterae sine ingento vanae"*

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VOL. XXV

ALLENTOWN, PA., APRIL, 1907

No. 3

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## Old Friends

*P. R. '08*

It was nearly six o'clock, and the shadows of the long autumn night were fast falling over the city, as I came down the stone steps leading from the home of my old college chum, Charles Burke. Not having seen him since our graduation in 19—, I called on him immediately upon my arrival in Stanton. I accepted his invitation to remain at his home until I should become settled; but having an engagement with the proprietor of the "Stanton Morning Democrat," I had left him to finish his cigars and black coffee alone.

Steering my course in the direction of Lombard Street, I did not advance very far, before I heard a light, rapid tread overtaking me and a very mellow voice addressed me thus, "Charlie, what is your hurry?"

I wheeled and was about to remark, to the young lady who stood

panting before me, that there must be some mistake, when she spoke again, saying, "I'm going to the station. You will go with me. Jane is coming down and is going to stay a whole week. I know she will be glad if you are at the station to welcome her. Let us hurry or we shall be late for the train."

The happy girl started down the street, and noticing my hesitation, she called out, "Charlie, are you coming?"

"Why, yes, anything to please you," I replied, mechanically.

Then, taking her by the arm, I boldly marched down the street toward the station. During our walk the deluded girl kept up a lively chatter about the girl that was coming, and about the grand times that her friend, herself, and I should have next week. I almost wished it were true that I was he

for whom she mistook me. I could do nothing but make ridiculous and somewhat incoherent replies to her happy talk. At the same time I was racking and cracking my brain to find some way of dispelling her error. I confess I rather enjoyed the situation. Instead of trying to explain, I turned my thoughts into another channel, which led me to wonder who the girl was, for whom she mistook me, and what would be the outcome of the incident. My engagement with the people of the "Democrat" had been totally forgotten.

When we came into the glare of the electric lights at the station, my beautiful companion remarked, "Jane will arrive on the Stanton Special which is due in five minutes." Then suddenly looking into my face, she discovered her mistake and ejaculated, "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon." Then, in a calmer tone, she continued, "I thought you were my cousin, Charles Burke. You came out of his home and you are about the same height and build. You will excuse my seeming bad manners. I hope I did not inconvenience you."

Finding my tongue at last, I said, "It was my fault. I should have explained. You will forgive and pardon me?"

"The pardon is mutual it seems," she replied, with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Well, yes, and you are Miss

Mildred Burke. Are you not?"

"Excuse me, but I do not remember having met you until I made this unfortunate mistake."

"Don't say our meeting was unfortunate."

"Well, then, what would you call it?" she laughingly asked.

"Let us rather say the meeting was er—er—unusual," I stammered.

"Yet it is rather unusual that you should know who I am."

"No, not in the least unusual, since you told me yourself. You said your cousin is Charles Burke. Now, Burke happens to be my college chum and he often told me of his pretty cousin. Only this afternoon he rehearsed her many pleasing qualities and exceeding beauty. My name is Charles Fisher; have you ever heard of me?"

"Charles Fisher, ever heard of you? Why we are old friends! My cousin used to write of your college pranks and many are the laughs I have had over them."

The arrival of the Stanton Special interrupted further conversation, so I said, "We had better go to the gate so as not to miss your friend."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten Jane," she replied, suddenly aroused to the mission that had brought her to the depot.

After the usual greeting in which young ladies indulge, I was accordingly introduced to Miss Jane Foster. When I heard the lady's

name many things became clear to me, since that name brought recollections of the conversation I had had with Burke that afternoon.

My chum had asked me to accompany him on a call to his cousin's home, the next afternoon; as he wanted me to become acquainted with his cousin Mildred and a certain Jane Foster. Having often heard him tell of the beauty of these two girls, it did not take much urging before I promised to go with him.

I escorted both ladies to Miss Burke's home, which was a cozy little cottage situated near the outskirts of the town. The path that led up to the house from the road was lined on both sides by grand fir trees, and scattered about the park there were many fine bushes and large trees, the leaves of which covered the whole lawn. The cool autumn wind passing through the branches and rustling the leaves on the ground made sweet music as we walked up the path. I had attempted to bid them good-bye, upon our arrival at the villa; but Miss Burke would not have it so, for she said, "You must come in and see mother, for we are old friends, you know."

During the evening Miss Burke sang some pretty songs, while Miss Foster played the piano. I shall never forget those sweet strains that seemed to flow from Mildred's lips as though she were a bird. The rapture that I felt while listening to those tender notes was the

same as one experiences when listening to the babbling brook, the nightingale, or when one hears the gentle murmur of the trees, saying "all nature loves to join in that grand, sweet song,—I love but thee."

The hour when I should depart came sooner than I desired and I could hardly leave the enchanted grounds, for I remembered the song and the invitation to call the next afternoon. Her words were, "You must come with cousin Charles, for we are old friends."

When I returned to my chum's home, he wanted to know how I succeeded with the proprietor of the paper. I remember that I laughed and made some ridiculous reply, which he took to mean that I had failed. Thinking that I felt morose over the matter, he thought it best to leave me alone. I surprised him the next day, by telling him I was very glad I had come to Stanton and that I intended to remain for some time. He could not understand why I was laughing and joking all morning and in the afternoon he was dumbfounded when his cousin said, on his attempting to introduce me, "Why, we are old friends!"

That evening I concluded my business with the proprietor of the "Democrat," by accepting the position of editor, and a year later, I went into partnership with Mildred Burke.

## The World Parliament

*J. M. Shimer, '07*

Two great, fundamental principles are at the basis of all religious and altruistic teaching: the one, the eternal fatherhood of God; the other, the universal brotherhood of man. No religion that is founded on truth dare deny either of these principles. They are facts as real and immovable as mountains of granite. In the practical application of these principles lies the hope of humanity for a "golden age" of genuine fraternity, liberty, truth, and justice. Nations, as such, are more particularly concerned with the recognition of the latter of these principles.

In its analysis, the brotherhood of man means, the sweeping away of national prejudices and the establishment of a world-wide fraternal community, in which exact and impartial justice shall be law. The organization of a great international parliament to regulate the affairs of the world, will convert the beautiful dream of such a fraternal community into an actual reality.

The unification of the world is proof that an International Parliament is practicable. All history is an eloquent witness of the unification of nations, along every line. The navigator, to-day, fearlessly braves every sea; steam has dispelled the terrors of the past.

There is rapid communication with the most remote parts of the world; electricity flashes the news of happenings in Europe and in distant Asia, to America, in an incredibly short time; wireless telegraphy leaps gaps of a thousand miles with the rapidity of thought. Modern achievement parallels the dreams of Jules Verne.

Never before have nations come into such close touch with each other. Commercial boundaries have been destroyed, and there is free intercourse among the most remote peoples. The rigors of war have been mitigated. Piracy and privateering have been abolished. Neutral commerce is no longer molested. Gradually, the nations are exchanging their products with the same ease and freedom with which Pennsylvania trades with New York.

Imperialism and colonization are bringing about national unification. In the last century England has added to her domain Australia, Egypt and a part of Africa. To-day, she is planting her flag in the heart of Asia. Germany, from a band of warring principalities, has been welded into one strong, influential nation. In our own country, slavery threatened to shatter and engulf the nation; but the flag floats to-day

over a completely united and powerful country.

But the most glowing signs of unification are political and religious. Since the Germanic race has been a recognized factor in world history, two conceptions of government have been contending for supremacy: the Roman and the Germanic. The first, inherited from ancient Rome, placed all authority in one supreme head, and the government was administered for the benefit of the crown. The second, our heritage from the German, as vitalized by the Nazarene, gave all power to the people, and administered the government for its own good. The cannon of Napoleon demolished and destroyed forever the old despotic governments inherited from Rome. But the new imperialism which he set up, was in turn destroyed, when his "star of destiny" fell at Waterloo. Since that time, the governments of Europe have been assuming the spirit and forms of liberty. France and Switzerland are republics; Italy, Austria, Hungary and Spain are constitutional monarchies; the United Kingdom is a representative government; and the vigorous Emperor of Germany tries in vain to repress the no less vigorous spirit of liberty. All Europe, west of the Russian boundaries, is governed by representative assemblies, which speak and legislate for the people.

But the unification of government, which finds its expression in

liberty, does not end with the narrow confines of Europe. Japan has been roused from the sleep of centuries. The sun of liberty in China, struggles through the clouds, and is rapidly rising in the eastern sky. The sanguinary conflicts between noble and peasant will yet bring liberty to Russia. And it is not an idle prophecy to say, that even in Africa we shall very soon see the same epoch-making changes in governmental policy, brought about by the inspiration of the political institutions of Europe.

The religious unification of the world is no less marvelous. Only a few centuries ago every nation had its gods; now all civilized nations recognize but one God. It is not long since religious differences plunged peoples into bloody and relentless wars; the Crusaders marched into Jerusalem; Charles the Ninth slew seventy thousand Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day; the Duke of Alva devastated Europe; and Gustavus Adolphus carried the sword into Germany, in the name and for the cause of religion. But to-day, Protestant and Catholic recognize the essential unity of their several aims. The bickerings, jealousies and strife among Protestants themselves are being forgotten in the light of this better day.

All these bonds of unification—physical, commercial, national, political and religious—are the logical causes which produced the

various great conferences of the world,—the religious conferences at St. Louis, the Hague Tribunal, the Paris Exposition, and all the other great conferences organized for the purpose of illustrating the progress and unification of the world. And they will yet find their consummation in the organization of a great International Parliament, which shall hold the same relations to the world at large that the British Parliament holds to British subjects, as the Congress at Washington to our United States.

Nations have always been organized, but the world never. Organization is the logical result of evolution. Out of the family grew the tribe. On tribe and clan the nations have been founded. A great family of nations will be the inevitable result of the law of growth. How this family will be formed and governed, will be the problem which will confront the next Hague Conference. As we stand upon some mountain height and see the tiny, silvery streams, winding their way by tree and brush, and over moss-grown rocks, to join some mighty river, that flows onward to the sea; so with prophetic vision, we cannot fail to see, that all the bonds of unification of the last three hundred years lead into one great and powerful stream,—The Parliament of Nations.

The establishment of such a Parliament will not destroy national

pride. True patriotism is a sacred inspiration. It may exist without injustice to the other nations of the world. The Frenchman may still sing his *Marseillaise*, the Englishman preserve the glorious traditions of Runnymede and the German love his Fatherland.

But the dreadful arbitrament of war will vanish away. A plain, white shaft at Bunker Hill is a perpetual memorial of the vigilance of our fathers in the cause of freedom; Gettysburg has become a synonym forever, for consecration to duty, and loyalty to principle. But the fallacy of rushing into war for the settlement of national differences was completely demonstrated in the late conflict between Russia and Japan. War does not decide the justice of a cause; it demonstrates which of two contending nations is the stronger in men and resources. Force can never definitely settle national differences.

The Parliament of Nations will establish the reign of law through the ministry of reason and justice. It will ordain the rules and maxims to guide national intercourse. England brought emancipation to Egypt, introducing and fostering modern arts and inventions; but it was only by the bombardment of Alexandria that she was able to do this. The Parliament of the World will accomplish the same results by legislation, properly enforced. Where is he, who would argue against the organization of

an international police to carry out and enforce the statutes of the Parliament? That Parliament will be the one body representing the civilized world. It will establish law and order everywhere. It will spread the school, the college and the church. All its ends will be directed toward the bringing in of that great day, when reason, justice and conscience shall rule over all the world. That is the dream of a glorious future, "which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man in happy isles, or in a new paradise," shall be at peace with man, and nations be under the rule of law, and civilization and enlightenment be carried unto the ends of all the earth.

"For I dipt into the future,  
Far as human eye could see.  
Saw the wission of the world,  
And all the wonder that would be:  
When the war drum throbbled no  
longer,

And the battle flags were furled.  
In the Parliament of Man,  
The Federation of the World.

Will the dream of a Parliament of Nations ever come true? Do you believe in God? Do you believe there is a Providence in human affairs? It was Beecher, who said: "I believe that that hand which has steered this vagrant world through all the dark seas and storms of the past has hold of the helm yet, and through all the seeming confusions He will lead the nations and the peoples to the golden harbor of the millenium safe."

Before the millenium morn can ever dawn, ignorance and bigotry must be swept away; force must cease to rule; education and religious toleration must light the world; justice and law reign supreme; and all men, and all nations, be under the jurisdiction of THE PARLIAMENT OF THE WORLD.

## The Inevitable End

A. C. O.

It seems good to be home again, to breathe one's native air. So Leslie thought as he stepped from the gangway of the Waldersee. For five long years he had been a wanderer on the globe. His travels included all the principal and unprincipled countries of the Eastern Hemisphere; he had scaled

the great pyramids; had investigated with high interest and enthusiasm Roman and Greek antiquities; and had watched the sun as it gradually rose over "Beautiful Venice."

There was no one at the pier to meet him, for he had not informed them in his last despatch at ex-

actly what time he would sail. It caused him no disappointment, however, for he well knew what a fuss they would make; what a lot of hand-shaking and other things there would be—things he greatly disliked and avoided if possible. Still he was not overwhelmingly depressed when, upon boarding the train for home, he happened to recognize in the farther end of the car a certain Miss Dorothy Davis, a friend of his boyhood days. She had changed and, but for the expression of her mouth and the mischievous twinkle of those deep gray eyes, he would scarcely have known her. She was not tall, but so extremely beautiful; such a rich mass of wavy golden hair; lips, indescribable; and a complexion that would have aroused the jealousy of Aphrodite. He fairly gasped with pleasure and admiration—it was a kind of beauty he had never seen before.

He occupied the chair just back of her and judged at once from her actions that she did not know him. For mischief's sake he withheld his name and tried in vain to draw her into conversation. But her manner was distant and cold and she answered him shortly. At length he revealed his identity and she immediately recognized him.

"Oh! Hm!" she exclaimed. "I think you're simply horrid."

Leslie whistled softly. "That certainly is a startling way to greet a long lost friend."

"Well, you might at least have

given me some hint," she retorted.

"I have a faint recollection of trying to," he dryly observed; at which they both laughed.

"You have grown so tall," she suddenly remarked with the slightest trace of admiration in her voice. "While I—," and with a sorrowful expression gazed ruefully at herself.

"O, I don't think you ought to complain," he said. "In fact I believe I prefer small women to the tall ones. Now don't you begin to feel thankful that you are small?" he added laughingly. "But without joking, I think you will find that to be the opinion of not a few. One feels a greater desire to protect the little woman; and where man can protect, there he is happy and contented. She is not like the tall, beautiful girl who goes along with an independent air, holds her head high, once in a while gives you a cold calculating smile and forgets she ever knew you. Now that is the kind of a girl a fellow soon tires of; but one like yourself he will adore to——."

"Here, here," she interrupted, shaking a reproving finger at him. "You are no longer traveling in Oriental lands, but in plain, common, everyday America."

"Well," he replied, "I might allow the everydayness of your statement; but if you are a representative I certainly shall dispute the 'plain and common' features."

Thus mingled with mock heroic and gay repartee, the conversation

ran until the train pulled into the station.

"I hope," she said as he assisted her into the carriage, "that you will be able to find time to call and tell me something of your travels."

"Thank you. I shall," he replied and raising his hat, passed on.

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One afternoon, several weeks later, Leslie was suddenly summoned to his lawyer's office. He remained closeted with him for more than an hour, leaving, when he did, with a troubled expression on his usually cheerful countenance. In a half absent-minded mood he walked up the street, his hands clasped behind him and his chin resting on his breast. At the next corner he suddenly hesitated, then stopped as if undecided which way to go, but finally turned and strode up the avenue. He fairly shot up the driveway leading to the Davis mansion and precipitated himself across the portico at a break-neck speed. With trembling hand he rang the bell, but immediately became calm when ushered into the drawing-room. He had feared that she would not be at home and as this would be his last chance, he wanted very much to see her.

He handed the servant his card and sauntered over to the piano. He was fingering the music of a French opera when he heard the rustle of her skirts as she came down the stairs and was reading the words of a spring song as she

entered the room. She greeted him with a smile and bade him be seated.

"I have come," he began by way of introduction, "to say-good-bye."

A look of surprise flashed over her face.

"Oh!" she softly exclaimed, half rising from her chair, "you're surely not going to leave us again?" Then she tried to calm herself and smile as she added, "My, you're as restless as a Bedouin." But the smile was a sad failure and her voice sounded distant and unnatural.

"Yes, I know," he said, trying hard to return her smile, "but I'm afraid this is a case of 'have to.' You see, an uncle of mine, my mother's brother, who went to Brazil a number of years ago, died just the other day and left me the entire estate. O, I'd like to say something! Here I am," he continued, as though protesting with himself, "only three weeks home from the East, when I'm hustled off into another section of this world and don't know how long I'll be gone, either. Confound it, anyway!"

A painful silence followed; he sat with his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, his hand supporting his chin, and gazed blankly at what he saw there; possibly the the carpet. Heaven alone knows same picture that she was endeavoring every bit as hard to stare out of the curtains.

Finally she arose and went over to the piano.

"I'm very sorry," she softly said as her fingers fell gently on the keys. "We shall miss you so much."

"That's just what I'm afraid you won't do," he replied fretfully. "I've been away for such a long time and am about to go away for a possibly longer time. My friends will all forget me. Why, you will forget my very existence,—and I don't know that I would blame you."

At this point the thermometer took a decided fall and the barometer began to look troubled.

For several seconds—they seemed like years to Leslie—not a word was uttered. Then she said, "what makes you think that?" in a voice so alarmingly calm that he began to sit up and take notice. Well, he didn't know just what caused his remark and for once he wisely held his peace. But possibly no answer was expected, for almost immediately she continued, "Don't you think you've spoken very foolishly, not to mention childishly?" Then with biting sarcasm, "You have honored me, I assure you, in the highest degree, by doubting my word. You see, there are some persons whom one does not wish to forget and others whom one cannot."

O, the cross purposes and ambiguities! And Leslie—poor blind Leslie! But Leslie was beginning to wake up; the evident traces of anger in her voice startled him into being; and suddenly to her as-

tonishment he actually laughed out loud. Then the smoldering flames burst forth and Leslie quietly waited for them to subside. Finally he arose and walked over to the piano. She raised her face, still flushed with the heat of her anger, and found him standing close beside her.

"It seems to me that we have both been acting very foolishly over a little statement caused by my childishness." He spoke in his ordinary tone, but there was an unusual light-heartedness mingled with it. "I am sorry for what I have said, and I know that you will forgive me, won't you? You see," he pleaded, "it hit me so suddenly that it put me a little out of humor. I've known it only a short while myself." And he looked down at her and smiled.

In an instant the clouds had vanished and his heart ran amuck at the way she returned his smile.

"Won't you play something?" he said, to change the subject; and he placed in front of her an Italian opera. Next he handed her a waltz. "Play that," he said; and she played it.

"That's fine," he exclaimed when it was ended. "You dance, don't you? Oh, I know you do. Let's try it."

"But there is nobody to play for us," she lamely protested.

"Oh, the deuce," he exclaimed. "That makes no difference. You can hum it." And she yielded.

Atlanta, herself, could scarcely

have equaled the lightness of their step as they circled in and around the pieces of furniture that were scattered through the room. They hardly seemed to touch the parqueted floor and the goddess herself never beheld such a wonderful picture of heavenly grace. As softly she hummed the tune their spirits were raised to celestial bounds. Earth and her crude surroundings were forgotten and both were fast beginning to feel the influence of the spell that gradually gathered about them.

Now the step grew slower and his eyes began to sparkle and flash. Almost unconsciously he drew her closer to him; while the blood surged to and from her face and her heart beat nervously. Looking up, she tried to return his strong gaze, but failed; and her eye-lids fluttered, then fell.

Slowly and more slowly they glide. Now they falter in the step and finally stop spell-bound; while conquering cupid hovers near in gleeful silence. He bends his head, drops her hand and puts his other arm around her. Nearer and nearer he approaches her lips; the

sweetness of her breath is intoxicating. She does not resist; she cannot, and a glorious sense of happiness and security steals over her. Her head drops gently against his shoulder and their lips meet. She trembles and his embrace becomes stronger.

Cupid's nectar had sent the wild flames of love dancing through his veins and he kissed her again and again.

"My darling! My darling!" he whispered—almost fiercely.

A silence, sweeter, more impressive, and more beautiful than words themselves, followed.

"Now you know," he breathed, "why I did not wish to go,—why I did not want to leave you. You love me, Dorothy, don't you? Oh, you surely do!"

For answer she raised her head and laughed—a low sweet laugh, so full of happiness and contentment. Then suddenly, with one bounding impulse, around his neck she flung her arms and kissed him.

"I love you! I love you!" she murmured.

He didn't go alone to Brazil, either.

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## Oratory, Its Past and Present

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*L. A. W. '07*

Every art has its own history. Oratory, which the ancients called the art of arts, likewise has its history. Its beginnings are remote and, doubtless, prehistoric. In

primeval times, when men engaged each other in war, most undoubtedly, the speech of their leaders, as much as anything else, spurred them on to conflict. The

earliest record which history makes proves oratory to have been an important factor in military and civic affairs. The earliest historians, Herodotus and Thucydides, together with Zenophon, put speeches in the mouths of generals.

However, up to this time the public address had made but very meagre progress. At most, it was but an extended conversation. Gradually, however, the genuine public address, as we know it to-day, was brought into existence. Thus we find amongst a host of others, those ever luminous stars of oratory, Pericles, Æschines, and Demosthenes.

Beyond all question, Demosthenes stands out preëminent among the ancient orators. He was the one who perfected this great art of moving the thoughts and passions of men to such a state of excellence, as to make all his fellows dwindle into comparative obscurity. The eloquence and power of Demosthenes are familiar to every student of Grecian history. His famous "Oration on the Crown" has been declared "the most polished and powerful effort of human oratory." Æschines, the rival of Demosthenes, was completely vanquished through this oration, and departed as an exile to Rhodes.

After the death of Demosthenes oratory ceased to be a power. Perhaps the greatest cause was the decline of Athenian liberty and

national greatness. It was not revived till Rome had conquered Greece and had become the proud mistress of the world. The Roman race was too practical, too unimaginative, and its nicer emotions were undeveloped, and this is the reason why its oratory was second rate until it came to be influenced by Grecian civilization. It was two hundred and eighty years after the best period of Grecian eloquence, that Rome put forth her best in oratory. The one man who is universally accorded first place in Roman oratory is Cicero. After studying in Greece and becoming thoroughly versed in Roman law and civilization, he produced a kind of oratory, which possessed singular characteristics. He was the first since the days of Demosthenes to be entirely unimitative, and to possess a majority of the attributes of a good orator. His style was purely Roman, and also purely Ciceronian. His excellence as a man of oratorical power, causes his name justly to be linked with that of Demosthenes.

With the death of Cicero and the decay in Roman glory and power, came also a subsidence in oratory. Immediately after Cicero's day, just as after Demosthenes' day, liberty and national integrity ceased. There was nothing which might tend to produce the orator. A few things are always essential to the bringing forth of the orator, among these

are liberty, national and personal purity, and lofty thinking. The greatest cause which called forth the powers of Demosthenes and Cicero was the defense of liberty and national purity. It was their ardent patriotism. In both Greece and Rome, liberty was compelled to give way to despotism and corruption, and, as a consequence, the orator ceased to be a man of power.

In the years which followed, oratory was not to cluster merely around the national life. In fact, national oratory was beginning to occupy a comparatively subordinate position, and a new kind of oratory, which was the result of the Christian faith, was beginning to appear. This Christian or moral address was, however, of very little account until about the second century of our era. Then it was that the Church Fathers, Basil, Chrysostom, and others, appeared. In many respects their eloquence deserves a favorable comparison with the orators of Greece and Rome, and, in addition, it possessed that loftier aspiration of a better faith and sincerer belief than those orators had. Several centuries after this we find that peculiar oratory which was, no doubt, mostly the product of fanaticism, but which started well nigh numberless hosts in those hopeless, ineffective Crusades to the Holy Land.

Following a few centuries later,

came the Reformation. It brought forth most earnest and effective orators, the greatest of which was Martin Luther. He was the man who aroused all Germany, and practically all Europe to a realization of their corrupt morals and unsound religious doctrines. The grand and noble work, which he so well instituted, has continued to progress till the present day. Religious oratory has ever since remained a great power. The pulpit is to-day recognized as one of the most potent factors in the uplifting of the human race.

After the Reformation, when national life became more unified, and people were beginning to have better conceptions of liberty and of the principles of good government, national oratory began to be more prominent again. The close of the eighteenth century especially shows the prominence of the public orator. During this period, England produced her William Pitt and her Edmund Burke, both masters of oratory. In this period, as well as in later periods, America gave to the world a number of orators, who rank with the best the world has ever produced. The works of James Otis, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and many others, are some of the greatest achievements of human speech, while the destiny of the American nation was, for more than a quarter of a century, almost entirely controlled by the

eloquence of Clay, Calhoun, Hayne, and Webster. "Oratory," said Abraham Lincoln, "is the great power that moves nations to do and dare." His words certainly apply very well to the time of these great orators.

We have seen what a power oratory always has been, and it is still a power, great as ever. We have seen how the orator at one time swayed national affairs at will, how oratory enhanced the cause of Christianity, and how it was instrumental in the establishment of free and republican institutions. One thing to be noticed in the oratory of the past, is that it was largely impassioned, and that it appealed more to the emotions than to the reason. In days gone by, the masses were more uncultured and more unable to reason clearly, as a consequence, the only way they could be reached was by appealing to their emotions. At present most men have reached the stage when they wish to think for themselves. The orator, therefore, must appeal to the reason more than to the emotions, if he wishes to be successful. 'Tis true there are still some

classes who cannot reason, and upon whom the impassioned address is the only thing that has effect. These are the classes that are swayed by the demagogue and the corrupt politician. What we need to-day is education for these classes. This is the only way to undermine the demagogue's influence.

We do then admit that oratory is still a great power. It behooves us, therefore, to possess ourselves with this power as much as possible. We regret that the literary spirit and oratorical training are declining in our colleges. Let us all endeavor to change this decline into a growth by fully utilizing every opportunity for public speaking that comes to us both in and out of college. It is a duty and a necessity for every American citizen of to-day to possess the power of public address. He who is unable to speak his thoughts must remain a person of little influence, no matter what his business is. We, like the Greeks, therefore, wish to cultivate oratory, not only for its aesthetic value, but also for its utility value.



## As You Like It

D. L. N., '07

"As You Like It" is not merely founded upon, but in some points closely copied from, a book first published in 1590 by Lodge, "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie." This work is a novel of some degree of merit. It "ran" through three editions, the last appearing in 1598, and it is quite natural to suppose that the republication of so popular a novel turned Shakespeare's thoughts to it for the plot of a comedy he was thinking of writing just about that time.

Indeed Shakespeare has been severely censured by many critics as a plagiarist. Were Shakespeare's unquestionable genius not evident even in recasting another's plot in his own peculiar way, in "As You Like It" as well as others of his plays, his friends would encounter serious difficulties in clearing him of this charge of plagiarism. As far as it goes, Lodge's "Rosalynde" has a story identical with Shakespeare's play, the main character of which is Rosalind. There is a corresponding character for Oliver, for Jaques, and for Orlando; there are two dukes, brothers, one a usurper of the throne; two daughters, children respectively of the two dukes, exactly corresponding to Rosalind and Celia; there is a wrestler and a

wrestling match with all the consequences we hear of in "As You Like It." Lodge employs the Forest of Arden as the setting of part of his novel, just as Shakespeare does in his work. If this, however, were all to be said, our beloved Shakespeare would be little more than a mere copyist. Search Lodge's book for the delightful Touchstone and Audrey, the tender pastoral scenes and that soul-filling feeling of love and freedom in the realm of Nature. *That* is Shakespearian in its breadth of conception, delicacy of taste and exquisiteness. Despite the points of similarity, it is the most unlikely thing in the world for one who had read both the book and the play to think Shakespeare a plagiarist; it is more likely that the reader would the more wonder at the genius which had so admirably inspired and reclothed the material at hand.

The date of the play is somewhat in question. It seems that it was entered at the publisher's in the year 1600, but we cannot ascertain certainly when the first print appeared. That, however, concerns us but a little in this connection.

It is hard to say just what the charm of "As You Like It" is. The play is without plot in the true sense of the word, uncaused,

inconsequent, yes, even impossible. And yet all that escapes you while under the influence of its lethean magic. All you think of is peace and quietness far from the strife and toil and discord of the world, an Arcadia, a Golden Age, a bit of Eden. Here is "Nature unadorn'd."

There are no "stars" in "As You Like It." It would have destroyed Shakespeare's evident purpose had stars been introduced; that natural peace and peaceful Nature demanded that the characters be proportioned very nearly evenly (note here his delicate sense of fitness). Hero and heroine there are not, yet around Orlando and Rosalind cluster the events of the play.

Orlando is an honest, long suffering brother; a kind, compassionate master; a pure, ardent lover. He has no great depth of character, no burning ambition, no wonderful learning; but his qualities are such that you feel at once that he is a manly man; in short, the kind of a fellow you would be glad to have as your best friend and would not object to having call upon your sister.

Rosalind! oh, in her is bound up all the beauty and peace and love you feel in the play. I find myself unable to express the tender esteem in which I hold her; perhaps I could best state it by saying, I wish I were Orlando. Some shocked critics, mostly old maids and misanthropes, strenuously ob-

ject to Rosalind in man's attire, and cite this as proof of her immodesty, and further they would tell us that some of her language which she uses when so attired is not becoming a lady. Circumstances demanded that fair Rosalind should so disguise herself and her disguise demanded that she be not over-nice. I am surprised that anyone living in the advanced Twentieth Century should venture any such criticisms. Nothing Rosalind says would be considered more than "spicy" to-day, and much less would it be regarded in the time of Elizabeth. No, Rosalind is just what Celia said she was, "my sweet Rose, my dear Rose."

We cannot enter into a discussion of each character separately. All the shepherds in the Forest of Arden together contribute to the general effect of the play, and yet no one of them lacks identity; you know each one individually.

Touchstone and Audrey are famous creations of Shakespeare, Jaques is another. Someone has aptly called Touchstone "fool and philosopher" and Jaques "philosopher and fool." The mirth Touchstone arouses is genuine, and yet after laughing you stop a minute and think of the good sense contained in his wit. The rustic simplicity of Audrey and her prosaic marriage with Touchstone are delightful.

The servants, the wrestler, the vicar Sir Oliver Mar-text, the lords, the dukes, all are individual and characteristic. An essay might be written interestingly enough about each alone. In them Shakespeare only reveals to us again his marvellous knowledge of humanity.

Did I omit to mention Celia? It was simply because she seems almost a part of Rosalind. "Thou and I am one," says Celia herself. Celia, too, lays hold of our affections scarcely less strongly than Rosalind. We feel that if we could not be Orlando, our next choice would be to be Oliver (after his reform, of course).

Some, indeed, think that this marriage of Oliver and Celia is the one thing that is not as you like it. The conversion of Oliver does not seem sufficiently strong to counteract the dislike we have formed for him in the beginning of the play. His repentance is most certainly sincere as is shown by the way he restores his brother and the way he bears himself. Many a man much worse than Oliver has won the hand of as sweet a maid as Celia. On the whole, after a little thought, I believe we cannot help feeling that the best thing to do is to shake hands with Oliver forgivingly.

And we feel that his good qualities are such that Celia will never regret her choice.

Some object to the impossibility of bringing together so many interrelated persons in the absurd Forest of Arden. The person who makes such an objection, surely has failed to get the flavor of the play, and Shakespeare's delicate romance has been wasted on him. Tragedy would suit him better.

Now, then, everything is just as you like it—peace, concord, agreement, love, pleasure, contentment, "no enemy but Winter and rough weather," gone the "briars of this working-day world."

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; t'is her  
Privilege.  
Though all the years of this our life  
to lead.

From joy to joy; for she can so inform.

The mind that is within as; so Impress  
With quietness, and beauty, and so  
feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
tongues,

Rash judgement, nor the sneers of self-  
fish men.

Nor greetings where no kindness is,  
nor all.

The dreary intercourse of daily life.  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or dis-  
turb.

Our cheerful faith, that all which we  
behold.

Is full of blessings.

—Wordsworth.



# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

The greatest possible prominence ought to be given to the great scholastic victory achieved by J. Myron Shimer, in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest held at Gettysburg on March 8. This is the first time in her history that Muhlenberg's representative has borne away the laurels in this contest. It is indeed a sign of healthy life, when, not only on the gridiron, but also on the rostrum, Muhlenberg is second to none.

THE MUHLENBERG offers its

heartly congratulations to Mr. Shimer, who so creditably advanced the reputation of our Alma Mater.

In the contest, which is an annual event, the following colleges were represented; and the following was the program:

J. C. Moyer, Ursinus, "The Value of History."

S. E. Smith, Gettysburg, "The Need of Vision."

J. M. Shimer, Muhlenberg, "The World Parliament."

F. L. Windolph, Franklin and Marshall, "Nemesis."

F. L. Hennessey, Lafayette, "The Optimist."

Five colleges were represented, Dickinson and Lehigh failing to respond.

J. M. Shimer, Muhlenberg, was awarded the first prize of \$25; F. L. Windolph, Franklin and Marshall, the second prize of \$15, and S. E. Smith, Gettysburg, honorable mention, by the judges. They were W. M. Haine, Esq., of Harrisburg; Rev. F. F. Flack, of Greensburg; and Rev. D. U. Woods, Jr., of Gettysburg.

The newly begun method of determining the representative to the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest is a good one. Our preliminary contest, which was such a success, is responsible for the increased interest manifested in the work of the Oratorical Union.

For at least one class, the Spring Term has come with a tinge of sadness and regret. The Senior's days are numbered; his career at Muhlenberg is rapidly drawing to a close. He is standing on a divide, from which he can look far down along the path he has come, and far out over the still untrod path of the future. A feeling of regret steals over him as he looks back over the past—its mistakes, its trials, its unpleasantnesses, its shortness! How little he has accomplished, how little he knows, how much there is to achieve, how much he ought to know! These

are the thoughts which overwhelm him. On the other hand, as he looks forward, how much opportunity ahead to do something, to leave some "footprints on the sands of time," if he will only forge ahead!

The tendency of fine, fair weather, of pleasant thoughts of vacation still in mind, of joyful anticipation of the fast approaching summer vacation, is to take us away from hard work, to which winter weather is conducive. So much the more danger! Hold on to the helm a few weeks more, and holidays will be so much the sweeter, for the satisfaction of the need of a rest and vacation.

The students are overjoyed to see at last the completion of one of the tennis courts. But judging from the number of men that want to play, one court will but serve to whet the appetite without satisfying it.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome back Paul P. Huyett, of Wernersville, Pa., for so long on the sick list.

The spring course of lectures has been announced. It is as follows:

Tuesday, April 9, at 8 p.m., an illustrated lecture on "The Greece of To-day," by Prof. R. C. Horn; Wednesday, April 17, at 3 p.m., "Socialism," by Prof. F. K. Fretz, Ph.D.; Wednesday, May 1, at 8 p.m., an illustrated lecture on "The Yellowstone Park," by Prof. Peck,

of Lafayette; Tuesday, May 14, at 8 p.m., "Keats and Sensuousness in Poetry," by Dean Penniman, University of Pennsylvania.

These lectures will take place in the College Chapel. The College extends a cordial invitation to all its friends to attend.

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## Literary

"Sampson Rock of Wall Street," by Edwin Lefevre, has just lately made its appearance before the public. The author has had a long practical experience in the financial district. As a newspaper man covering Wall Street, he has had the best possible opportunity to study his subject in its many phases, and has thus produced an interesting and realistic picture of one of the most striking phases of our civilization. The hero of this novel is one of the captains of finance. Sampson Rock is a man of iron will and powerful intellect, destined by nature to dominate his fellows. In former epochs such men developed their ambitions on the field of battle, but, in an age when the stock-ticker is mightier than the sword, their natural field is finance. The modern analog of Napoleon, dreaming of illimitable power and empire, is a king of finance who has cornered the stock-market and made financial vassals of many petty millionaires. Such a man is Sampson Rock. Although he is denounced as a sordid money-getter and cursed by those who have sunk in his path, yet he is in reality an empire-builder, trans-

forming whole States, binding together cities and towns in bands of steel. Mr. Lefevre has given us a strong and interesting characterization of a modern money king.

"Running Water," by A. E. W. Mason, has its scenes laid in the Alps and London. The motif of the book is heard in the purling of the Alpine waters, whose undertone of music is felt throughout the story. There are stirring accounts of mountain adventure and vivid descriptions of high altitudes. The heroine, Sylvia Thesiger, is a very winning personality, sometimes a child, sometimes a woman. She is ever dreaming of beautiful Alpine streams and of nature, which she has known in its loveliest and grandest aspects. She is drawn all the closer to the heart of the great mother by the fact that her own mother is a hard woman of material ideas, entirely out of tune with those of her affectionate and romantic daughter.

It is a curious meeting that takes place in London between father and daughter, who have never met before. Sylvia quickly discovers that instead of improving her situation she has made it still worse.

This father, on whom she had built her utmost hopes, turns out to be a kind of human bird of prey. This man, whose appropriate name is Skinner, has surrounded himself with an ill-favored group of satellites who live by their wits. At the time Sylvia enters her father's household this interesting company is engaged in plucking a rich youth, who has fallen into their toils. Sylvia is duly presented to her father's friends at a home dinner given in her honor.

All this part of the book is a little clumsy in conception and improbable, as is also the supposition that any mother would lightly hand over her daughter to such a father. The parcel of gentlemanly rascals whom Skinner assembles at his home gives the reader a strange sensation. They are not even equipped with the cunning of their class, and are without a redeeming trait. Doubtless the author has used this sordid human background in order that the brightness of his heroine might shine the clearer.

Very few of the recent novels are to be compared with Jack London's "White Fang" for sheer ability. He has returned to the same sphere in which he won such distinction as author of "The Call of the Wild." As an exercise of the scientific inauguration "White Fang" marks a notable advance on "The Call of the Wild." There is something almost uncanny in

his representation of the successive stages in the cub's education from the moment that it discovers in the white wall of its native cave, through which its father has mysteriously disappeared, an opening into the wide world. So brilliant a study in animal psychology might well tempt a reader of superstitious inclinations to wonder whether there may not after all be some truth in the doctrine of metempsychosis, for the easiest theory to account for the author's wonderful knowledge of the inside of a young wolf's mind is that he must be drawing upon recollections of a previous vulpine period in his own existence.

The author has been so successful as to encourage some critics to approve the heresy that human characters are unnecessary to the novelist. The interest that it awakens in the skilful study is not the kind that is aroused by the masterpieces of fiction. It is rather to be compared to the impression left upon us by a first-class popular scientific lecture. In the record of "White Fang's" history the author recurs again and again to two themes. One is the law which he expresses, in full capitals, by the formula, "Eat or be Eaten." He shows us that in any conflict between wild animals, as wolves, lynxes, hawks or whatever they may be, the way of life for one lies in the eating of the other, and the way of life for the other lies in not

being eaten. His other theme is the supreme importance of environment in deciding which out of various inherited tendencies shall prevail.

## Athletics

### MUHLENBERG VS. LEBANON H. S.

Muhlenberg, on March 8, met the strong Lebanon High School team, and after forty-five minutes of the hardest and fastest sort of play, the game was undecided, with the score a tie at 28.

The visitors were confident of victory and were altogether disappointed with the outcome of the game. They declined to play off the tie and the supremacy of the teams is undecided.

Both teams put up splendid exhibitions and some very clean goals were thrown. The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg. Positions. Lebanon.  
Shelly .....forwards....Ginrich  
Ruhe .....forwards.....Smeck  
Keiter (Capt.) center....Haddock  
Albert .....guards.....Strickler  
Stump .....guards.....Miller

Goals: Ruhe, 6; Shelly, 2; Keiter, 1; Stump, 2; Ginrich, 6; Smeck, 3; Haddock, 2; Stickler, 1; Miller, 2. Goals from fouls: Ruhe, 6. Referee, Wieder. Timekeepers: Marsh and Parker. Halves: 25 and 20 minutes.

On March 15, Muhlenberg won its last game of the season from the Stroudsburg Normal School five. The game was bitterly contested from beginning to end. Stroudsburg was in the lead at the end of the first half, with the score 11 to 8, but in the second half Muhlenberg resumed its winning streak and won out by 27 to 17. Ruhe did great work, scoring six field goals and throwing nine goals from offenses. Albert, as usual, played a pretty floor game. Clark threw some pretty goals for Stroudsburg. Shelly was injured in the first half and gave way to Putra. The line-up was as follows:

Shelly (Putra) forwards.....Clark  
Ruhe .....forwards.....Kemp  
Keiter (Capt.) centers....Edinger  
Stump .....guards...Richmond  
Albert .....guards....Dougher

Field goals: Ruhe, 6; Keiter, 1; Albert, 2; Clark, 5; Richmond, 2. Foul goals: Ruhe, 9; Clark, 3. Referee: Wieder. Timekeepers: Marsh (M), Reese (S). Time of halves: 20 minutes.



## Personals

A. Shupp (in French Class): "Louis XV was born when he was five years old."

R. Shupp: "It's no wonder they beheaded him."

Prof. Horn: "What delicacy came out of Lake Copais?"

Butz: "Pindar."

Beidler: "Doctor, wasn't Samson a foxy fellow?"

Dr. W.: "Yes, he did a funny trick with foxes."

Prof. H.: "What can you say about the Septuagint?"

Eichner: "That was a sort of a festival."

Dr. E.: "What do you suppose a person puts up a \$5,000 monument over a dead man for?"

Ziegenfuss: "Probably to hold him down."

John Albert had a gap in his mouth, and so he proposed to Bridget (bridge it). In this respect he resembles Julius Caesar at the Rhine.

Ambrose Hering is said to be living the simple life; he has gone back to nature.

## Exchange Notes

The criticism in the exchange column of the "Delaware College Review," that the whole exchange department of any paper should not be devoted to jokes, is without doubt correctly and justly made. But we must not forget that, at least a few jokes every month give spice to that department. The exchange editor must remember that although most of the jokes appear to him to be old they are always new to those who do not read and to those who do not have the opportunity of reading the exchange columns of the various exchanges. Not one single joke is found in the exchange department of the "Delaware College Review."

The following exchanges have put in their appearance during the past month: "The Sketch Book," "The Comenian," "Normal Viddette," "The Perkiomenite," "The Buff and Blue," "The Red and Black" (Bethlehem), "The Penn Charter Magazine," "The College Student," "The Review" (Ball High School), "The Delaware College Review," "The Hill School Record," "The College of Charleston Magazine," "College Chips," "The Midland," "The Red and Black" (Reading), "The Purple and White" (Allentown), "The Manzanita," "College Breezes," "The Touchstone," "School Times," "The Canary and Blue" and "The Sorosis."

"Gladys," called her father, "what time is it?"

"It's eleven, father."

"It's twelve up here. Eleven and twelve are twenty-three."

And the young man skidooed.—Ex.

College Boy (to his dad): "Roses are red, violets are blue, send me a fiver, P. D. Q."

Father (to son): "Roses are red, carnations are pink, I'll send you a fiver, I don't think."—Ex.

We wish to congratulate the "Red and Black" (Reading High School) on the neat appearance of their last issue, the Easter number. The cover is certainly attractive.

Whether we are correct or not (it remains for every one to judge for himself), we believe that the contents under the head "What Others Say of Us," in the exchange column of "The Review" (B. H. S., Galveston, Texas) seems rather boastful. We give "The Review" credit for the improvement in their paper, but it seems

that it is unnecessary for them to publish this themselves. Schools and colleges will recognize the advancement without being told.

Waiter: "Will you have pie, sah?"

Patron: "Is it compulsory?"

Waiter: "No, sah. It am raspberry, sah!"—Ex.

"Oh! what beautiful roses. And how fresh! I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Er—yes, but I can pay that tomorrow."—Ex.

In the article on "The Fates," in the March issue of "The Perkio-menite" the writer, probably by mistake, classifies his school among the colleges. "Both colleges marched into their respective places in a body, flying their banners and singing the songs of 'Alma Mater.'" It is merely a preparatory school.

Honesty is the best policy, as a rule, but if you take chemistry an insurance policy would be more useful.—Ex.



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MAY, 1907

Volume XXV

No. 4

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# The Muhlenberg

*"Literae sine ingenua uanae"*

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No. 4

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## Character

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*E. V. N., '09*

Lives there a man today to whom there is anything in life more precious than a noble character? If so, it were better that he had never been born, or that the Angel of Death had snatched away his breath before the struggles of life had weighed his soul in the balance of Justice and found it wanting.

And yet, in spite of the fact that character is the only test of true success in life, do we not find, from day to day even in our own little sphere of duty, that many of us lack this element altogether, or possess so little of it, that it is scarcely detectable in our daily actions?

"As the twig is bent the tree inclines." To-day the character of each and every one of us is being formed; tomorrow when we go forth from these walls and halls,

to enter the real contest of active life, it will be put to the crucial test, and unless we fix our eyes upon it as our goal, just as the runner in a race, we will fall short of all that is noble and good and become a menace to society, an object of hatred to ourselves and an enemy to the teachings of God.

George Washington once said, "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man." As an honest man and a man of irreproachable character, he led our patriot forefathers through the gloom and turmoil of the Revolution, against tyranny and oppression, to the bright shores of liberty and peace, and thus became the Father of the Greatest Nation upon the face of the earth. As an honest man and

a man with a great and kind heart Abraham Lincoln took his place at the helm of state, when the Nation was torn by dissensions, when gloom and terror overshadowed the land from north to south, and destruction seemed inevitable. To him was entrusted the duty of breaking the shackles of slavery, of snatching the Union from destruction, and of welding it together with inseparable bonds of love and confidence. As he had lived, so he died, a sacrifice for his Country's cause.

To-day we feel proud of our Nation's strength, but we dare not forget that its true greatness is measured by its standard of character, and that at the present time men of character are in greater demand than ever before.

Political and National problems of great importance are continually being hurled at the government, which can be solved only by firm, conscious and loyal American statesmen. What are the works of avarice compared with the names of Lincoln, Grant or Roosevelt? "A few names have ever been the salt which has preserved the nations from premature decay."

When we comprehend that  
 "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of  
     power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth  
     e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour;  
 The paths of glory lead but to the  
     grave,"

should we not make "Honesty" and "Duty" captains, and strive to build our characters of the very best available material? A man who is dishonest in small things, or indifferent to duty; a man who is dishonest with himself, is putting a crumbling stone in the very foundation of his buildings, and before the lofty pinnacles of fame, toward which he is looking, have been reached his structure will totter and fall to ruin, never to rise again.

"There is a time for all things," said the Reverend Peter J. G. Muhlenberg to his congregation at Woodstock, Va., about the close of Seventeen hundred and Seventy-Five; "a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away. There is a time to fight and that time has now come." So saying, he flung aside his ministerial robe and stood before them in the full uniform of a Virginia colonel. Nearly every man in his congregation joined him, and, with those quickly rallied from a distance, he marched to do noble service in the Revolutionary War.

Character is a slow growth and in its development there is a time for everything; a time for childish sports; a time for the pranks of youth, but with us those times have truly passed away. There is a time to be men and that time has now come. Would that we too might cast aside the robes of our former lives, at a moment's notice,

and stand before the world, in the full uniform of a noble character and all that goes toward making a man of high and beautiful ideals. No matter how well educated a man may be, or what station in life he may hold, if he lacks character, he will be trying to sail without a pilot and must ultimately share the fate of a Byron, a Poe, and many others, landing in a premature grave.

Does it pay a man to sell his soul to Satan, even though the world may never know it, in order that he may gratify some ambitious desire, to appear great before the eyes of his fellow men, or to step to prominence over the bodies of the weak and innocent? Can we close our ears to the words of the poet who tells us,

"Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul"?

Although we may deceive the world as to our ability and worth, we cannot stand before the face of God uncondemned. Character, after all, is not what man knows of us, yet he may often read it in the eye, the window of the soul, but it is what the Master sees in us. We cannot fling away honesty occasionally, to pass an examination, or trifle with virtue, to gratify some base desire, without losing self-control; without harden-

ing conscience and thus preparing the way to ruin and destruction.

He is truly a man of character who dares to say *no*; who has the grit and the courage to stand firm, in the very face of opposition and temptation, for what he believes to be right. This often means sacrifice, but it is the only path to true success and glory. "Character is power" and as expressed by Holland, "It must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it." "Hence it was," said Franklin, speaking of the influence of his known integrity of character "that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens, I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point."

Character is the power that made tyranny tremble and fall before its mighty advances in the days of old; the power that gave liberty and justice to an outraged and down-trodden race; the power that has led and is still leading the heathen out of darkness and death into the light and life of Christianity, from east to west, from north to south. And it is the power that makes men great and prepares them to meet the judgment of the Great Judge.

## The Policy of the Railways

A. H. '07

Railways are public highways, constructed to furnish equal means of convenient travel and transportation for the general public and operated by a private corporation. The legal right of operating a public highway is conferred upon a corporation by the State government in which the charter has been applied for. The transportation corporation then is the creature of the State. Since the creature is inferior to the creator the transportation corporation is at all times subject to the laws of the State in which it was created. To the extent that a corporation transacts inter-State commerce, the Federal Government and Federal Courts have the power to control it. The railways are the Nation's public, military and post highways and are essential to the welfare of the nation. Without their service civilization would come to a standstill. Every man depends upon the railroads for the necessities of life. While the railroads have not properly exercised the power placed in their hands, there can at no time be such a thing as legislation against the railroads, for this would also be legislation against the best interests of the people.

In the past railway builders and operators have been public-spir-

ited men who through their skill and energy have added to the general welfare of the whole country. Having been allowed free scope in their power they have now grown into a class of so-called "railway kings" who regard the railway business as a private business subject to private business laws. The financial and industrial power of the railways has been realized by the people, and legislation has been effected to curb these abuses of power. Free competition has been destroyed by the railway mergers; a combination resulting from the buying in of the interests of another railway, by a transportation corporation. In this way they neglect the very purpose for which they were created, namely, to give the best possible transportation accommodations to the general public. The railroads claim that with the increasing expenditures, further restrictions will reduce them to a state of bankruptcy.

On the other hand the railways have fallen far short of their charter requirements. The power to fix rates and charges is in the hands of the railway corporation, to this extent it is a sovereign and exercises the power of taxation. When it grants rebates, it abuses its power and steps beyond its

bounds for its very nature and charter, require it to transport on equal charges for all, and to operate its highway for the convenient use of the public. For this one purpose transportation corporations are created and so long as they fulfill this purpose they are permitted to exist. As President Roosevelt has properly put it: "In special privilege they live, and move, and have their being." Having thus failed to attain to the ends for which they were created they have violated their charters and the laws of the State in which they were created.

The railroads have fallen short in many ways, so much so that we might almost ask, in what have they measured up to duty? They have not furnished equal means of convenient travel, nor have they always furnished this to the general public. They do not move traffic with regularity or speed. They do not furnish sufficient equipment, trackage or terminal facilities to keep pace with the increase of business and population. They do not convey persons with comfort and safety, and often at times are not suited to the reasonable demands of the general public. In most cases also they have not limited themselves to their transportation duties but have become manufacturers, miners and shippers. Thus they have acquired private interests which makes it legally impossible for

them to do public service. Commercial enterprises and the exercising of special privileges and sovereign power, are two distinct properties which do not belong to the same corporation. Some of these corporations are extensively engaged in the manufacturing and selling of steel, iron, sugar, ice, etc., the mining of coal, the producing of oil and as shippers they have engaged in the shipping of live stock, dressed meats, and, in fact, all the necessities of life.

To such large corporations, in which the railways have direct or indirect interests, they grant special rates and privileges, probably also because they share in their over-capitalized dividends, thus are the public highways "monopolized" by the favored few often to the exclusion of the many. They are a private means of transportation under corporate control. The result is that this creature of the State has conspired against the best interests of its creator. The fact that these conditions actually exist bears distinct evidence that State control has not been sufficiently exercised, and when the State cannot cope with the situation as might probably happen in the case of a trunk line, the Federal Government should exercise its power.

The Great Northern Railway Company, one of the best planned and most skilfully and economically managed railway systems in

America, serves well to portray the present, and we might almost say the general railway situation. The Great Northern is a transportation corporation which was chartered by the State of Minnesota and carries on inter-State commerce. Its charter authorizes it to issue capital stock to the extent of \$30,000,000. The Great Northern, however, has entirely ignored the laws of its creator, and in so far as it is engaged in inter-State commerce, it has disregarded Federal power. Combining with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Northern Pacific, it operates a monopolized system which takes in all the commerce between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. As the Great Northwest was developed in mineral and agricultural resources and grew in prosperity and population, the earning capacity of the Great Northern increased five hundred per cent. Formerly it paid to its stockholders a dividend of seven per cent. on its \$30,000,000 invested capital. Later its net earnings increased to such an extent that it was able to pay fourteen per cent. dividend on the original stock, but instead, without legal right and in direct violation of its charter, it issued \$30,000,000 additional capital stock and paid seven per cent. on the \$60,000,000. So great was the growth and development of the Northwest that its net earnings

have increased to over \$14,700,000 annually, which would justify a \$60,000,000 additional increase to the capital stock of about \$210,000,000. These figures are the more remarkable when we consider that even in ordinary business transactions where skill and business ability count, such vast sums are not earned. If this money, of which we may properly say that it was taken from the general public, was utilized, even allowing for sufficient dividends, in improving accommodations, in building new branch railroads and in increasing equipment and terminal facilities, then a convenient means of travel and transportation would have been offered to the general public and probably no complaint would ever have arisen.

The immense dividends have been absorbed by the stockholders instead of being used to increase trackage and facilities. It is true that facilities have been increased from time to time, but such as have been provided, fall far short of providing adequate public facilities. The corporation has also failed to keep abreast of the enormous increase of population and commerce. Statistics show that railway mileage has increased but twenty per cent., while the net income has increased one hundred and ten per cent. Trackage is exceedingly inadequate. The result is that the enormous traffic has far

outgrown the equipment and facilities of the corporation, and the people of the Northwest who are compelled to rely upon this particular railway to move their products, cannot, with the necessary convenience, move their products to market. For the last few years hundreds of bushels of grain were left to rot on the open plains because it could not be shipped. The fuel famine and car shortage investigation disclosed the fact that about fifty million bushels of grain were left on the farms or in the country elevators of the Dakotas. While it is hardly credible, it is nevertheless true, that in some districts no freight trains passed the stations for periods ranging from three to four weeks. The result is that thousands have been injured financially and the general prosperity has been affected. It seems almost absurd to think that one railway company should consider itself capable of doing the business which three railways possibly could not do.

The question arises, where does all the income finally get to? The Great Northern, so the facts indicate, has been using the greater part of its additional stock in absorbing rival competition and thus establish a transportation monopoly to do still greater things. An example of this greater work is the fact that in the State of Washington, the Harriman and Hill railroads on account of competi-

tive interests have refused to move no less than 25,000 carloads of prepared lumber. Other railway companies pay their increased earnings to the stockholders and officers of the company in the form of dividends. This may account for the fact that our "seven railway kings" are listed among the millionaires. Such are the policies of the railroads. What they will be, remains for the State to determine except in the case where corporation carrying on inter-State commerce is concerned, when the Federal Government must cope with the situation.

Two possible solutions of the present railway situation might be mentioned in this connection. The one is that of concentration of management and ownership, under rigorous Federal and State control and regulation for the present, combining and unifying conditions and rates in order to protect the interests of the shipper and the traveler. Later on possibly, when the proper time comes, and we have reasons to believe that such a time will come, though it may be far off, the State Government ought gradually to assume ownership of the smaller lines while the Federal Government should own all trunk lines. The other view which has not much support since it is not parallel to the spirit of the times is the policy of free competition by small corporations regulated by law.

## Mythological Names of Plants

E. B. U. '07

To a modern mind the fables and myths of ancient peoples may seem exceedingly grotesque, but a closer study will reveal a great deal that is beautiful and instructive. To them much of truth was a sealed book, and so their eager minds invented stories to account for the existence of many natural phenomena. One writer has aptly said that "mythology represents the unaided attempt of man to seek God."

We owe much to these early speculations. Through many blunderings and failures the science of chemistry gradually developed out of the mysteries of alchemy. The old astrologer gave names to the heavenly bodies. Medicine sprang from equally humble beginnings, and all through modern science there can be traced the influence of these early gropings after truth.

We are apt to forget the significance of these myths and yet considered seriously, they are golden dust swept up through the ages. They have long been the themes of poets, and they even persist to this day in scientific nomenclature. How prosaic would the starry heavens be to many of us were it not for the names of the ancient dieties whose attributes the heav-

enly bodies seem to possess! Venus would undoubtedly beam just as bright with any other name, but the poetic name of the goddess of beauty certainly adds to the planet's charms.

Our Latin and Greek progenitors must be credited with far more sentiment than we in this busy work-a-day world. Science has encroached upon these finer feelings and we wait for solutions rather than depend upon simple faith in an improbable story, and yet in spite of it all, is not our knowledge supremely circumscribed? Who can tell aught about the millions of stars in the heavens, most of which are billions of miles from us? Or who can explain the natural phenomena at work on all sides of us? Truly "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." We pick up a flower and call it so-and-so, but the real life that animates it, is a secret still. If, however, we can credit the pages of mythology, here is how some of them came to be:—

The *hyacinth*.—Apollo was passionately fond of a youth named Hyacinthus. He accompanied him in his sports, carried the nets when

he went fishing, led the dogs when he went hunting, followed him in his excursions in the mountains and neglected his lyre and arrows.

One day they played a game of quoits together, and Apollo, heaved aloft the discus, and with strength mingled with skill sent it high and far. Hyacinthus watched it as it flew, and excited by the sport, ran forward to seize it, eager to make his throw, when the quoit rebounded and struck him on the forehead. He fainted, and Apollo tried in vain to stanch the flow of blood and retain the fleeting life. His head bent over like a broken lily, and so he passed away. "Thou diest, Hyacinth," spoke Phoebus, "robbed of thy youth by me. Would that I could die for thee. But thou shalt live in memory and song. My lyre shall celebrate thy fate, and thou shalt become a flower inscribed with my regrets."

While Apollo spoke, behold the blood which had flowed on the ground and stained the herbage ceased to be blood, but a beautiful flower sprang up which to this day is called the hyacinth.

The *laurel*.—Daphne was Apollo's first love. It was brought about through the malice of Cupid. Apollo saw the lad playing with his arrows and, elated by his recent victory over Python, he rebuked him for playing with such warlike weapons. Whereupon Ve-

nus's son replied, "Your arrows may strike all else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you." So he took his stand on the rock of Parnassus and drew two arrows from his quiver, one made of gold and the other tipped with lead, the former to excite love, the latter to repel it. With the first he shot Apollo through the heart, with the other he struck the nymph Daphne. Forthwith the god was seized with a love for the maiden, and she abhorred the very thought of loving. She loved rather the chase and the woods, and often entreated her father to let her remain unmarried like Diana, but he only said, "Your own face will forbid it."

One day Apollo saw the beautiful nymph. Her eyes were like stars and her whole form was so beautiful that he followed her. She fled, and he entreated, saying that he was no foe, nor a clown, or peasant, but the son of Jupiter, the lord of Delphos! But she flew swifter than the wind, impelled by fear, and he, sped by Cupid, gained upon her in the race. Finally her strength began to fail and she called to her father, the river god, to help her and change her form. Instantly a stiffness seized her limbs, her bosom began to be enclosed in a tender bark, her hair became leaves and her arms branches. Apollo embraced her and felt the quivering flesh under the bark, but the branches shrank from him. "Since you cannot be

my wife," said he, "you shall be my crown. With you I will decorate my harp, and when Roman conquerors lead up the triumphal pomp to the Capitol, you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. As eternal youth is mine so your leaves shall know no decline." The nymph, now changed into a laurel tree bowed her head in grateful acknowledgement.

The *anemone*.—One day as Venus was playing with her boy Cupid, she was wounded by one of his arrows. She pushed him away, but the wound was deeper than she thought. Before it healed she beheld Adonis and was captivated by him. She no longer loved her old resorts, and even absented herself from Olympus. Dressed like Diana, she loved to chase stags and hares, but kept clear of the more dangerous beasts like wolves and bears. She charged Adonis to do the same, and not expose himself to the attacks of these dangerous animals. But he was too noble to heed such counsel. The dogs chased a wild boar and he wounded him with his spear. The boar turned upon him and buried his tusks in his side. Venus heard his groans and sailed through mid-air on her swan-drawn chariot to help him. But when she reached him he was dead. She beat her breast, tore her hair and, reproaching the fates, she said, "Yet theirs shall be but a partial triumph. Every year my lamenta-

tions shall be renewed. Your blood, my Adonis, shall be changed into a flower," and so as her tears mingled with his blood, there sprang up a flower, short-lived but beautiful. It is said that the wind blows open the petals, then blows them away, and so it is called the anemone, or windflower.

The *narcissus*.—Echo was a beautiful nymph, but she had the common habit of talking too much. She would have the last word. One day she offended Juno in aiding her husband to get out of mischief. He was having a good time in a frolic with the other nymphs, and Echo detained Juno by her talking until he had time to escape. When Juno found this out she condemned Echo to lose her tongue, except when she repeated what was spoken to her.

This nymph saw a beautiful youth, Narcissus, as he pursued the chase, and she followed him. She fain would have talked to him, but she could not. One day he shouted to his companions, "Who's here?" Echo replied, "Here." Narcissus called, "Come." Echo answered, "Come," and so they met, but when Narcissus saw her he spurned her, and she faded away with grief until only her voice is left, which still keeps up the old habit of having the last word.

But this was not the only case in which Narcissus was cruel. Another maiden fared no better than

Echo, and she uttered a prayer that he might know what it was to love and meet no return in affection. The avenging goddess heard this and granted the prayer.

Now, one day Narcissus came to a clear fountain. As he stooped to drink he saw a beautiful figure which he supposed to be a water nymph, and he sat there and looked so long at the reflection of his face that he died of hunger. As his shade passed the Stygian River it leaned over to catch a look of itself in the waters. The nymphs mourned, and when they smote their breasts, Echo smote hers also. They prepared a funeral pyre but his body was nowhere to be found, but in its place was a beautiful flower which preserves the memory of Narcissus.

The *sunflower*.—Clytie was a water nymph, and in love with Apollo, who made her no return. So she pined away, sitting all day long upon the cold ground, with her unbound tresses streaming over her shoulders. Nine days she sat and tasted neither food nor drink, her own tears and chilly dew her only food. She gazed on the sun when he arose, and as he passed through his daily course to his setting; she saw no other object, her face was turned constantly on him. At last her limbs rooted into the ground and her face became a sunflower, which turns on its stem so as always to face the sun throughout his daily course; for it retains to that extent the feeling of the nymph from whom it sprang.

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## A. Side Step

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J. S. A. '09

"Hello, Frank, where's Beatrice?"

"I guess she has gone to her room. She seems to be all 'out of sorts' since that fatal evening."

"All right, Joe, I would like to talk with her, but you needn't call her now. I guess we'll take a short walk before dinner."

With these words the two boys left the house, and went to the garden, at the end of which a gate led them by a by-path to the woods beyond.

Joe was the first to speak: "We must find some way in which we can make it more pleasant for Beatrice. Ever since father was killed on the railroad, the affair seems to have upset her entirely. I for my part do not know what to do for her."

"Joe, the best would be to let her take a trip abroad, and see if a change of climate would not do her some good. I'm sure it would bring the smiles to her sorrowful cheeks."

"The best is, Frank, we can at least try."

The boys continued on their way talking about one thing and then another, but the principal subject was Beatrice. The two boys had her interests at stake and wished to do all they could for her.

Beatrice Gordon and her brother Joe were left orphans by the death of their father. Although in very comfortable circumstances, yet the death of the father had been a telling blow to both Joe and Beatrice. Mr. Gordon had been a respected gentleman in the community and his son and daughter had many friends. But Frank Warton seemed to be the only one in whom the Gordons placed any confidence, and it can be said of him that he thought a great deal of Beatrice. On the other hand Beatrice had shown Frank many favors and regarded him as a faithful and trusty friend.

Yet their friendship had not ripened into love.

After the death of Mr. Gordon, Frank had been a daily visitor at the Gordon home, and during these stays, many plans had been discussed by him and Joe. It was on one of these trips that they come to our notice.

Joe and Frank after a few hours walk, bent their steps homeward, and were gladly welcomed at the door by Beatrice.

"Hello, Sis, how well you're

looking to-day. Frank and I did not want to disturb you, so we took a walk to the woods for a few hours. We have something to tell you, but I am going to let Frank tell you, as he proposed it."

"If Beatrice wishes me to do so."

"I should be very glad to hear it, Frank."

While eating Frank explained to Beatrice the plan of allowing her to go abroad, but she was very reluctant to go, as she thought it was taking too much from her brother and Frank.

"No, Frank, I can not do it."

"But, Beatrice, you must go. For my sake."

These words were greeted with silence, but Joe was the only one to notice the deep flush which came to her cheeks.

"Let me give my answer tomorrow, Frank."

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence. Frank left after dinner to see about his business affairs, while Joe and his sister took a stroll to the park, spending the afternoon in a leisurely manner. They talked about many things, but especially about Frank.

The next day Frank came for the answer. "Frank, I will go, but remember for your sake." This answer had not been made hastily, as Beatrice had pondered over it many times. But the answer had been given.

"I'm so glad," was all Frank

could say.

A week after witnessed the departure of Joe and Beatrice, Frank joyfully kept up a conversation so that the last moments would not seem so sad.

"Beatrice, I hope you will have good luck on your journey, and take good care of Joe."

"Certainly, Frank, I will do my best."

"You must not forget to write about your adventures, for I will always be waiting for a letter from you."

"Yes, Frank, I know it will be lonely here, since Joe is going away, and I will not forget to write."

"The days will pass slowly and be very lonely, since you are going, Beatrice, yet I know it is for your good."

By this time they had reached their destination. Joe busied himself with their luggage, while Beatrice and Frank gave their parting words.

"I hope, Beatrice, you will always remember me."

"How could I ever forget you, Frank?"

Joe now came up, and farewells were hurriedly spoken. The time for departure had come, Joe and Beatrice were soon on the ship and it sailed slowly out of the harbor. Frank stood on the shore, the ship fast steaming out of sight, but all he could see was the flutter of a white handkerchief which

wafted to him sweet consolation, although he felt that a heavy grief had come over him. He retraced his steps homeward, wondering if Beatrice would be true to him.

The trip across the ocean was uneventful. A week soon passed, and at last Joe and Beatrice found themselves on the shore of England at Liverpool. They soon found their way to the Inn, so well known in Liverpool, The Chester Inn. They passed the time very pleasantly in England, enjoying the different sights. Beatrice was fast regaining health, as Frank learned from the letters, and was quite herself again. He also learned that in a few weeks they would be in the "Athens of the North," the country of Robert Bruce and William Wallace.

It was in Edinburgh that many tourists stopped, all enjoying the balmy breezes of Northern Scotland. While on one of their trips to the famous Melrose Abbey, Beatrice and Joe made the acquaintance of a crowd of tourists and traveled with them. In this company was a young man with whom Beatrice spent most of her time. Her trips through the different parts of Scotland were made in his company, and many pleasant adventures did Betty have with George Randolph.

This growing intimacy was soon noticed by Joe, who was alarmed at the frowardness of his sister and one day made the fact known to her.

"Beatrice, I'm surprised that you keep company with that man, George Randolph."

"Joe, I don't see why you need to be provoked about it."

"Yes, I am provoked, and I do not like it one bit."

"I can't help that, Joe, because I love him."

"Lo—love him? Beatrice!"

"Certainly I do."

"But, Beatrice, remember your promise to Frank, which you gave to him the day when we left the shores of America."

"I cannot help it, but I do love George."

This was too much for Joe, as he had put great confidence in the far-sightedness and good judgment of Beatrice, and had contemplated that she would marry Frank.

In three weeks Frank received a letter from Joe, and was somewhat shocked when he read its contents.

"Dear Chum Frank:—Am sorry to grieve you, but you must come to see me at once. Beatrice has sadly disappointed me, in fact, both of us. While on her trips here she has fallen in with a young man, whom she thinks the world of, and he is not the kind she should marry, but she cannot realize it. I have found out that he is a professional gambler, having contracted large debts in America, and what is more, is a married man. Am sorry to tell

you this, but you must come at once, and persuade Beatrice that she is in error. Since last we parted she has changed considerably. Hoping you can be at leisure to come, I remain hastily,

Your Chum, Joe."

Frank could hardly believe his eyes when he read the letter, but finally came to the conclusion that it must be so. Hastily he made preparations for departure, and in a week he had made his journey across the sea. Joe was very glad to meet Frank, but did not let Beatrice know anything about it. They were soon busy tracing the character and career of George Randolph. With all his coaxing Joe could not persuade Beatrice.

"Beatrice, for Frank's sake and mine, give up George. He will not make a fit husband for you."

"But, Joe, I cannot do it for anybody's sake."

"I guess you would be surprised if I told you that George was a professional gambler and has a wife."

"Joe, how can you say this? You will break my heart."

"It is the truth."

"I don't believe it."

"Believe it or not, I know it is true, Beatrice, and so does Frank."

"Joe, how can you? Your own sister."

"Listen to me a few minutes. Frank, in accordance to my request is in Scotland."

"Frank, is it true?"

"Yes, it is true. He has helped me to find out all about George, and it is as true as I have said it to be. He is only an adventurer and has many schemes by which he can fool women. Now, I want you to forget him, and turn to Frank, who has done so much for your happiness. He loves you."

"Loves me?"

"Yes, ever since I have known Frank, it is his one fault."

"But I cannot break off the engagement."

"Engagement? Beatrice, don't be foolish."

Unmindful of the words of her brother, she would not break off the engagement, and forget George. She loved George, and he would be her husband.

Contrary to her expectations, a few weeks later she saw George Randolph in company with another woman on whom he seemed to lavish the greatest attentions.

Beatrice was amazed, but all she could do was stand and gaze at him. "I wonder if what Joe says can be true? Can that be his wife?"

The next evening George came to see Beatrice. He was very flattering. "How well you are looking this evening, Beatrice!"

"Possibly I am better, but I have something important to ask you. You are engaged to me, are you not?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you think we could live together?"

"Why do you ask, Beatrice?"

"Because I have discovered something about you?"

"I guess you heard it from your darling brother, Joe. I hate him."

"That will do, George. I will not have you speak disrespectfully of my brother. Yes, he told me quite a few things, but I did not believe him, because I could not. But now it is different."

"I wonder if she suspects it?" thought George. "What do you mean, Beatrice?"

"Are you married?" she asked quietly. George colored, and looked confused. Finally he blurted forth. "Why do you ask?"

"Why do I ask. Because I saw you with another woman with whom you seemed to be on the best of terms. I want you to answer that question. If not, our engagement will cease."

"O, Beatrice! Do not be so harsh."

"I have said it. Our engagement now is broken. I was too much of a fool not to believe the words of Joe, I only wish I would have known you as Joe and Frank did."

"Yes, as Joe and Frank did," hissed George through his teeth, as he rushed out of the room.

The next day Frank came to see Beatrice. Joe and Beatrice were in good spirits as Frank entered the room.

"Hello, Joe, glad to see you."

"Well, Frank, how are things going on?"

"Fine, and here's Beatrice. Am glad to see how well you're looking. The climate of Scotland seems to agree with you."

"Yes, Frank, but I must make an apology. I owe you a debt which I can never repay. I have

been very foolish and I am sorry I did not keep my promise."

"Yes, Beatrice, I was sorry to hear it. I certainly did not expect it from you."

"But, Frank, can you not forgive me? I am the prodigal returned."

"Returned? To whom?"

"Why need you ask?"

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## "Vive l'Empereur!"

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*H. D. W.*

A puff of smoke, a loud report, a piercing shriek,—the beginning of the end.

Amid broken carriages and dismounted cannon, wrecked paraphernalia and panoply of war the victim drops his gun, clutches at the empty air, then staggering forward, suddenly plunges into the snow and half buried in the feathery shroud is left by the fatal wayside unheeded. However, it matters but little—he is only a private.

A spot of brilliant red stains the virgin snow; it grows larger losing the brilliant for a darker hue; while a crimson flush spreads over the dirty white facing of the soldier's uniform. Consciousness in merciful tenderness and pity forsakes the shattered nerves, wrapping him in oblivion's welcome cloak. Great flakes of snow quickly envelope the limp form concealing the scarlet blotches

under a cover of filmy white down.

Slowly the great army winds past. The tramping of infantry, the muffled clatter of the cavalry, the thundering roll of artillery rumbling into the distance grow fainter and fainter and finally die away with the murmur of the breezes.

A half stifled moan escapes from the lips of the unconscious man. He moves and scatters his feathery cloak. His eyes open and, resting upon the vast nonentity of his bleak surroundings, he stares blankly into space. With a flash the memory returns; the ominous silence startles him into being. He attempts to rise but falls back with a groan. Then, as the realization of everything sweeps over him like a chilly wave, he starts up crying aloud in his new-born terror. Hollow and thin his voice rings in this vast vaulted space of

heaven. To right and to left, before and a rear, as far as eye could reach stretched one vast unintermitted plain of sparkling white snow. Snow, snow, everywhere; whirling, falling, and rising with the fitful gusts of the northern breezes. Now swished into a mighty drift by the arctic blast; now gently fanned over the recent trail of thousands, blotting from vision the existence of their mighty course. Terrified at the diminutive sound of his own voice in this vast ethereal space he sinks down in a quaking silence.

Then slowly surges over him the realization that he is alone! Alone!—Forsaken!—Abandoned! As the terrible thought sweeps over him, wounded and helpless as he is, he bites his lips until the blood in a tiny stream spurts from his mouth. *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* It is not possible! It cannot be! The frigid breezes sweeping down pierce him to the very marrow. He becomes aware of the intense cold as chill after chill cuts through him from head to foot. The dazzling snow bewilders him; the atmosphere seems to waver and dance before his eyes. His wound has opened afresh, and hunger gnaws his weary sides. A duskiess seems to surround him; becomes darker and darker, slowly but surely settling upon him, and with a sigh of hopeless despair he collapses upon his downy couch. Merciful Oblivion reigns again.

The snow, gently falling, enshrouds him in its pale garment. A piece of his ragged uniform flaps fitfully with the whirling, shifting winds. His soleless boots, exposing his bleeding feet; his face pinched and blue, revealing the overwhelming weariness of his yielding mind, alone reject the protection of the feathery cloak.

A band of wild horsemen, following upon the track of the great host, pass along. They espy his unconscious form and, quickly dismounting, strip him of his coat and uniform. Then with departing kicks and curses upon his inert form they ride away, leaving him naked to the cruel mercies of the terrible cold.

The biting frost upon his now exposed body recalls him into being. But to his rational existence the surroundings are a total blank. He begins to wander in his mind and to babble incoherently of his native land and environments; of a pretty village in Lorraine surrounded by hills and vineyards; of a little white cottage beneath a great elm. Now he sits in the little front room at home, with his parents and sisters and brothers; now among the old wizards at the village inn, sipping deep red wine from a great stone tankard. Sometimes he wanders through green fields, meadows, and woodland; again he strolls along the bank of the Seine, singing and whispering sweet words to one whom he fond-

ly, tenderly calls "Jéane, Jéane, Jéane; Mon Ange, Ma Chère!" The breezes gently fan his weather-beaten cheeks as if the big heart of the very universe were moved to tenderness and pity. He wanders back to the village church, with childish prattle rippling from his lips; to the old priest in his black cassock repeating the "Pater Noster" and "Ave Maria." He tries to pray; seems to forget his "Pater Noster," but recalls an old Latin prayer taught him by the good father in his happy childhood days: "O Domine Deus, speravi in te"—then wanders off into his native tongue: "Je me fie en Dieu"—

A chilly blast of bleak arctic breezes sweeps suddenly over the great white plain. It seems to turn his delirium into the rougher channels of army life. Now he is in the camp and shouts forth snatches of rude songs mingled with oaths and coarse jests; he is cleaning his gun and other accoutrements, and packs his knapsack for some long forced march.

Now he treads the battle-field. "Aux armes! Aux Armes!" In the frenzy of his ravings he raises himself upon his elbow,—now crouches upon his knees. "Aux Armes! En Avant!" His turbulent shouts ring hollow in the empty air. Starting from his knees he staggers to his feet and reels to and fro wildly waving his arms. His face and body are smeared

with blood; a ragged hole at the left marks the course of the terrible messenger of death; his beard and hair unkempt and shaggy are matted in gore. A great livid scar upon the left shoulder, probably from a sabre cut, counterwails another upon the right hip. On the left leg there is a bayonet mark, possibly received in storming trenches; while along the forepart of the left arm is a livid blue trail of a plowing bullet. Thus naked and marred he stood, his gaze wavering wildly over the snow-covered plain. His eyes seem to start from their sockets, he clenches his hands until the long uncut nails sinking deep into the flesh of his palms cause the blood to start forth and trickling down his fingers stain the pure snow with its scarlet dripping. In the intensity of his delirium his whole frame becomes rigid. Suddenly he leans forward; his breath comes in quick, short gasps; his eyes flash; his nostrils distend; his lips are tightly drawn; he throws his arms up with a wild, piercing yell: "En Avant! En Avant!" His voice rolls louder and louder; he stands erect, his left hand raised to his gore bespattered brow in salute: "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Grande Armie! Vive le —!" His hand falls limp to his side; he spins around on his heel and lurches forward into a bank of drifted snow.

Great white flakes of filmy snow gently fall upon the place; the whirling, turbulent winds sweeping down pause hovering lightly

above, then with a deep sigh pass onward. Darkness with its soft, peaceful shroud envelopes the elements of day and — Silence reigns.



# The Muhlenberg

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## Editorial

A very casual glance at the athletic record of Muhlenberg for the past year will show very conclusively that Foot-ball is our forte. On foot-ball we lavished more money, more time, more enthusiasm and interest than on Basket-ball, Track and Base-ball combined. Indeed, it looks as though very nearly all our money, time and interest have been exhausted during the foot-ball season, and none left for other branches of athletics.

Now, our number is few, and our athletes are still fewer. It must be remembered that we have not a distinct number of men who play foot-ball, others who play basket-ball, others who run, and so on, but that many of our foot-ball players lay aside the foot-ball and become basket-ball players, when the foot-ball season ends, and in turn become sprinters when outdoor athletics are possible. In this way, we are very limited both as to material for our teams, and as

to time in which to train the men for them.

During the past year, we have attained signal success in foot-ball, very moderate respectability in basket-ball, nothing in track athletics, and our base-ball is somewhat dim. It seems obvious that we are attempting too much, and are diffusing our energies too much to gain athletic superiority in any line. A much more reasonable method it seems would be to concentrate our available means in men, money and time first upon foot-ball, in which we have made so good a beginning; then omit basket-ball as an intercollegiate sport, having inter-class games if circumstances permit; do likewise with field athletics; and again in the early Spring focus all our attention on the great American sport, base-ball.

In this way we could hope to gain supremacy in two sports. Better be at the top of the ladder in two respects than half-way up in all. Other lines of athletics would deserve attention in due time in proportion to the interest evinced in them and the growth of the student body from year to year.

A short time ago a call was made for men desiring to enter a tennis tournament. Thirty-two responded. The singles will be played off as rapidly as the time and one court without backstops will permit. The best four players are to constitute the College team,

the winner of the finals, being the champion.

We must rely upon the histrionic ability and the efforts of the Freshman Class to make the Freshman Play during Commencement Week such a success that it will in part, at least, atone for the failure of the College Dramatic Association to stage a play this Spring.

The Spring course of lectures has been very agreeable and instructive. The College can feel more gratified than ever at the good audiences of students and friends who have been attending.

The efficiency of the Musical Department, under the able leadership of Prof. C. A. Marks, has been very materially increased by the gift of a magnificent \$400 Vough Piano, presented by Mr. G. C. Aschbach, the popular music dealer of Allentown, Pa. Mr. Aschbach is a brother-in-law of Dr. George T. Ettinger, the Dean of the College, and a member of Christ Lutheran Church, of which Rev. Charles M. Jacobs, is the pastor.

This very valuable gift is a beautiful instrument in dull English oak finish, manufactured by the famous Vough Piano Co., of Waterloo, N. Y. By the slight turn of a knob the piano can be changed from International to Concert Pitch, which fact makes it doubly useful for the work of the college. Beautiful in appearance, light and

responsive in touch, clear and pure in tone, this piano is a positive addition to our equipment, and the authorities of the institution fully

appreciate the interest and the liberality that prompted Mr. Aschbach to make so handsome a donation.

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## Literary

Arthur Stringer's new novel, entitled "Phantom Wires," is suggestive of the fact that science, instead of being prejudicial to romance, as was at first feared, has given it new wings, thus opening hitherto un hoped-for vistas of imagination to the story-teller, as well as providing him with entirely new subjects.

This novel is a continuation of "The Wire Tappers," a book that was well received by reason of the freshness and modernity of its subject. Perhaps this type of novel foreshadows the character of the fiction of the future, which according to some, is destined to shape itself in entirely new molds. Certain literary prophets assure us that, by the time our great-grandchildren arrive upon the scene, romance as a theme for literary expression will have been definitely played out. The Balzac of the future will concern himself with the miracles of science, his hero being some Magician of the laboratory, some modern Prometheus like Berthelot.

Mr. Stringer's novel has been inspired by the mysterious force

known as electricity, which enters so largely into this web of modern life. His book recounts the adventures of a man and woman brought into intimate contact with this strange force. The interest of the novel is heightened by the introduction of telepathy. Ordinarily this is a perilous subject for a novelist to introduce, but in the present instance it seems quite a natural corollary of the electric mystery which is the motif of the story. "Phantom Wires" belongs to that class of books in which "things happen." Though at times somewhat sensational, it is never dull.

"Switzerland: The Country and Its People," is a volume which pictures in word, color, and photograph, the wonders and beauties of the Swiss Alps, sketches the romantic history of the country, and places before the reader in vivid and delightful perspective many of the personages and scenes which are a part of Switzerland's history. It is one of the most entertaining and instructive of the season's books of travel. It is manifestly a labor of love, and bears the

stamp of genuine inspiration. Both the writer, Clarence Rook, and the artist, Effie Jardine, have evidently lingered among these incomparable mountains and attained to an intimacy with Alpine scenes and historic associations such as few travelers possess.

Originally, as the author points out, the Swiss nation had a distinctly German cast; but in the Switzerland of to-day three languages have established themselves permanently among the people; about two and a half millions speak German; the French-speaking population numbers al-

most a million; and the Italian-speaking population has increased to about a quarter of a million. This does not exhaust the polyglot character of Switzerland. In the highlands of the Valais the traveler encounters natives who speak a language which is not German, French, or Italian, but which strangely recalls Latin. These men have held their mountain fastnesses for twenty centuries. They are known as Rhaetians, and their language was probably imposed upon them by the invading Romans.

## Athletics

### THE SOPHOMORE - FRESHMAN BASE-BALL GAME.

On Friday, May 3, the first of a series of three games between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played. It was a great game, despite the fact that many errors were made on both sides. It was anybody's game till the last man was out. At last after two hours and five minutes of strenuous hustling the Sophs came out victorious by the small margin of one run. It was the longest game ever played on Muhlenberg Field, lasting thirteen innings. The Freshmen got busy at the beginning of the game, and with opportune hitting, together with costly errors slowly forged ahead, but the Sophs were equal to the occasion, and at

the end of the eighth inning the score was a tie at fourteen runs apiece. The next five innings were productive of some fine fielding, batting, equal to any ever seen on the diamond here. The Freshmen had the honor of pulling off a fast double play, the first in the series. At last with one out in the thirteenth inning Smith the second man up sent a single into left field, when Shoenberger, "Johnny on the Spot," sent the sphere whizzing into right field, in the getting of which Zuck turned three or four summersaults, but by the time the ball was recovered Smith crossed the plate with the winning run, and brought joy into the camp of the Sophomores. Cheer up Freshmen! Your turn next time!

## Personals

Schock and Shimer took a trip to see New York. The following adaptation expresses Schock's appearance next day:—

Read o'er the volume of young Schock's  
face,  
And find "no sleep" writ there with New  
York's pen;  
Examine every several lineament  
And what obscured in this volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

The excitement prevalent among the students at the protracted absence of Fatty Tryon and Houser on May 5 shows that a genial, neighborly feeling exists among us; but at the same time it is to be regretted that the President's rest is not assured when students are missing after 10:30 at night.

Dr. H.: "Mr. Butz, why was Eve made out of a rib instead of a head or arm?"

Butz, '09: "A rib could be spared better than a head."

Dr. O. (to Seniors when "Berks," the dog, tried to enter the class room): "Freshmen are not admitted to this class."

Hering (plaintively): "Don't

call me a lobster; it's bad enough to be called Fish."

Dr. Haas attempted on Tuesday to carry on a conversation with Schock in German.

Schock: "But, Doctor, we have German conversation only on Wednesday."

The Labor Contract in Economics, says Mauch, means marriage.

Dr. E.: "Mr. Kuhns, if that creaking annoys you as much as it does me, you are at liberty to find another seat." Kuhns changed his seat.

Horn (reading in French about "une Russe, d'une exquise beauté"): "Dr., I've seen some fine looking Russian women; they're peaches."

Dr. W.: "Horn, you want to appear bad and, God be praised, you can't. But, at any rate, we have now French, this is no fruit stand."

A small dog has recently been adopted by the students and been given the name of "Berks." A movement to procure a collar and a license is now in order.



## Our Alumni

'82. From a recent issue of the "Allentown Daily City Item" we clip the following:

Rev. Thomas Marks Yundt, General Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Reformed Church for the United States, and for eighteen years Superintendent of Bethany Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, died at his home in Reading in his fiftieth year. Rev. Yundt had been seriously ill for some time with an abdominal complaint, had been under treatment at a sanitarium at Wernersville and an eminent specialist was also called in in consultation. All was of no avail. His death ends a bright and useful career.

Rev. Yundt, son of Thomas and Eliza (Marks) Yundt, was born near Allentown, just beyond the city limits on the north, February 10, 1858. Next to the youngest of a family of nine children, and motherless before five years old, he was unconsciously being prepared for his great work in the orphans' cause. He was baptized in infancy by Rev. Joseph S. Dubbs, pastor of Zion Reformed Church, the church in which General Synod met in 1905, where the Mission Board was reorganized by which he was elected superintendent, and was confirmed in Zion Church by Rev. N. S. Strasburger, at the age of fifteen years.

His father was a farmer, and young Thomas remained on the farm until he was eighteen years of age. He worked for a time in a machine shop. He taught public school for two terms.

He received his preparatory training in the public schools, West Chester Normal School, Muhlenberg Academic Department and prepared for college privately under Hon. James L. Schaadt and Rev. Dr. A. R. Horne and entered Muhlenberg College in the fall of 1878, and was graduated in the Class of 1882.

He studied theology in the Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn., and was graduated in 1885 with the degree of B. D. During his seminary course he worked in the summer vacations under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society at Centerville, Dak., and South Milwaukee, Wis.

He was licensed to preach by the Lehigh Classis in the summer of 1885. His examining committee consisted of Revs. S. G. Wagner, D.D., and N. C. Schaeffer, D.D. He was ordained by Lebanon Classis, September 30, 1886.

In the fall of 1885 he took charge of a mission church in Kansas City, Mo., and was there only a short time when an unexpected and unsolicited call was extended to him to become Superintendent

of Bethany Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf. He took charge of the home as Superintendent and Mrs. Yundt as Matron in the spring of 1886. They closed their work at the home on August 1, 1904. During this time they had 473 children in charge. The noble work Mr. and Mrs. Yundt did for the orphans' cause is well known.

During Mr. Yundt's administration five new buildings were erected, sewers built, water works erected, lawns enlarged and additional land purchased, and an endowment fund of about \$27,000 created. There is no debt on the institution, and the contributions and other natural receipts are sufficient to meet the needs from year to year.

Rev. Yundt was a member of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. He has written many articles for the papers; also a history of Bethany Home, and has traveled, preached and lectured in behalf of the home throughout Eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland.

He helped to organize and was a Director in the Womelsdorf Union Bank. During 1905 he was the efficient pastor of the Alsace charge, Reading Classis; and the work accomplished during the year is evidence sufficient that he would have been a master workman in the active ministry. But the church had other work for him and called him to the Home Mission Superintendency.

Rev. Yundt was a warm friend of the Phoebe Deaconess and Old Folks' Home in Allentown and wrote and spoke much in its behalf.

Rev. Yundt was married to Miss Minerva A. Koons, of this city, on October 8, 1885, by Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner. They lifted the first marriage license issued in Lehigh County under the law now in force. He is survived, besides his widow, by four of their five children, Mary, Paul, George and Katherine, two brothers, Henry, of near Allentown, and Dr. Alfred Yundt, of Indiana, and these sisters: Mrs. A. Pflueger, of Siegfried; Caroline, of Mulberry, Indiana; Mrs. Matilda Moyer, residing in Minnesota, and Mrs. William Balliet, of Balliettsville.

Following brief services at the house at Reading in the morning, the body was brought here on the Queen of the Valley Flyer and lay in state in Zion Reformed Church until 1.30 p.m. Funeral services were conducted by Revs. H. M. J. Klein, pastor of the church; Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., of Reading; Rev. Dr. E. R. Eshbach, of Fredrick, Md., President of the Home Mission Board, and Rev. W. F. More, Superintendent of Bethany Orphans' Home. Interment was made in West End Cemetery.

'90. The death angel invaded the home of Dr. Alfred J. Yost, the popular Mayor of Allentown,

and in the beautiful language of Longfellow, two spirits came out where but one went in. After a long, but hopeless battle against an insidious disease, Dr. Yost finally succumbed. His family, whom he loved so tenderly, are bereft of husband and father, and the community loses a man whom it has signally honored and who fully met every requirement that the honors demanded. Gathered at the bedside at the time of dissolution were his beloved wife, children and step-mother, and his good friends, George H. Hardner, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Siefgried and James Maxie.

Dr. Yost's illness dates back to the fall of 1904 when he had a severe attack of pneumonia. He had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the illness when the Democratic City Convention unanimously nominated him for Mayor and the people endorsed their choice at the election of February, 1905, by an overwhelming majority of 1474. The seeds of the disease were deep-rooted in his system and as the summer following his inauguration waned towards autumn, he failed so perceptibly that he was advised to seek a milder climate. Accordingly in September, 1905, Dr. Yost, with his family, moved to Denver, Col., where he took up housekeeping and where a number of Allentown people visited him. They found him apparently improving, but the change was slow. Finally,

feeling that there could be no permanent change for the better in his case, Dr. Yost concluded to return home last month to spend his declining days in familiar scenes and with his friends. He and his family, accordingly, returned to Allentown, March 11, and a few days later, after a brief residence with his mother-in-law, Mrs. W. K. Ruhe, No. 433 North Sixth Street, he moved to his own new home at Sixth and Hickory Streets. There he received every care and attention that medical science and good nursing could give. But it merely sufficed to postpone the inevitable. The news of Mayor Yost's death is everywhere received with great sorrow. He was one of the most popular Mayors that Allentown ever had and he was known from one end of the city to the other. He was as deeply and profoundly respected as he was well known. The death of such a friend, citizen and official cuts deep. The sympathy of the entire community is with the stricken widow and children.

When Dr. Yost decided to go West for the benefit of his health, the matter was given to the attention of City Councils and they elected Dr. C. D. Schaeffer as Acting Mayor during the disability. Dr. Schaeffer discharged the duties of the office wisely and well and, having accepted out of his deep-seated friendship for his professional and personal friend, he

turned over to Dr. Yost the salary attached to the office.

The honorable pallbearers were ex-Mayors Herman Schuon, S. D. Lehr, J. L. Schaadt, F. E. Lewis and H. W. Allison, Acting Mayor C. D. Schaeffer; President Kramer, of Select Council; President Gersbach, of Common Council; Judge F. M. Trexler, Hon. Edward Harvey, Col. H. C. Trexler, Geo. H. Hardner, City Controller James Hausman and City Treasurer A. L. Reichenbach. The active pallbearers were eight policemen.

Dr. Yost is the second Mayor of Allentown to die in office. The first instance of the kind occurred on January 14, 1874, when Dr. Theodore Conrad Yeager, who had been elected in 1873, passed away, whereupon Herman Schuon, who was President of Select Council, under the law then in force, became Mayor ex-officio and served until the end of the fiscal year.

### SKETCH OF DR. YOST.

Dr. Alfred J. Yost was of Danish ancestry, his forebear in this country having been Joseph Yost, his great-grandfather, who was a native of Denmark and became a resident of the United States in the early part of the nineteenth century. His son, John Yost, became a substantial resident of Lehigh County and married Maria Von Steuben, who belonged to a well-known and influential family. Their marriage was blessed with four sons and five daughters, in-

cluding Dr. Martin L. Yost, the father of Dr. Alfred J. Yost.

Dr. Martin L. Yost was twice married. In November, 1862, he married Amanda Gable, a native of Lower Milford Township, Lehigh County, and a daughter of Willoughby and Eliza (Wieder) Gable. They became the parents of seven children, five of whom, as well as the father and mother met with accidental deaths. Dr. Martin L. Yost was killed Saturday, December 3, 1904, while responding to a professional call. He was driving along the Coopersburg pike in South Allentown and his carriage was struck by a trolley car at Pike Street and pushed against a trolley pole. The pole of the vehicle was broken and jammed against Dr. Yost's chest, crushing it and causing death shortly thereafter in R. F. Good's drug store, whither he was taken.

Dr. Yost lived and practiced at South Bethlehem, Mountainville and in the last few years of his life in this city, where he purchased a home at Fifth and Union Streets. He was a director of the Second National Bank.

Dr. A. J. Yost was born in South Bethlehem, August 13, 1870, and moved with his parents to the east end of Mountainville, where he grew to young manhood, attending the public schools and Muhlenberg College. He was graduated from the latter in 1890 and immediately took up the study of medicine in the University of

Pennsylvania. He won his degree in 1893, and at once began to practice medicine in Salisbury. In November he moved to Allentown following his marriage November 16, 1893, by the late Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass to Miss Addie L., daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Werner K. Ruhe, her father having been Mayor of Allentown from 1886 to 1888, dying February 10, 1904. He won instant success in his profession and became known as a skillful and successful physician and surgeon. In 1904 he built his present handsome home at 124 South Sixth Street.

Coincident with the practice of his profession, Dr. Yost took an active part in Democratic politics. In 1893 he sought successfully the office of Coroner. He was nominated at the Democratic primaries by this vote:

Dr. A. J. Yost.....	4123
James Goheen.....	2731
Wm. H. Knauss.....	1428

At the November election he won by a vote of 5929 votes to 5236 for Dr. W. Niles Powell and 171 for O. O. Layton. His plurality was 693.

So ably did he fulfill the duties of the Coronorship that Dr. Yost was renominated and re-elected in 1896. The vote at the primaries was:

Dr. A. J. Yost.....	3154
Dr. I. F. Huebner.....	2559
James Goheen.....	2311
Albert Pfeiffer.....	332

The election in November also resulted favorably. The vote was:  
 Dr. A. J. Yost.....9797  
 Major J. R. Roney.....9081  
 G. W. Snyder..... 198

Dr. Yost's plurality grew to 716.

In 1902 Dr. Yost aspired to the Mayoralty. When the Democratic City Convention met, his name was presented, but the nomination went to Hon. Hugh E. Crilly by a vote of 89 to 40.

Three years later Dr. Yost was unanimously nominated and was elected in February by 4975 votes to 3501 for Dr. V. H. Wiend, 97 for Jonathan D. Kistler and 1 for J. Taylor Roth. His plurality was 1474, which was unprecedentedly large and showed his popularity and the good will of his many friends. His administration was eminently successful and the city expanded and developed wonderfully. His failing health cut short his activity as the city's chief executive and the burdens were transferred to his friend, Dr. Schaeffer, who has borne them very well and discharged the duties of the office with great credit and ability.

Dr. Yost was a member of St. John's Lutheran Church and a member of these lodges: Lehigh Lodge, No. 83, I. O. O. F., of which he was a Past Grand; Allentown Lodge, No. 130, B. P. O. Elks; Greenleaf Lodge, No. 561, F. & A. M., of which he was a Past Grand Master and Trustee; Allen Chapter, No. 203, R. A. M.; Allen

Commandery, No. 20, K. T., Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Reading, and of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, Allentown Castle, No. 55, and of the Lehigh County Medical Society.

Dr. Yost is survived by his wife and three children, Martin L., Ethel and Mabel, all of tender years. Two children preceded him in death, Mary and Ruth. There survive also a sister, Helen, wife of William George, and a step-sister, Rachel, wife of Charles E. Neuweiler, both of this city, and his step-mother, Mrs. Maria Yost, also of Allentown.

Dr. Yost was Allentown's fourteenth Mayor.

'91. From "The Daily Reporter," of Galt, Ontario, we quote the following:

A tall, well dressed stranger, of fine appearance, with strong features and the address of a man of culture and refinement, was in Galt Wednesday and put in a busy ten hours.

The visitor was Rev. M. J. Bieber, of Philadelphia, Pa., Eastern Field Missionary of the Lutheran Church of North America. His mission was to establish a branch of that historic church in this town, and it was successful, in the preliminaries, to a gratifying degree. As a result of Rev. Mr. Bieber's work yesterday there will be formally organized a Lutheran congregation in Galt next June. The inaugural membership, as indicated by the canvass

made, will be seventy-four, and the prospects of increase are assured.

The Reporter had a talk with Rev. Mr. Bieber, who said:

"I have come to Galt in the interests of the Lutheran Church, of which I am the Eastern Field Missionary. I believe there is a good field in Galt to form a congregation. My preliminary work in canvassing gives me seventy-four names of persons expressing a willingness to identify themselves with the new church, and I am strongly of opinion that this number will be largely increased after the organization. On the 25th of June our Synod meets in Morrisburg—the first time it has convened in Canada. At the close of the proceedings I will return to Galt and finally arrange for the organization of the new church and shall remain until everything is done and a pastor shall have been called."

As to the church affairs generally, Rev. Mr. Bieber referred to the Lutheran Church as the largest Protestant denomination in the world, the third largest in the United States, and the fifth largest in Canada. He said its growth was marvelous and was more apparent in Canada within the last two years than of any other Protestant Communion.

"There are 300 congregations in Canada, the most of them German, the rest chiefly Scandinavian.

"We feel," said Mr. Bieber, "that it is necessary in the interest of the

church to hold the young people, descendants of the old-time Lutherans, and to give them the Gospel in English. The races of which the Lutheran Church is formed are, as you know, very tenacious of the mother tongue. For example, I am a descendant of Pennsylvania stock, representing the seventh generation; and would you believe it, my father could not speak a word of English. At this age we must have English taught to our young people, in order to perpetuate the church and to keep the youth from being absorbed by other communions. We do not, of course, seek to proselytize, but only to take care of our own. Those who have drifted into other Christian churches we are quite willing to leave; but there are so many who want to remain with the old church that we would fail in our duty if we did not proceed with the work of organization such as I am engaged in."

Mr. Bieber went on to say that his jurisdiction embraced New Jersey, New York and New England, in the States, and all of Eastern Canada—"to the North Pole," he added with a smile. The missionary stated that he had been instrumental in organizing a Lutheran church in Toronto, with a membership of 100. The congregation worships in temporary quarters, but next June they will build or buy in a section of the city west of Spadina, on College Street.

The Rev. E. H. Beittgar will be installed as pastor.

A church, he said, had been organized also in Montreal. Rev. Mr. Bieber went back to Toronto this morning to attend a meeting in the interest of the new church in that city.

'94. Max S. Erdman, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is making a vigorous campaign for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of Lehigh County, on the Democratic ticket.

'95. Rev. Edwin H. Kistler has been transferred to one of the most prominent Evangelical pulpits of Allentown.

'95. Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, Pen Argyl, Pa., is the efficient Secretary of the Allentown Conference.

'96. Joseph C. Slough, Esq., has been elected Alderman of the Fourth Ward, of Allentown.

'96. Rev. Paul Z. Strodach has been elected pastor of a large Lutheran congregation in Canton, Ohio.

'99. Dr. William A. Hausman, Jr., has been promoted on the staff of the Allentown Hospital.

'02. Rev. Joseph L. Weisley is the pastor of a Presbyterian congregation at Forty Fort, Pa. We congratulate him upon his recent marriage.

'04. We recently received a very interesting letter from Hans H. Gardner, who is working for the South and Western Railroad, with headquarters at Johnson City, Tenn.

## Exchanges

With pleasure we gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges for the past month: "The Hill School Record," "The Penn Charter Magazine," "The Buff and Blue," "College Chips," "Ursinus Weekly," "Swarthmore Preparatory School Quarterly," "Purple and White" (Allentown), "The F. and M. Weekly," "The Albright Bulletin," "The Mercersburg News," "The Review" (Bell High School), "The Roanoke Collegian," "The Normal School Herald," "The Comenian," "The Touchstone," "The Delaware College Review," "The Mercury," "The Breeze" (Blair Academy), "The Perkiomenite," "The Normal Echoes," "College Breezes," "The Red and Black" (Reading), "The Sorosis."

"The Blair Hall Breeze" is a new exchange upon our exchange list and we hope that it will appear there regularly. We gladly welcome it to our exchange table. The paper has a very attractive appearance. The author of the article on "Esperanto: A Universal Language" gives three reasons for the certainty of Esperanto being the universal language.

Professor: "What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Pupil: "It was built in the time of Famine."

Professor: "Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Student: "'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room' and 'Macbeth.'"

"The Normal Echoes" contains two essays, the one on "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" and the other on "Lycidas." These essays describe the style of Milton in writing his poems.

"Why is love like a photographic plate?"

"Don't know."

"Because it takes a dark room to develop it."—Messenger.

"College Breezes" contains an excellent poem entitled, "A Viking Romance," written on the basis of the scriptural text, "Let your light so shine. ...."

The article on "A Warning Against Intemperance," in the April issue of the "Delaware College Review," should be read by all college students. The author quoting, says: "We sow an act and reap a habit. We sow a habit and reap a character. We sow a character and reap an eternal destiny."

First Teacher: "What I notice first in a boy are his cuffs and education."

Second Teacher: "Yes, most boys carry their education on their cuffs."—Exchange.